



THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1849.

From the North British Review.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS.

*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats.* Edited by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. London: 1848.

IN order to secure ourselves against being prejudged of injustice to the subject of this notice, we may at once state our opinion, that as surprising powers of merely sensual perception and expression are to be detected in the poems of Keats as in any others within the range of English literature. Herrick surpassed Keats, in his own way, by fits, and in a few single passages; and Chaucer has pieces of brilliant and unmixed word-painting which have no equals in our language; but the power that these great poets attained, or at least exerted, only in moments, was the common manner and easy habit of the wonderful man, who may claim the honor of having assisted more than any other writer, except Mr. Wordsworth, in the origination of the remarkable school of poetry which is yet in its vigorous youth, and exhibits indications of capabilities of unlimited expansion. We also anticipate objections that might be urged, with apparent reason, against the following remarks, by stating our conviction, that the

short-comings of which we shall complain, could not have existed in the mature productions of Keats, had he lived to produce them. Indeed, as we shall presently take occasion to show, his mind, which was endowed with a power of growth almost unprecedentedly rapid, was on the eve of passing beyond the terrestrial sphere in which he had as yet moved, when death cut short his marvellous, and only just commenced, career.

To Keats, more deeply perhaps than to any poet born in Christian times,

“Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stained the white radiance of eternity.”

His mind, like Goethe's, was “lighted from below.” Not a ray of the wisdom that is from above had, as yet, illumined it.

The character of the poet, in as far as it differs from that of other men, is indeed a subject of too much importance to allow of our sacrificing this admirable occasion for

extending our knowledge concerning it, to our tenderness, or to that of our readers, for the young writer of whom Mr. Monckton Milnes is at once the faithful biographer, and the eloquent apologist. Mr. Milnes will pardon us if our deductions from the data with which he has supplied us, do not wholly coincide with his own inferences. We confess that we are unable to detect, even in Keats' latest letters and compositions, anything more than a strong promise of, and aspiration towards many qualities of character and genius, which Mr. Milnes regards as already numbered among the constituents of the young poet's life and power.

Extraordinary poetical genius, notwithstanding its resemblance to exuberant health, has not unfrequently been found to be connected with deeply seated disease. In most cases, the poetical power seems to have been the result of an abnormal habit of sensation.

"We are men of ruined blood,  
Thereby comes it we are wise."

For that the consumption and insanity which have often terminated the careers of men of genius, have been not so much the consequences as the causes of their superiority, is sufficiently attested by the fact, that those diseases have been, in such cases, as in common ones, most frequently hereditary.

It is a curious medical fact, which we have heard stated by first rate authorities, that instances are not extraordinary of families, in which, while one member has been afflicted with consumption, a second with scrofula, and a third with insanity, the fourth has been endowed with brilliant genius.

In making these remarks, we no more impugn the transcendent value which the productions of genius usually bear, than the naturalist questions the value of a precious gum, in describing it as the result of vegetable malformations or disease. Nor would we be supposed to imply an ordinary absence in the man of genius of a great general superiority of moral character, when compared with the common rank of men. Genius, however fantastical may be the form which it assumes, is, in essence, an extraordinary honesty; an honesty which too often refuses to exert itself beyond the sphere of the senses and the intellect, and which, then, in its highest energy, produces a Raphael or a Coleridge; but which, sometimes, while it purifies the senses, and perfects their expression, prevents also every incontinence of character, and carries manhood to its height in a Milton or a Michael

Angelo. Minds belonging to this latter category, the aloë-blossoms of humanity, appear less than others to have been indebted to disease for their pre-eminence.

In almost every page of the work before us, the close connection between the genius of Keats and his constitutional malady pronounces itself. No comment of ours could deepen the emphasis of the following passages, taken nearly at random from the mass of similar passages, of which the letters of the young poet in great part consist:—

"I have this morning such a lethargy that I cannot write. The reason of my delaying is oftentimes from this feeling: I wait for a proper temper. I am now so depressed that I have not an idea to put to paper; my hand feels like lead, and yet it is an unpleasant numbness; it does not take away the pain of existence; I don't know what to write. Monday. You see how I have delayed—and even now I have but a confused idea of what I should be about. My intellect must be in a degenerating state; it must be, for when I should be writing about—God knows what, I am troubling you with moods of my own mind—or rather body—for mind there is none. I am in that temper, that if I were under water, I would scarcely kick to come to the top. I know very well this is all nonsense. In a short time, I hope I shall be in a temper to feel sensibly your mention of my book. In vain have I waited till Monday, to have any interest in that or in anything else. I feel no spur at my brother's going to America; and am almost stony-hearted about his wedding."

"I am this morning in a sort of temper, indolent, and supremely careless; I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'; my passions are all asleep from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me to a delightful sensation,—about three degrees on this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl, and the breath of lilies, I should call it languor; but as I am, I must call it laziness. The fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree, that pleasure has no show of enticement, and pain no unbearable frown. Neither poetry, nor ambition, nor love, have any show of alertness of countenance as they pass by; they seem rather three figures on a Greek vase; a man and two women, whom no one but myself would distinguish in their disguise. This is the only happiness; and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overpowering the mind."

"I feel I must again begin with my poetry, for if I am not in action I am in pain. \* \* \* I live under an everlasting restraint, never relieved unless I am composing, so I will write away."

"The relief,—the feverish relief of poetry. \* \* \* This morning poetry has conquered. I have relapsed into those abstractions which are my only life. I feel escaped from a new and threatening sorrow; and I am thankful for it



There is an awful warmth about my heart, like a load of immortality."

"I carry all matters to an extreme—so when I have any little cause of vexation, it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles. Then, and in that temper, if I write to any friend, I have so little self-possession, that I give him time for grieving at the very time, perhaps, when I am laughing at a pun."

"We are still here enveloped in clouds. I lay awake last night listening to the rain, with a sense of being drowned and rotted like a grain of wheat."

All the above passages were written long before the appearance of the acknowledged symptoms of consumption, and to us they seem to have shown forth the end as infallibly as did the nerveless clasp of the hand, from which Coleridge predicted the early death of Keats, at an equal distance of time from its occurrence.

To theorize justly upon character is the more difficult for the extreme ease with which mere plausibilities may be put forth on the subject; and the common difficulty is greatly increased, in the present case, by the necessity of constantly distinguishing between signs of character and the products of a very peculiar physical temperament, always subject to the influence of a malady, which, in its earliest stages, is frequently so subtle as to defy detection, and to cause its identification for a long period, with the constitution that it is destroying. The case becomes still further complicated, when we take into account the periods of prostration and lethargy, which are the re-action that follows inevitably from the prodigious activity of poetical production. To give anything like a systematic view of the mind and character of Keats, is therefore more than we dare to undertake; all we can attempt is, to select the salient points of the work before us, and to present them to our readers in such juxtaposition and contrast as may seem to be best adapted to the elimination of their significance.

A cotemporary journal of respectable authority, pronounces the writings of Keats to be distinguished by two of the Miltonic characteristics of poetry, sensuousness and passion, and to be wanting in the third, simplicity. We do not think that Keats' verses are characterized remarkably by either of these qualities, in the sense in which Milton understood them, when he proclaimed his famous rule. That Keats' poems, if we except certain parts of the fragment of *Hyperion*, want simplicity, is too obvious to require proof or illustration. His verses constitute a region of eye-wearying splendor,

from which all who can duly appreciate them, must feel glad to escape, after the astonishment and rapture caused by a short sojourn among them. As for sensuousness, it is an excellence which cannot thrive in the presence of sensuality; and it is by sensuality, in the broader, and not in the vulgar and degrading sense of the term, that Keats' poems are most obviously characterized. This charge, for such we admit that it is, must be substantiated; and to this object we devote our second batch of extracts. They will be, not from Keats' poems, but from his letters; since the shortest way of establishing the general prevalence of a quality in a man's writings is to show it to have been constantly present in his personal character.

The first quotation we make is a very important one. It contains Keats' explicit testimony against himself, with regard to the quality in point. Notwithstanding the young poet's unusual honesty of character, he would probably not have made the following confession and complaint, had he not secretly, though certainly very erroneously, believed them to be a revelation of traits of which he was possessed in common with Shakspeare.

"As to the poetical character itself, (I mean that sort of which, if I am anything, I am a member, that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian, or egotistical sublime, which is a thing *per se*, and stands alone,) it is not itself—it has no self—it is everything and nothing. It has no character; it enjoys light and shade; it lives in a gusto, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated. It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogene. What shocks the virtuous philosopher delights theameleon poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things, any more than from its taste of the bright one, because they both end in speculation. A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in for and filling some other body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are creatures of an impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute; the poet has none, no identity; he is certainly the most unpoetical of all God's creatures. If, then, he has no self; and if I am a poet, where is the wonder that I should say, I would write no more? Might I not at that very instant have been cogitating on the characters of Saturn and Ops? It is a wretched thing to confess; but it is a very fact, that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature. How can it when I have no nature? When I am in a room with people, if I am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then, not myself goes home to myself; but the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me, so that I am in a very little time annihilated; not only among

men, but in a nursery of children it would be the same. I know not whether I make myself wholly understood; I hope enough to make you see that no dependence is to be placed on what I said that day."

Now this want of identity, as Keats calls it, has been more or less the characteristic of artists of all kinds, who have been endowed only with the first, or sensual degree of genius. In Keats, the preponderance of this nature was, however, overwhelming, especially in the earlier portion of his career. A great revolution must have occurred in his views, if not in his character, had he lived a year or two longer than he did; but, as it happened, it was impossible that his poetry as a general thing, should be other than sensual, or literal, and for the most part, opposed in quality to the sensuous or interpretative. We hold it to be out of the question, that Keats, with such a physical organization as his, could have ever entirely escaped from the preponderance of sense in his character and writings; but a year or two more of reflection and emotion must have led him to the determinate and deliberate adoption of a creed of some sort or other, if it had been no other than the wretched one, that all creeds are worthless; and this would have been an immense accession to his mental power. A man without a belief is like a man without a backbone. Keats made the very common mistake of preferring the true to the good; for his rejection of all opinions was nothing more than his refusal to accept of any but such as seemed demonstrably true. Had he lived to think and feel more deeply than he did; had his thoughts and feelings been more ordinarily occupied than they were, about the interests and mysteries of the immortal spirit, Despair must have chased him from the regions of indifference, Goodness would probably have asserted her superiority over formal Truth, to which she is the only guide; and, finally, commanded by her, he would have chosen some star to steer by, although compelled to do so in the full assurance that it was, at best, but an approximation to the, perhaps, undiscoverable pole of absolute verity.

Our next extract shall be one in which mere onesidedness of vision and defect of human love demand to be regarded as more than ordinary universality of mind and elevation of feeling. The letter is to his brother in America, who had recently been married:—

"Notwithstanding your happiness and your recommendation, I hope I shall never marry; though the most beautiful creature were waiting for me

at the end of a journey or a walk, though the carpet were made of silk, and the curtain of the morning clouds, the chairs and sofas stuffed with cygnet's down, the food manna, the wine beyond claret, the window opening on Windermere, I should not feel; or rather my happiness should not be so fine; and my solitude is sublime. Then, instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home, the roaring of the wind is my wife, and the stars through my window panes are my children. The mighty abstract idea of beauty in all things I have, stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. An amiable wife and sweet children, I contemplate as parts of that beauty, but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone, than the shapes of Ethic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my spirit the office which is equivalent to a king's bodyguard. 'Then tragedy with sceptered pall, comes sweeping by.' According to my state of mind I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily, or throw my whole being into Teiulus, and repeating those lines, 'I wander like a lost soul along the Stygian bank, staying for waftage.' I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone. Those things, combined with the opinion I have formed of the quality of women, who appear to me as children, to whom I would rather give a sugar-plum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in."

Let our readers judge whether this letter indicates a mind above or below the enjoyment of domestic relationships. The most excellent notion that Keats can form to himself of a wife is "a beautiful creature," who is capable of being rendered more tempting to sense, by silken carpets, feather-stuffed sofas, Burgundy, and a lodging at Ambleside. With such views, the young poet did very well to remain contented with the roaring of the wind for his wife; but he ought not to have held up his power of being so easily satisfied, as a mark of distinction beyond those who, while they are awake to all the wonder and beauty of material nature, are cognizant likewise of the deeper and more religious worth of humanity, and alive to the "ever new delight" which arises out of woman's harmonizing contrasts with man, and out of her delicate and love-producing subordination to him.

A short period before his death, Keats fell violently in love. In his letters we have a few vivid glimpses of the young lady. Here are two which show that the lover was faithful to what seems to have been his ideal, at the time when he was "fancy free:—

"She is not a Cleopatra, but at least a Char-

mian; she has a rich eastern look, she has fine eyes and manners; when she comes into the room she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess; she is too fine and conscious of herself to repulse any man that may address her, from habit she thinks that *nothing particular*; I always find myself more at ease with such a woman."

"She is a fine thing, speaking in a worldly way, for there are two distinct tempers of mind in which we judge of things—the worldly, theatrical, and pantomimical, and the unearthly, spiritual, and ethereal. In the former, Buonaparte, Lord Byron, and the Charmian, hold the first place in our minds. In the latter, John Howard, Bishop Hooker rocking his child's cradle, and you, my dear sister, are the conquering feelings. As a man of the world, I love the rich talk of a Charmian; as an eternal being, I love the thought of you. I should like her to ruin me, and I should like you to save me."

This last sentence, though it sounds very like nonsense, is, nevertheless, an important one. It is obvious that when Keats wrote it, the first alternative would have seemed preferable to the second. Indeed, his subsequent story shows beyond doubt that "the worldly, theatrical, and pantomimical," vastly outweighed, in the poet's practical estimation, the "unearthly, spiritual, and ethereal." "This Charmian," whatever the fair qualities of mind and heart of which she may have been possessed, soon engrossed the whole of Keats' being, simply by the peculiar character of her personal attractions.

Mr. Milnes has perceived the liability of Keats' nature to the charge that we are now making against it, and he defends him upon the plea of youth, and an ardent temperament. Could we have convinced ourselves of the validity of this plea, our readers should have heard nothing of the present complaint; but we are persuaded that the quality under discussion was vitally inherent in the nature of Keats; that is to say, that it not only affected his life and writings, but entered into his ideal of what was desirable. A man is to be judged, not so much by what he outwardly is, as by what he wishes to become. Let Keats be judged out of his own mouth: "I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious and a love for philosophy. *Were I calculated for the former, I should be glad*; but as I am not" (his health was then breaking down) "I shall turn all my soul to the latter."

Mr. Milnes tells us that—

"Keats' health does not seem to have prevented him from indulging somewhat in that dissipation which is the natural outlet for the young energies of ardent temperaments, unconscious of how

scanty a portion of vital strength had been allotted to him; but a strictly regulated and abstinent life would have appeared to him pedantic and sentimental. He did not however, to any serious extent, allow wine to usurp on his intellect, or games of chance to impair his means, for in his letters to his brothers he speaks of having drank too much as of a piece of rare joviality," &c.

We repeat, that we do not believe Keats' dissipation, such as it was, to have been the spontaneous outbreak of the "young energies of an ardent temperament." To us Keats seems to have pursued the pleasures and temptations of sense, rather than to have been pursued by them. We often find him feasting coolly over the imagination of sensual enjoyment. "Talking of pleasure, this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine. Good God! how fine! it went down soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy—all its delicious embonpoint melted down my throat like a large beatified strawberry." He sometimes aspires to be thought a tippler, gamester, &c., but it is with the air of an unripe boy, awkwardly feigning the irregularities of a man.

We have not noticed one-fourth of the passages which we had marked for quotation, as corroborating our views upon this point; but one proof is as good as a thousand, and we are glad to turn from this part of our task to the more agreeable duty of showing the truth of our assertion that the mind of Keats, before its withdrawal from the world, was upon the eve of a great intellectual and moral alteration.

It must be remembered that our present purpose is to examine the character of Keats, solely in order to the illustration of his poetry, and of the species of poetry to which it belongs. Otherwise we should have gone more fully into the circumstances whereby the moral agency of young Keats is partly unburthened of the responsibility of much temporarily defective feeling, and erroneous thought. As it is, we can only take a hasty glance at two or three of those circumstances. "His mother, a lively and intelligent woman, was supposed to have prematurely hastened the birth of John *by her passionate love of amusement*, though his constitution at first gave no signs of the peculiar debility of a *seventh months child*." Keats was, moreover, unfortunate, we venture to think, in some of the friends, who by their powers and their reputations were calculated to exert the greatest influence upon him, at the most susceptible period of his life. Extremely clever, "self-educated" men are not often otherwise



than very ill adapted to form the standard of moral taste in a young man, unless, indeed, it be by antagonism. We fancy that we hear the voice of some of Keats' distinguished preceptors, in such sentences as the following, "Failings I am always rather rejoiced to find in a man than sorry for it, they bring us to a level." John Keats was, however, so vastly superior to even the most gifted of his really intimate friends, that their influence, as far as it was undesirable, could not have endured. It was, in fact, rapidly waning, when he was removed from its sphere by his visit to Italy. Here are a few glimpses of an emphatically transitional state:—

"I have, of late, been moulting, not for fresh feathers and wings; they are gone; and in their stead I hope to have a pair of sublunary legs. I have altered not from a chrysalis into a butterfly, but the contrary."

"The most unhappy hours in our lives are those in which we recollect times past to our own blushing. If we are immortal, that must be the hell. If I must be immortal, I hope it will be after taking a little of 'that watery labyrinth,' in order to forget some of my schoolboy days, and others since then."

"A year ago, I could not understand in the slightest degree Raphael's cartoons; now I begin to read them a little."

"From the time you left us our friends say I have altered so completely I am not like the same person. \* \* \* Some think I have lost that poetic fire and ardor they say I once had; the fact is, I perhaps have, but instead of that I hope I shall substitute a more thoughtful and quiet power. I am more contented to read and think, but am seldom haunted with ambitious thoughts. I am scarcely contented to write the best verses for the fever they leave behind. I want to compose this without fever; I hope I shall one day."

The following sentences are addressed to his friend Mr. J. K. Reynolds:—

"One of the first pleasures I look to is your happy marriage—the more so since I have felt the pleasure of loving a sister-in-law. I did not think it possible to become so much attached in so short a time; *things like these, and they are real, have made me resolve to have a care of my health.*"

\* \* \* "We can see horribly clear, in the works of such a man, (Burns,) his whole life, as if we were God's spies. \* \* \* What were his addresses to Jean in the latter part of his life, I should not speak to you—yet why not? You are not in the same case—you are in the right path, and you shall not be deceived. I have spoken to you against marriage, but it was general. The prospect to me, in those matters, has been so blank that I have not been unwilling to die."

These words, it is true, were written before

the "Charmian" fever overtook him, but they are enough to show that it must have been a fever only, and not the final decision and devotion of his being. The next quotation we make is very curious:—

"I said if there were three things superior in the modern world they were 'The Excursion,' 'Haydon's Pictures,' and 'Hazlitt's Depth of Taste.' Not thus speaking with any poor vanity that works of genius were the first things in this world. No! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness that such men as Bailey possess, does hold and grasp the tip-top of any spiritual honors that can be paid to anything in this world; and, moreover, having this feeling at this present come over me in its full force, I sat down to write to you with a grateful heart in that I had not a brother who did not feel and credit me for a deeper feeling and devotion for his uprightness than for any mark of genius however splendid."

This is a peculiarly uncomfortable passage. It is the phrase of a man who has abandoned a lower order of thought and feeling without having attained anything more than a foretaste of the higher order for which the sacrifice has been made. "The Excursion" looks as if it did not well know what to do in the novel society of "Haydon's Pictures," and "Hazlitt's Depth of Taste," and the morality of the passage is uneasily arrayed in the self-conscious and somewhat melo-dramatic sublimity of the wording; such phrases as, "*does hold and grasp the tip-top of any spiritual honors,*" and "*in that I had not a brother,*" &c., being assuredly very unusual modes of language when employed in the enunciation of the ordinary truth,—that an honest man is the noblest work of God.

The next, and the longest quotation we shall make, is valuable on its own account; as well as for the manner in which it illustrates the transitional and improving condition of Keats' mind. In it Keats falls into the vulgar impiety of juxta-posing our Saviour and Socrates, but we fancy that there is also in it an earnestness of heart, an inquisitiveness of intellect, and a deep thirst for, and even foretaste of, a higher region of existence than has as yet been attained by the writer; all of which, working together, must ere long have awakened him to a perception of the weakness of much that he was mistaking for strength, to a knowledge of the ruinous falsehood and real narrow-mindedness of views which he had as yet maintained with a complacent faith in the liberality they conferred upon their holders, and to a conviction of the necessity of meekly submitting all his facul-

ties to an external oracle, if it were only in order to their complete artistical cultivation.

"I have this moment received a note from Haslam, in which he writes that he expects the death of his father, who has been for some time in a state of insensibility; I shall go to town to-morrow to see him. This is the world—thus we cannot expect to give away many hours to pleasure; circumstances are like clouds, continually gathering and bursting, while we are laughing. The seed of trouble is put into the wide arable land of events: while we are laughing it sprouts, it grows, and suddenly bears a poisonous fruit which we must pluck. Even so we have leisure to reason on the misfortunes of our friends; our own touch us too nearly for words. Very few men have ever arrived at a complete disinterestedness of mind—very few have been interested by a pure desire of the benefit of others. In the greater part of the benefactors of humanity some meretricious motive has sullied their greatness, some melo-dramatic scenery has fascinated them. From the manner in which I feel Haslam's misfortune I perceive how far I am from any humble standard of disinterestedness; yet this feeling ought to be carried to its highest pitch, as there is no fear of its ever injuring society. In wild nature the hawk would lose his breakfast of robins, and the robin his of worms; the lion must starve as well as the swallow. The greater part of men make their way with the same instinctiveness, the same unwandering eye from their purposes, the same animal eagerness as the hawk: the hawk wants a mate, so does man; look at them both, they set about it and procure one in the same manner; they want both a nest—they both set about one in the same manner. The noble animal man for his amusement smokes a pipe, the hawk balances about the clouds; that is the only difference of their pleasures. This it is that makes the amusement of life to a speculative mind. I go among the fields and catch a glimpse of a stoat or a field-mouse peeping out of the withered grass; the creature hath a purpose, and his eyes are bright with it. I go among the buildings of a city, I see a man hurrying along—to what? The creature hath a purpose, and his eyes are bright with it. But then, as Wordsworth says, 'we have all a human heart.' There is an electric fire in human nature tending to purify, so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of new heroism. The pity is that we must wonder at it as we should at finding a pearl in rubbish. I have no doubt that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested. I can remember but two; Socrates and Jesus. Their histories evince it. What I heard Taylor observe with respect to Socrates may be said of Jesus—that though he transmitted no writing of his own to posterity, we have his mind and his sayings and his greatness handed to us by others. Even here, though I am pursuing the same instinctive course as the veriest animal you can think of, I am, however, young, and writing at random; straining after particles of light in the midst of a great darkness, without knowing the bearing of any one assertion, of any

one opinion. Yet in this may I not be free from sin, may there not be superior beings amused with any graceful, though instinctive attitude my mind may fall into, as I am entertained with the alertness of the stoat or the dexterity of the deer? Though a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest man shows a grace in his quarrel. By a superior being our reasonings may take the same tone; though erroneous, they may be fine. This is the very thing in which consists poetry, and if so, it is not so fine a thing as philosophy, for the same reason as an eagle is not so fine a thing as truth. Give me this credit—do you not think I strive to know myself? Give me this credit, and you will not think that on my own account I repeat the lines of Milton—

'How charming is divine philosophy,  
Nor harsh nor crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

"No, not for myself, feeling grateful as I do to have got into a state of mind to relish them properly. Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced; even a proverb is no proverb to you till life has illustrated it. I am afraid that your anxiety for me leads you to fear the violence of my temperament, continually smothered down; for that reason I did not intend to have sent you the following sonnet, but look over the two last pages, and see if I have not that in me which will bear the buffets of the world. It will be the best comment on my sonnet; it will show you that it was written with no agony, but that of ignorance; with no thirst, but that of knowledge when pushed to the point; though the first steps to it were through my human passions, they went away, and I wrote with my mind, and perhaps, I may confess, a little bit of my heart.

"Why did I laugh to-night? no voice will tell,  
No god, no demon of severe response,  
Deigns to reply from heaven or from hell:  
Then to my human heart I turn at once—  
Heart! thou and I are here, sad and alone;  
I say, wherefore did I laugh?—Oh! mortal  
pain!

Oh darkness! darkness, ever must I moan  
To question heaven and hell and heart in vain—  
Why did I laugh? I know this being's lease  
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads,  
Yet could I on this very midnight cease,  
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;  
Verse, fame, and beauty, are intense indeed,  
But death intenser, death is life's high meed."

"I went to bed and enjoyed an uninterrupted sleep."

The above sonnet is remarkably fine and of extreme interest. "The cloudy porch that opens on the sun" of Christianity is often made up of such misgivings as are therein expressed. The entire passage is valuable, moreover, as an illustration of the laborious introspection which must have been constantly exercised by the mind of Keats.

This introspection or self-consciousness is a very important element of the discipline which every great artist has probably at some time or other undergone, and it is a feature which deserves attentive consideration here, inasmuch as with the peculiar order of poets to which Keats must be said to have belonged, at least up to the time of the composition of "Hyperion," such self-consciousness becomes an integral portion of the effect, instead of remaining in the background as a subordinated mean of obtaining it. Concerning this characteristic of Keats' poetry we shall presently speak more at large. As a trait of the young poet's personal character, this habitual self-contemplation accounts for the apparent want of heart which sometimes repels us in his letters, and which seems to have rendered precarious such of his friendships as were not founded upon one side or the other, in hero-worship. Lastly, of this fragment of a hasty letter it is to be observed, that while for novelty of isolated thoughts and picturesqueness of expression it has scarcely an equal among the brilliant and labored products of the modern negative and transcendental Socinian school, it is also distinguished from these products by a degree of consecutiveness and integrity which, two or three years later, must have proved fatal to the maintenance of the philosophy where-with those qualities are here associated.

The following are a few interesting glimpses of his feelings with regard to his own productions, of his profound sense of the importance of his vocation, and the magnitude of his task, and of his ordinary habits of composition and preparation for composition:—

"I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on a man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could possibly inflict; and also, when I feel I am right no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary perception and ratification of what is fine. T. S. is perfectly right in regard to the slipshod Endymion. That it is so is no fault of mine. No! though it may seem a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it—by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect poem, and with that view asked advice and trembled over every page, it would not have been written, for it is not in my nature to fumble. I will write independently. I have written independently without judgment; I may write inde-

pendently and with judgment hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man; it cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In Endymion I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had strayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure, for I would rather fail than not be among the greatest."

"I have copied my fourth book of Endymion, and shall write the preface soon; I wish it was all done, for I want to forget it and be free for something new."

"The little dramatic skill I may as yet have, however badly it might show in a drama, would, I think, be sufficient for a poem. I want to diffuse the coloring of St. Agnes' Eve, throughout a poem in which character and sentiment would be the figures to such drapery. Two or three such poems, if God should spare me, *written in the course of the next six years*, would be a famous gradus ad Parnassum altissimum; I mean they would nerve me up to the writing of a few fine plays—my greatest ambition when I do feel ambitious, which, I am sorry to say, is very seldom."

"I was proposing to travel over the north this summer; there is but one thing to prevent me. I know nothing, I have read nothing, and I mean to follow Solomon's directions of—'Get learning and get understanding.' I find earlier days are gone by; I find I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge; I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good for the world; some do it with their society—some with their wit—some with their benevolence—some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good humor on all they meet, and in a thousand ways all dutiful to the command of great Nature. There is but one way for me: the road lies through application, study, and thought; I will pursue it, and for that end purpose retiring for some years."

"I should not have consented to these four months' tramping in the Highlands, but that I thought it would give me more experience, rub off more prejudice, use me to more hardship, identify finer scenes, load me with grander mountains, and strengthen more my reach in poetry, than would stopping at home among books, even though I should reach Homer."

"In poetry I have a few axioms, and you will see how far I am from their centre. 1st, I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as the wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance. 2d, Its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be than to write it," &c.



It would have been difficult to hope too much of a man who had done so much as Keats, and who thought so little of it. We must distinguish between a man's confidence in his powers and his valuation of their products. A confidence in his own power is the half of power; whereas an overweening admiration of its results is the surest check upon its further development and exercise. "Extol not thy *deeds* in the counsel of thine own heart, (for thus) thou shalt eat up thy leaves and lose thy fruit, and leave thyself as a dry tree," is a precept no less important to the artist than to the moralist—if, indeed, in courtesy to an established error, we still speak of them as two. Keats' confidence in his capacity seems to have had no limit; but we would not hazard the opinion that the first was disproportioned to the last. The severe and subtle critic Coleridge is known to have regarded the promise exhibited by Keats as something exorbitant, unprecedented, and amazing; although it must be admitted that, judging from what remains to us of his opinions, he seems to have looked upon that promise as being rather gigantic to sense than spiritually great.

From the above passages we also gather that Keats was not likely to have failed for lack of diligence or ambition. "The sciences," writes Lord Bacon, "have been much hurt by pusillanimity, and the slenderness of the tasks men have proposed themselves." This is equally true of the arts, although the truth may not be equally apparent. Artists, indeed, have often proposed to themselves great subjects, but they have too often neglected to make great tasks of them. This would not have been the case with Keats, who, we see, looked upon six years' practice of expression, after he had already spent several years at it, and had attained therein to astonishing excellence, as a moderate apprenticeship to the Muses, and a necessary completion of his poetical minority.

"His life is in his writings, and his poems are his works indeed," says Mr. Milnes of the poet; and with especial truth, of Keats. The external events of his history were not remarkable, and may be given in few words. His father was a person in the employ of Mr. Jennings, "the proprietor of large livery stables on the Pavement in Moorfields." His mother was the daughter of Mr. Jennings; he had two brothers and a sister. The three brothers seem, in their boyhood, which was spent at a good second class school, to have been chiefly notable for their attachment to

pugilistic amusements. John's "indifference to be thought well of as a good boy," was as remarkable as his facility in getting through the daily tasks of the school, which never seemed to occupy his attention, but in which he was never behind the others. His skill in all manly exercises, and the perfect generosity of his disposition, made him extremely popular. "After remaining some time at school, his intellectual ambition suddenly developed itself; he determined to carry off all the first prizes in literature, and he succeeded." He left school, however, with "little Latin and less Greek." The twelve books of the *Æneid* seem to have constituted the bulk of his Latin reading. His acquaintance with the Greek Mythology, of which he afterwards made such abundant use, was derived chiefly from "Lemprière's Dictionary." His parents both died while he was young, and his share of the property left by them amounted to about two thousand pounds; enough to have kept any one but a poet out of pressing pecuniary difficulty for some time; but we hear of Keats being obliged to borrow money soon after he had attained his majority.

On leaving school, John, without having his wishes consulted, was apprenticed by his guardian to a surgeon at Edmonton, where Mr. Cowden Clark became his neighbor and friend. Mr. Clark introduced him to the poet Spenser, whose writings at once exerted the most powerful, and as the readers of Keats know, the most lasting effect upon the mind of the embryo poet. Chaucer was his next passion, and for a short period he seems to have been pleased with the writings of Lord Byron. In 1817, Keats, being just then come of age, published his first volume of poems, which exhibited much of unmis-takeable promise, and some performance. His most palpable acquisition in consequence of this publication was the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Haydon, Godwin, Basil Montague, Hazlitt, and some others of distinguished literary standing. This first volume attracted little or no attention from the Reviewers. The nature of the reception of his second publication, "*Endymion*," is well known, although happily for the credit of poets, it turns out that the reading public has been grossly mistaken in the effect which, somehow or other, has been stupidly supposed to have been produced upon Keats by that reception. John Keats died of inevitable consumption; and the book before us proves past doubt that Blackwood and the Quarterly Review have not the dishonor of

having hastened the poet's death by one day. Visits to Scotland, Devonshire, and the Isle of Wight, were made by Keats during the years 1817 and 1818. In 1819, the great "event" of his life began to transpire: we mean the love-affair, of which something has already been said. Concerning this matter we have very few details, and from what we can gather it seems that the emotion did not arrive at its height until Keats was removed from its cause, by his journey to Italy in the autumn of 1820. We quote the following letter, less for its own deep and almost terribly painful interest, than because it shows that Keats, contrary to what might be supposed by his writings, was capable of an intense passion, and that he had, therefore, within him, what must subsequently have given his poetry a significance and substance that are not to be found in the works which he lived to produce:—

"NAPLES, Nov. 1, 1820.

"MY DEAR BROWN:—Yesterday we were let out of quarantine, during which my health suffered more from bad air and the stifled cabin than it had done the whole voyage. The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write you a short calm letter—if that may be called one in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little; perhaps it may relieve the load of wretchedness that presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more, will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh God! God! everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk-lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her: I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her for a moment. This was the case when I was in England. I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampsted all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now! Oh that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her; to see her hand-writing would break my heart—even to hear of her any how, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write, which you will do immediately, write to Rome, (*poste restante*;) if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if—

"My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me; I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh! Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast: it surprises me that the human heart is capable of bearing and containing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George and his wife, and you, and all!"

The closing scenes of Keats' life are given in the most vivid and heart-rending manner, by the letters of Keats, and of his friend Mr. Severn, the artist, who was with him to the last hour, and who devoted himself to the dying poet in a way that deserves the renown which Mr. Milnes' record will confer upon him. But upon these scenes we willingly drop the curtain, for the painfulness of them is unmixed.

The "Remains," which occupy the greater part of Mr. Milnes' second volume, are of great interest, as illustrating the growth, and suggesting the limits of the poet's power; but they are, for the most part, of little permanent literary value. Before we speak of them in detail, we shall make a few remarks upon some unexamined peculiarities of that school of modern poetry which is best represented by Keats; namely, the sensual and self-conscious. This school has been the offspring of that extraordinary cultivation of the critical faculties which is the grand distinguishing characteristic of our times.

It would be manifest upon reflection, if we did not know the fact from history, that the best periods of art and criticism are never coincident. The critical period is as necessarily subsequent to the best period of the art or arts criticised, as the artistical age is necessarily subsequent to, and not coincident with the age of the emotion, which is by art depicted and embalmed. Great results of art have always been the product of the general movement of a nation or a time; and such a movement could not possibly co-exist in its integrity with that advanced stage of the development of consciousness, which is the first requisite of a profound criticism. An analytical spirit, fatal to the production, though conducive, under certain circumstances, to the enjoyment of the highest art, is the life of criticism. Criticism, in modern times, has attained to an unprecedented excellence; and this has been the result of an unprecedented development

of consciousness. Into the question of the general absence of faith, which is the cause, and too often the consequence of such consciousness, we must not enter, although it is closely allied to our subject. The habit of consciousness exists, and we should make the best of it. We are fully aware of its many evils, and of the desirableness of a revolution in the spirit of the time; and we are persuaded that the spirit is essentially self-destructive; but it must become more conscious before it can become less so; let us not, then, endeavor to stifle the critical spirit, which now everywhere prevails; that would not be the way to amend: *on ne retrogade point vers le bien*: the work which is on hand, though, for the time, we should be happier and better had it never commenced, must now be finished: Nature, man and his works and his history are undergoing an examination, which is being prosecuted with amazing diligence and insight; the heat of the investigation will not cease while the fuel lasts; but that cannot be for ever; the critical spirit must turn at length to self-examination; the necessity of doing something more than contemplating that which has been done will be seen and felt; and it is confidently to be hoped that the world will then advance anew, and with steadier and straighter steps, for the long pause which will have been taken by it, in order to view and understand the direction and validity of all its former ways.

Although the same period cannot be at once critical and artistical in the highest degree, criticism and true art are, nevertheless, by no means incompatible with each other, up to a certain point. Wordsworth, Goethe, and Coleridge, have been the offspring of our intensely critical era; and there are few, we imagine, who would at present venture to deny the claim of these poets to a high place among the poets who are for all time. Nor have these writers, by any accident of retirement or peculiar studies, been withdrawn from the influence of the prevailing spirit; they themselves have performed the part generally taken by the first poets of the age; they themselves have been the leading instruments of the age's tendency; and, as such, they have acquired a peculiarity which is worthy of our notice: they seem to have attained to the limits of the critical region of the mind, to have beheld the promised land beyond, and to have become inspired by the prospect; so that it is true generally of the best poets of later years, that their Muse has been the daughter

of Hope, and not of Memory. The published works of Keats seem indeed to constitute an exception to this remark: we have, however, read an interesting fragment of his which enables us to deny the exceptional nature of this case. The fragment, which we regret that Mr. Milnes has not printed, consists of a kind of introduction to *Hyperion*, in which Keats, in the name of the world, bids farewell to the Grecian Mythology, *and to its spirit*. There is no document to inform us, and it is difficult to judge from the fragment itself, whether it was written before or after the publication of that part of *Hyperion* which is in possession of the public. The question of time, however, does not affect the interest of this production as showing that Keats had begun to feel the necessity of looking to the future for his subject and inspiration.

To take up the thread of our subject where we dropped it, to run our eye over the life of Keats,—By the word sensual, when we apply it to an entire school of poetry, we wish to be understood as speaking of a separate activity of sense, whatever may be the sphere in which it acts. The effect of sensuousness is produced when a strong passion of the mind finds its adequate expression in strong imagery of the senses. Deduct the passion, and you destroy the *sensuous*, and leave the *sensual*. Sensuousness, in an entire poem, is rhythm, or harmony; according as the poem is narrative and continuous, or picturesque and dramatic. Take away the passion, and the separate images, constituting with their connection, the general rhythmus or harmony, drop as beads from a string, into an inorganic heap, or lie, as beads when the string is more carefully withdrawn, in an order which seems vital only so long as when it is unexamined.

Such a piece of inorganism is the following "Ode to Apollo," which we extract from the "Remains," not because it is the best of them, but because it will best serve our purpose:—

"In thy western halls of gold,  
When thou sittest in thy state,  
Bards that erst sublimely told  
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,  
With fervor seized their adamant lyres,  
Whose cords are solid rays and twinkle radiant  
fires.

"Here Homer with his nervous arms  
Strikes the twanging harp of war,  
And even the western splendor warms,  
While the trumpets sound afar.



But what creates the most intense surprise,  
His soul looks out through renovated eyes.

"Then through thy temple wide, melodious  
swells

The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre;  
The soul delighted on each accent dwells—  
Enraptured dwells—not daring to respire,  
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

"'Tis awful silence then again,  
Expectant stand the spheres;  
Breathless the laurell'd peers,  
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,  
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,  
And leave, once more, the ravished heavens in  
peace.

"Thou biddest Shakspeare wave his hand,  
And quickly forward spring  
The passions—a terrific band—  
And each vibrates the string  
That with its tyrant temper best accords,  
While from their master's lips pour forth the in-  
spiring words.

"A silver trumpet Spenser blows,  
And as its martial notes to silence fly,  
From a virgin chorus flows  
A hymn in praise of spotless chastity.  
'Tis still! wild warblings from the Æolian lyre  
Enchantments softly breathe, and tremblingly ex-  
pire.

"Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers  
Float along the pleased air,  
Calling youth from idle slumbers,  
Rousing them from pleasure's lair:  
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move,  
And melts the soul to pity and to love.

"But when *thou* joinest with the nine,  
And all the powers of song combine,  
We listen here on earth;  
The dying tones that fill the air  
And charm the ear of evening fair,  
From thee, great god of bards, receive their heav-  
enly birth."

We have chosen the above collocation of  
images for our first illustration, chiefly be-  
cause it pairs well, as far as subject and  
mere command of language go, with another  
poem, which we give from an unpublished  
manuscript of Thomas Taylor, the translator  
of Plato, and which, besides being a fine ex-  
ample of passionate impetus and admirable  
harmony of thought, is very characteristic of  
the feelings and opinions of its eccentric au-  
thor:—

"See how with thundering fiery feet  
Sol's ardent steeds the barriers beat,  
That bar their radiant way;

Yoked by the circling hours they stand,  
Impatient at the god's command  
To bear the car of day.

"See! led by Morn, with dewy feet,  
Apollo mounts his golden seat,  
Replete with sevenfold fire;\*  
While, dazzling by his conquering light,  
Heaven's glittering host and awful night  
Submissively retire.

"See! clothed with majesty and strength,  
Through sacred light's wide gates, at length  
The god exulting spring;  
While lesser deities around,  
And demon powers his praise resound,  
And hail their matchless king!

"Through the dark portals of the deep  
The foaming steeds now furious leap,  
And thunder up the sky.  
The god to strains now tunes his lyre,  
Which nature's harmonies inspire,  
And ravish as they fly.

"Ev'n dreadful Hyle's sea profound  
Feels the enchanting conquering sound,  
And boils with rage no more;  
The World's dark boundary, Tart'rus hears,  
And life-inspiring strains reveres,  
And stills its wild uproar.

"And while through heaven the god sublime  
Triumphant rides, see reverend Time  
Fast by his chariot run:  
Observant of the fiery steeds,  
Silent the hoary king proceeds,  
And hymns his parent Sun.

"See! as he comes, with general voice  
All Nature's living tribes rejoice,  
And own him as their king.  
Ev'n rugged rocks their heads advance,  
And forests on the mountains dance,  
And hills and valleys sing.

"See! while his beauteous glittering feet  
In mystic measures ether beat,  
Enchanting to the sight,  
Pæan,† whose genial locks diffuse  
Life-bearing health, ambrosial dews,  
Exulting springs to light.

"Lo! as he comes, in Heaven's array,  
And scattering wide the blaze of day,  
Lifts high his scourge of fire,  
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell,  
Foes of our race, and dogs of Hell,  
Dread its avenging ire.

"Hail! crowned with light, creation's king!  
Be mine the task thy praise to sing,  
And vindicate thy might;

\* That is, with his own proper fire, and with the  
fire of the other planets.

† A name of Apollo.

Thy honors spread through barb'rous climes,  
 Ages unborn, and impious times,  
 And realms involved in night."

In its phraseology and its separate images, this fine poem is about on a level with the foregoing "Ode:" but there is a charm in Taylor's effusion which is wholly wanting in the verses of Keats. Taylor believed what he was writing; he was, as most of our readers are aware, a light-worshipper, and was in this poem pouring forth real idolatry to the sun. His feeling taught him secrets of the poet's art, which were not revealed to the lazy labor of Keats, in his lines about Apollo. The frequently repeated and splendidly effective "See!" was the true and inimitable suggestion of sincere emotion, as is proved by the otherwise inartificial character of the poem; the alliteration with which the poem abounds is evidently the unconscious effect of passion; the music is occasionally exquisite; there are no more beautiful eight syllables in this respect in English poetry than those which constitute the second line of the eighth stanza; and these are all of them excellencies which have rarely been arrived at by a poet of the sensual school, however highly cultivated may have been his peculiar faculties.

The characteristic beauties of the sensual school are now so very generally appreciated, that we shall be doing the cause of English poetry the best service in our power by dwelling here almost exclusively upon its less obvious, though still more characteristic faults. Among the principal of these are, imperfect artistical construction, extreme literalness of expression, defective perception of true harmony, and, as a consequence of the last, unskilfulness in the choice and management of metres, and incapacity for the invention of them.

We know not of a single fine measure that is to be attributed to the poets of this order; on the other hand, they have produced a multiplicity of metres which are wholly wanting in law and meaning, and of which the existence can be accounted for only by supposing that the arrangement of rhymes, and of the varying numbers of feet in the lines, arising in the composition of the first few verses, became negligently fixed upon as the form of stanza for the whole poem. The only striking proof of the existence of true metrical power in Keats, seems to us to occur in the measure of a little, and almost unknown poem, called "La belle Dame sans merci," which appeared first in

one of Mr. Leigh Hunt's weekly publications, and is reprinted now in the "Remains." This poem is, indeed, among the most mark-worthy of the productions of Keats; besides being good and original in metre, it is simple, passionate, sensuous, and, above all, truly musical.

Concerning the extreme self-consciousness which characterized Keats, and showed itself in his poems, we have only space to remark, that this quality was the chief cause of the excess of sense over sentiment, of which we have complained, and to adduce the following additional documentary proof of the existence of this self-consciousness in Keats' habits of thought:—"I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately. I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed; I, who for a long time have been addicted to passiveness. Nothing is finer for the purposes of great productions than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers. As an instance of this, observe, I sat down yesterday to read King Lear once again. The thing appeared to demand the prologue of a sonnet; I wrote it, and began to read."

We have already stated our belief that this consciousness is a stage through which the modern mind must pass on its road to excellence; it is not, therefore, the less a defect while it exists. Keats died before he had outgrown this stage, as he certainly must have done, had he lived a few years more. As it was, the best of Keats' poetry, by reason of the quality in question, falls considerably short of the highest beauty, which, whether it be sweet or severe, is always the spontaneous, or unconscious obedience of spirit to law: when the obedience is unopposed, sweetness results, when it meets with opposition, severity is expressed: witness, for example, the "Venus de Medicis," and the "Niobe." The highest, the only true beauty, is thus the beauty of holiness; and since obedience is essential humility, beauty, by becoming proud and self-conscious, reverses its own nature, and is not the less essential deformity for its assumption of the shape of an angel of light.

It remains for us formally to introduce to our readers the "Remains," which occupy the bulk of the second of the two little volumes before us. Altogether they will not add to the very high reputation of Keats. The tragedy called "Otho the Great" is the most important of these productions. It contains extremely little that is truly dramatic; and that little wants originality, be-

ing evidently imitated, even to the rhythms of the separate lines, from Shakspeare, and more often from that bad, but very tempting model, Fletcher. There is, however, one passage that strikes us as being finer, in its peculiar way, than anything in the hitherto published writings of Keats. We quote it the more readily, because it stands almost alone, and constitutes the chief right possessed by the tragedy to the time and attention of our readers; for highly interesting as the work must be to *students* of poetry, and of the poetical character, we are bound to confess that, on the whole, it exhibits a strange dearth even of the author's common excellencies.

The Prince Ludolph, driven mad by the sudden discovery of the guilt of his bride, enters the banquet-room in which the bridal party is assembled:

LUDOLPH.

"A splendid company. Rare beauties here;  
I should have Orphean lips and Plato's fancy,  
*Amphion's utterance toned with his lyre,*  
Or the deep key of Jove's sonorous mouth,  
To give fit salutation. Methought I heard,  
As I came in, some whispers—what of that!  
'Tis natural men should whisper;—at the kiss  
Of Psyche given by Love, there was a buzz  
Among the gods!—and silence as is natural.  
These draperies are fine, and being mortal,  
I should desire no better; yet, in truth,  
There must be some superior costliness,  
Some wider-domed high magnificence!  
*I would have, as a mortal I may not,*  
*Hangings of heaven's clouds, purple and gold,*  
*Slung from the spheres; gauzes of silver mist,*  
*Looped up with cords of twisted wreathed light,*  
*And tasselled round with weeping meteors!*  
*These pendant lamps and chandeliers are bright*  
*As earthly fires from dull dress can be cleansed;*  
*Yet could my eyes drink up intenser beams*  
*Undazzled—this is darkness; when I close*  
*These lids, I see far fiercer brilliancies,*  
*And spouting exhalations, diamond fires,*  
*Skies full of splendid moons and shooting stars,*  
*And panting fountains quivering with deep glows.*  
*Yes—this is dark—is it not dark?*

\* \* \* \*

There should be three more here:  
For two of them, they stay away perhaps,  
Being gloomy minded, haters of fair revels—  
They know their own thoughts best. As for the  
third,  
Deep blue eyes—semi-shaded in white lids,  
Finished with lashes fine for more soft shade.  
Completed by her twin-arched ebon brows;  
*White temples of exactest elegance,*  
*Of even mould, felicitous and smooth;*  
*Cheeks fashioned tenderly on either side,*  
*So perfect, so divine, that our poor eyes*  
*Are dazzled with the sweet proportioning,*

*And wonder that 'tis so—the magic chance!*  
*Her nostrils small, fragrant, fairy, delicate,*  
*Her lips—I swear no human bones e'er wore*  
*So taking a disguise."*

Next in consideration to "Otho the Great," stands an attempt in the comic style, called "The Cap and Bells." The humor is of a very indifferent vein, depending chiefly upon the introduction of slang, or extremely colloquial phrases, in immediate connection with more serious expressions. There are, however, frequent touches of charming poetry; for example—

"'Good! good!' cried Hum, 'I have known her  
from a child!  
She is a changeling of my management;  
She was born at midnight in an Indian wild;  
Her mother's screams with the striped tiger's blent,  
While the torch-bearing slaves a halloo sent  
Into the jungles; and her palanquin  
Rested amid the desert's dreariment,  
Shook with her agony, till fair were seen  
*The little Bertha's eyes ope on the stars serene.'*"

Of the two following stanzas, the first is as good an illustration of the mistakes of the poem as the second is of its beauties:—

"'Why, Hum, you're getting quite poetical;  
Those *nows* you managed in a special style!  
'If ever you have leisure, sire, you shall  
See scraps of mine will make it worth your while;  
Tit-bits for Phæbus!—yes, you well may smile.'  
'Hark! hark! the bells—a little further yet,  
Good Hum, and let me view this mighty coil.'  
Then the great emperor full graceful set  
His elbow for a prop, and snuffed his mignonette.

"The morn is full of holiday; loud bells  
With rival clamors ring from every spire;  
Cunningly stationed music dies and swells  
In echoing places, when the winds respire,  
Light flags stream out like gauzy tongues of fire;  
A metropolitan murmur, life-ful, warm,  
Comes from the northern suburbs, rich attire  
Freckles with red and gold the moving swarm;  
While here and there clear trumpets blow a keen  
alarm."

Of the lesser poems "The Song of Four Fairies," and the fragment called "The Eve of St. Mark," deserve especial attention, but they are too long to quote. We must close our extracts with a grand and subtle sonnet

ON THE SEA.

"It keeps eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,



That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
 Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,  
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.  
 Oh, ye who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,  
 Feast them upon the wideness of the sea ;  
 Oh, ye whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
 Or fed too much with cloying melody,  
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood  
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired !"

Ere we conclude, we must again entreat that we may not be misunderstood in what has been put forth by us concerning the shortcomings of Keats in his character as a poet. Were we to speak at full all the praise which we believe his writings merit, we should satisfy the blindest of his admirers ; but we have dwelt rather upon the faults of Keats, because while they have been very much less generally perceived than his excellencies, the perception of them is by no means of less importance to the health of English literature. When we remember that poets are unconsciously received in the world as the highest authorities upon matters of feeling, and therefore of morals, we cannot think that we have dwelt even fully enough upon the deficiencies of the last phase which our poetry has assumed. We console ourselves with the assurance that it is a phase which cannot be an enduring one. Poetry in Eng-

land has passed through three great epochs, and is now in the early youth of the fourth, and let us hope the noblest. Natural and religious, almost by compulsion, nearly till the time of Milton, the muse at last endeavored to be something other and more than these ; with Cowley and his train, she affected elaborate, artificial, and meretricious ornament ; but the re-action appeared in that school of *sensible* poets, of which Dryden and Pope were the chief doctors ; we are now returning to the right path ; nothing can be more laudable than have been the *aims* of most of our modern poets, and we found our extraordinary hopes of the final success of the school, less upon any earnest we have received of the harvest than upon the incontrovertible truth that "Whatsoever we desire in youth, in age we shall plentifully obtain."

It remains for us to assure our readers that Mr. Milnes, whose prose style is the completest, in its happy way, that we are acquainted with, has executed his task with accomplished taste. For a poet to have conducted the autobiography of a brother poet, as Mr. Milnes has done, without having once overstepped the modest office of an "editor," is an exhibition of self-denial which is now as rare as it is worthy of imitation.

---

## IT CANNOT BE SO LONG AGO.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

It cannot be so long ago,  
 But yesterday it seems,  
 When hand in hand, and to and fro,  
 Where on the banks sweet violets grow,  
 We wander'd by the streams,  
 A girl and boy ; and now I gaze  
 Upon your locks as white as snow,  
 Yet mem'ry brings back those sweet days—  
 It cannot be so long ago !

It cannot be so long ago,  
 Or was it but a dream ?  
 Methinks e'en now, I long to go,  
 Where on the banks those bright flowers grow  
 Where flows the rippling stream ;  
 Yet past and gone is many a year,  
 For thus the stream of life must flow,  
 We scarcely mark its bright career—  
 It cannot be so long ago !

From the North British Review.

## AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS ELUCIDATED.

*The Authorship of the Letters of Junius Elucidated, including a Biographical Memoir of Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Barré, M.P.* BY JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A. London: 1848.

STAT NOMINIS UMBRA\* must still be the inscription upon the intellectual mausoleum of Junius. Eighty suns have revolved since this political Meteor burst upon our horizon. Under the censure of Junius the sovereign trembled on his throne;—the corrupt statesman crouched beneath his rod;—the pliant judge smarted under his rebuke;—the fawning courtier writhed under the agony of his lash;—and the Lords and Commons of England were at once the sport of his wit, and the victims of his wrath. Regarding as inseparable the private character and the political acts of public men, and viewing the immorality of the Court as the fountain of social corruption, he dragged into public view the licentiousness of public men, and thus subjected himself to the imputation of writing under the excitement of personal feeling, and of assuming the mask of a political moralist, in order to aim a shaft at the heart of an enemy, or strike a blow at the character of a friend.

It is easy to understand how Junius has been charged with "falsehood and malice" by those whose private character he unveiled, or who were stung with the sharpness of his wit, or smarted under the asperity of his satire; but these charges have never been substantiated; and when we study the disclosures which time is continually drawing forth from the epistolary stores of the past, we have no hesitation in hazarding the opinion, that Junius may yet be proved to have neither magnified the corruptions of the Government which he denounced, nor malignantly calumniated the officials who composed it.

It may be, and has been, a question how far, in the discussion of public measures, we are entitled to pry into the character, and

emblazon the vices of public men. In seasons of national emergency, the State may require for its service the talent and practical wisdom of men who may not be distinguished for their religious or moral qualities; but in the settled and normal condition of a Christian land, where the rights of the reigning family rest upon a religious qualification, and where adhesion to a Creed is demanded from the functionaries of the State, it would be an insult to the feelings and to the faith of a nation, to place either a skeptic or a profligate in power; and were such a character intrusted with high and responsible functions, we should hold it to be a public duty to expose his profanity, or his licentiousness. There are infirmities, however,—there are even vices, which shrink from the public gaze, and which neither invite our imitation nor demand our rebuke. Charity throws her veil over insulated immoralities, into which great and good men may be occasionally betrayed, and which accident or malignity may have placed before the public eye. When remorse or shame pursue the offender, public censure may well be spared. Vice has no attractive phase, when the culprit is seen in sackcloth or in tears. But when licentiousness casts its glare from a throne,—or sparkles in the coronet of rank,—or stains the ermine of justice,—or skulks in the cleft of the mitre,—or is wrapped up in the senatorial robe,—or cankers the green wreath of genius,—when acts of political corruption, or public immorality are mingled with individual, domestic, or social vices, courting imitation or applause, and offering violence to the feelings and principles of the community, it becomes the duty of the patriot and the moralist to hold up to public shame the enemies of public virtue.

\* The shadow of his name survives.

Such a patriot and moralist was Junius. The flash of his mental eye scathed as with a lightning-stroke the minions of corruption, and men paused in their career of political mischief in order to avoid the fate of his victims. Envenomed with wit and winged with sarcasm, his shafts carried dismay into the ranks of his adversaries, and they struck deeper into their prey in proportion to the polish with which they had been elaborated. And when he failed to annoy and dislodge his antagonist by the light troops of his wit and ridicule, he brought up in reserve the heavy artillery of a powerful and commanding eloquence. In thus discharging the duties of a public censor and in defending, at the risk of his life, the laws and constitution of his country, we may admire the courage of Junius, and even proffer to him our gratitude, though we disown his political principles and disapprove of his conduct. As the enemy of public corruption and the assertor of public rights, every succeeding age will do homage to his intrepidity and success; and if during the prosecution of a lofty purpose he occasionally forgot in the heat of controversy the courtesies of polished life, the patriot will but shed a tear over human frailty, and fix his eye on the great truths which may have been established, or the important victory which has been achieved. In the moral and in the physical world the forces which are called into action must obey the laws from which they originate. The solar ray may occasionally consume when its purpose is but to illuminate, and the tornado which is sent to purify our atmosphere bears in its bosom the elements of death and desolation. In social life the intellectual powers must often perform their functions under the high pressure of the passions and affections; and even when most nobly and generously exercised, they may display the temperature of the one and the taint of the other. The good done by Junius has lived after him, let the evil be interred with his bones.

Although the scenes in which Junius played so conspicuous a part have been, to a certain extent, cast into the shade by the wars and revolutions of modern times, yet the public anxiety to give life to his shade has not abated; and were we to judge by the number of the works which have been published for the purpose of identifying him with some eminent statesman,\* we should

\* No less than eleven works, having for their object the identification of Junius with some distinguished character, have been published since the peace of 1815.

draw the inference that the political changes which convulse the age in which we live have but created a more ardent desire to discover the name of a writer who in "thoughts that breathed and words that burned" defended the inalienable rights of Englishmen, while he warned them against any revolutionary inroads upon the constitution by which these rights were secured.

In attempting to substantiate the charges of malignity and personality which have been brought against Junius, his accusers have availed themselves of most unjust and unpardonable assumptions. He is supposed to have written a number of other letters bearing various signatures, and containing virulent attacks upon public men to whom, in his acknowledged compositions, he had avowed the deepest attachment. He is thus arraigned as the warm friend and the bitter enemy of Lord Chatham, and he is made to occupy the odious position of the worshipper and the slanderer of Lord Shelburne. The accusers of Junius, too, presuming that they have identified him with some contemporary statesman, charge him—and justly charge him, if their hypothesis be true—with attacking those with whom he lived on the most intimate terms, and to whom he was under the greatest obligations.\* If Sir Philip Francis was the author of these letters, as some of Junius' accusers believe, we admit at once the truth of the charge. He who assails with intemperate abuse the Government of his country while he is eating its bread and doing its work—who exposes the immoralities and sullies the honor of a noble family while he shares their confidence and enjoys their hospitality—and he who slanders his benefactor and aims his deadliest shaft at the patron who placed him in office—deserves to be made an outlaw from social life, and stigmatized as the basest of mankind. But Sir Philip Francis was not guilty of being Junius, and Junius was not Sir Philip Francis—not a clerk in the War Office, and the slanderer of Lord Barrington, not the protégé and the calumniator of Mr. Welbore Ellis, (Lord Mendi-  
p.) not the guest and the spy at the Duke of Bedford's table. Junius was neither ATTICUS, nor LUCIUS, nor BRUTUS, nor DOMITIAN. These personages must occupy their own niche in the temple of fame; the reputation of Junius requires no supplement from theirs, and the name of Junius shall not be sullied either by their errors or their crimes.

\* Lord Brougham's *Historical Sketches*, &c., pp. 115, 116.



Regarding Junius, aloof from his contemporaries, and unidentified with any brilliant name, let us view him as a shadow hovering above the mighty obelisk which has been reared to his genius—as England's Shakespeare in prose—and let us consider what may have been his probable position in the conflict which he waged, and what palliation that position may offer for the ardor of his temperament and the severity of his judgments. Let us suppose him holding office under Lord Shelburne—deprived of that office by a change of ministry—unconnected by ties of gratitude or affection with most of the public characters of the day—prompted and aided by the chiefs of his party—obtaining his materials, sometimes correct, sometimes exaggerated, and sometimes false,\* through the same party channels, and without the power, as an anonymous writer, of inquiring into their truth—daring through the press to stem the tide of political corruption, to stifle in their birth the schemes of ministerial intrigue—to protect the public journalist from malicious prosecutions—to expose private vices when united with the power of doing mischief to the community, and even to remonstrate with the sovereign against the folly and treachery of his servants.† Supposing this to have been the position which Junius held, and these the functions which he fearlessly, and often successfully, exercised, his moral portrait displays a nobler phase than if it bore the autograph of Burke, or of Barré, of Francis, or of Sackville. But even if Junius were identified with some contemporaneous politician, whether a peer of the realm, or a clerk in the War Office, we venture to say that we could point out in the speeches and writings of living statesmen, and in the anonymous essays and reviews

which have been ascribed to public men, as grave examples of “virulent abuse,” “envious malignity,” “rash accusation,” and even “ferocious personality,” as are to be found in the genuine, or even in the spurious pages of that immortal author. In an age more religious than his, and when the courtesies of society are better known and more widely practised, and under Governments whose functionaries were men of high character, and where corruption was the exception, and not, as it then was, the rule, party spirit has borne the same bitter and noxious fruit; and whatever be our progress in refinement and civilization, we shall have to deplore in the dialectics of political strife all the malice and asperity and personality which have been associated with the name of Junius.

Such are the general views under which we shall now proceed to the subject of the identification of Junius; but as many of our readers are but imperfectly acquainted with the circumstances under which his letters were composed and published, we must, for their benefit, make a few preliminary observations. The genuine letters of Junius, seventy-one in number, including two to Lord Chatham, which have been only recently published,\* were written between the 2d January, 1768, and the 21st January, 1772. They first appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, conducted by H. S. Woodfall. They were afterwards collected into a volume by their author, and dedicated, in an eloquent address, to the English Nation. The Duke of Grafton was at the head of the Tory administration, which was then in power. Lord North was Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief-Justice; Lord Weymouth and the Earl of Hillsborough, Secretaries of State; The Marquis of Granby, Commander-in-Chief; and Viscount Townshend, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The letters of Junius, when not addressed to the editor of the *Public Advertiser*, were addressed chiefly to the three first of these distinguished statesmen; and as Junius was a moderate Whig, with scarcely any leaning to democratic principles, he was the admirer and supporter of Lord Shelburne and Lord Chatham, while he denounced the measures of the Grafton administration, and exerted all his influence to damage it in public opinion, and restore Lord Shelburne to power. At the commencement of these discussions, a controversy

\* On the testimony of Dr. Musgrave, for example, it had been generally believed, and therefore asserted by Junius, that the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Bute had concluded the peace of Paris under the influence of a bribe from France. In our own day, analogous charges have been made against ministers, not anonymously, but even in the House of Commons, and in their own hearing. On the other hand, in order to make out a charge of falsehood against Junius, it has been alleged that Lord Mansfield did not, as alleged by Junius, drink the health of the Pretender on his knees. But it is positively asserted, “that Lord Ravensworth, in 1753, before the Privy Council, convicted Lord Mansfield of that offence.”

† In his celebrated expostulation with the king, while Junius expressed it as the first wish of his heart, “that the people may be free,” he as sincerely avowed it to be the *second*, that his majesty “might long continue king of a free people.”

\* Chatham's Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 305, and iv. p. 190.

arose between Junius and Sir William Draper, which occupies six letters; and about two and a half years afterwards, another controversy sprung up between Junius and the Rev. Mr. Horne, which occupies five letters, all of which are written with a spirit and talent which have been universally admired.

After the publication of his first public letter on the 21st of January, 1769, which contained a general review of the character and conduct of the ministry, and after the termination of the sharp controversy with Sir William Draper, the fame and popularity of Junius were established. The poignancy of his wit and satire, the splendor of his diction, the logic of his argument, and the power of his eloquence confounded the ministry, and inspired the opposition with new energy and zeal. The anxiety of the public, the hatred of his enemies, and even the admiration of his friends, were combined in the attempt to remove his mask, and discover his retreat. Spies of all shades were employed in this secret service, and even David Garrick seems to have undertaken the task of detecting him. Junius, however, obtained intelligence of their schemes, and by his own skill and caution, coupled with the honesty of Woodfall, he baffled every attempt to unveil him. When his Letters to the Duke of Grafton and the Duke of Bedford were published, new motives for his detection presented themselves, but when his celebrated Letter to the King appeared, bold beyond all precedent, and eloquent above all eloquence, a new spirit was awakened against Junius, which rendered it necessary for his personal safety to persist in the concealment of his name. Upon this "mighty boar of the forest" Burke, who gave him this name, pronounced a splendid eulogy, and while he denounced the severity of his censure, he admitted that in the Letter to the King, there were "many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit." "It was the rancor and venom," he continues, "with which I was struck. In these respects the North Briton is as much inferior to him as in strength, wit, and judgment. But while I expected in this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouch, and still crouch, beneath his rage, nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow,\* sir.

\* The Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir

He has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our Royal Eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury. *Were he a member of this House, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and his integrity?* He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity, nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal anything from the public." Even Lord North, who was now Prime Minister, and to whom Junius had addressed his fortieth letter on the appointment of Colonel Luttrell, deplored the popularity of Junius, and looked forward to his detection and punishment. "Why, therefore," says he, "should we wonder that the great boar of the wood, this mighty Junius, has broke through the toils, and foiled the hunter? Though there may be at present no spear that will reach him, yet he may be some time or other caught. At any rate he will be exhausted with fruitless efforts; those tusks which he has been whetting to wound and gnaw the constitution, will be worn out. Truth will at last prevail."

Having abandoned the hope of discovering Junius, the Government wreaked their vengeance on Woodfall, the printer, by prosecuting him for a libel upon the king. The jury, however, notwithstanding the unconstitutional charge to them by Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, that they should find a verdict of "guilty or not guilty," brought in a verdict of "*printing and publishing ONLY*," which defeated the designs of the Government, and gave a new triumph to Junius and the Opposition.

The anxiety to discover Junius now became more eager than ever. So high were his Letters in public estimation that Burke was suspected to be their author. Lord Mansfield, Sir William Blackstone, and Sir William Draper, adopted this opinion. Mrs. Burke once admitted that her husband knew the author, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Malone believed that though Burke did not write them, "he polished and finished them for the public eye." Dr. Johnson believed Burke to be Junius, "because he

Fletcher Norton, "was distinguished by a pair of large black eyebrows."—*Prior's Life of Burke*, vol. i.



knew no man but Burke who was capable of writing them;" but Burke "spontaneously denied it" to Johnson himself. Two pamphlets have been written to prove the identity of Burke and Junius, and Mr. Prior, in his recent life of him, has made an elaborate attempt to confirm this opinion; but his arguments are utterly futile, and prove only what is now almost universally believed, that Junius was an Irishman.\*

After Burke's indignant and spontaneous denial that he was Junius, Sir William Draper and others expressed their conviction that Lord George Sackville was the man, and an elaborate work of nearly 400 pages has been published by Mr. Coventry, in order to confer upon him this honor. That Lord George Sackville had many and peculiar reasons for denouncing, with all the severity of Junius, the administration of the Duke of Grafton and its individual members, will be readily granted, but no arguments have been adduced to prove that he possessed those lofty acquirements, and that power of composition,† which must be demanded from every competitor. Mr. Coventry has given *twenty-four criteria or testimonials*, as he calls them, which must be produced in favor of the true Junius, and by adopting the spurious letters as genuine, he finds no difficulty in producing them all on the part of his favorite; but we have no hesitation in asserting now, what we shall by and by prove, that his book is as devoid of argument as his hypothesis is of probability.

Many other competitors for the fame of Junius have been presented for public acceptance, and volumes written to establish their claims. Some have even grasped at the high honor of being Junius, while others have imitated his style, and used his expressions, and adopted his sentiments, in order to have some distant chance of bearing his name.‡

\* Prior's *Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 186.

† In an address to the public, which Lord George Sackville printed previous to his trial in 1760, he says—"I had rather upon this occasion submit myself to all the inconveniences that may arise from the want of style, than borrow assistance from the pen of others, as I can have no hopes of establishing my character but from the force of truth."

‡ The following is a list of the persons who have been named either by themselves or others as the authors of Junius' Letters: W. H. Cavendish Bentinck, (Duke of Portland,) the Earl of Chatham, the Earl of Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, (Earl of Orford,) Lord George Sackville, Edmund Burke, Dr. Gilbert Stewart, Hugh Macauley Boyd, Counsellor Dunning, (Lord Ashburton,) Richard Glover, (author of *Leonidas*), W. G. Hamilton, (Single Speech Hamilton), Sir William Jones, General Lee, (an Ameri-

It would be an unprofitable task, if not at present an impracticable one, to give even the shortest analysis of the arguments which have been employed in favor of the different candidates for the honor of being Junius. Our proper business at present is to lay before our readers some account of Mr. Britton's new work, in which he attempts to identify with Junius the celebrated Colonel Isaac Barré. After doing this, we shall review what have been regarded the superior pretensions of Sir Philip Francis and Lord George Sackville, and also those of Colonel Lachlan Maclean, which in our opinion have a still stronger claim upon public notice.

The object of Mr. Britton's work is thus described by himself:—

"For the last twelve months I have sought by extensive reading, inquiry, and correspondence, to obtain authentic satisfactory evidence, and the result is that the materials I have accumulated, whilst they serve to elucidate the political and private character and talents of the anonymous AUTHOR of the LETTERS—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BARRE, also point out and implicate his intimate associates, LORD SHELburne and Mr. DUNNING. There are likewise some extraordinary revelations respecting William Greatrakes, whose career in life, and the circumstances attending his death, with the disposal of his property, abound in mystery, and are pregnant with suspicion. The story of this gentleman is a romance of real life, and like that of the concealed author is enveloped in a cloak of ambiguity and darkness; yet it is confidently believed that he was the amanuensis to Colonel Barré, and also his confidential agent and messenger. To identify these persons and explain their connection with the public correspondence referred to, to bring out facts of dates and deeds from the dark and intricate recesses in which they were studiously and cunningly concealed, to reconcile and account for contradictions and inconsistencies, have occasioned more anxiety, toil, and scrupulous analysis than can possibly be imagined by any person who has never attempted a similar task. The issue and effects, however, are now submitted to that public tribunal which invariably awards a proper and a just decision, and which I feel assured will ultimately pronounce an impartial verdict, whether favorable or adverse to the author's hopes and opinions."—PREFACE, p. vi.

It has always been believed that Lord

can,) John Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, Charles Lloyd, secretary to Mr. George Grenville, Henry Flood, M.P., Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, William Greatrakes, John Roberts, originally a treasury clerk, M. De Lolme, Dr. Wilmot, Samuel Dyer, (a literary character, and a friend of Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke,) Edward Gibbon, Thomas Hollis, Dr. Butler, (Bishop of Hereford,) Sir Philip Francis, Colonel Barré, and Colonel Lachlan Maclean.



Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, was somehow or other connected with the composition of the letters of Junius. When he quitted office in 1768, and went into opposition to the government which succeeded him, it was highly probable that some of the distinguished individuals who sat in Parliament for his boroughs of Calne or Wycombe, or who held the office of his private secretary, or of Under Secretary of State when he was in power, would embark in the defence of their leaders, and wage war against the ministry which displaced them. The Duke of Grafton, and the other members of the Cabinet, had, by their misconduct and intrigues, compelled Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne to resign, and it is among the men who suffered by their resignation, who had imbibed their principles, and were actuated by their feelings, that a disinterested inquirer would naturally look for the original of Junius. That Lord Shelburne knew Junius, and everything connected with the writing of his letters, is placed beyond a doubt by the evidence of Sir Richard Philips, who had a personal interview with him when Marquis of Lansdowne in 1804, and only a week before his death. After Sir Richard had stated to his lordship "that many persons had ascribed these letters to him, and that the world at large conceived that at least he was not unacquainted with the author," the Marquis smiled and said, "No, no, I am not equal to Junius, I could not be the author; but the grounds of seeressy are now so far removed by death and changes of circumstances, that it is unnecessary the author of Junius should much longer be unknown. The world is curious about him, and I could make a very interesting publication on the subject. I knew Junius, and *I knew all about the writing and production of these letters.* But look," said he, "at my condition. I don't think I can live a week; my legs, my strength tell me so; but the doctors, who always flatter sick men, assure me I am in no immediate danger. They order me into the country, and I am going there. If I live over the summer, which, however, I don't expect, I promise you a very interesting pamphlet about Junius. I will put my name to it. I will set that question at rest for ever." When still further pressed by Sir Richard, his lordship added: "I'll tell you this for your guide generally: *Junius* has never yet been publicly named. None of the parties ever guessed at as Junius was the true Junius. Nobody has ever suspected him. I knew him, and knew all about it, and I pledge

myself, if these legs will permit me, to give you a pamphlet on the subject as soon as I feel myself equal to the labor."\*

As this remarkable declaration disproved every preceding theory of Junius that had come under his lordship's notice, some attempts were made to discredit the statement of Sir Richard Philips; but Sir Richard had no motive for practising any such deception upon the public; and even if his personal character did not protect him from such a charge, it would require evidence of a very peculiar kind to justify us even in doubting the truth of a statement so very probable in all its details. As Colonel Barré therefore had never been publicly named as the author of the letters of Junius, and as he was the personal and political friend of Lord Shelburne, Mr. Britton's theory rests upon a sound and rational foundation, and his arguments are entitled to a fair and candid examination. We regret, however, to find that he has taken it for granted that Junius is the author of the unacknowledged letters collected by Mr. George Woodfall, and that he has drawn many of his arguments from this fallacious source. Many years ago, the writer of this article had communicated to Mr. Woodfall himself his conviction that these letters were not the genuine production of Junius, and we are glad to observe that the same opinion has been recently maintained with much ability in the pages of the *Athenæum*. By rejecting these letters as his, we place the character of Junius in a more favorable light, while we deprive Mr. Britton of some of the strongest arguments in favor of Colonel Barré's claim.

When Mr. Britton was at Hungerford about the end of the last century, he became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Popham of Chilton, who had held for more than twenty years the vicarage of Lacock, in the vicinity of Bowood, the seat of Lord Shelburne. He was an occasional guest at that hospitable house during the period from 1769 to 1772, when the letters of Junius were publishing. Counsellor Dunning and Colonel Barré, for many years, spent the parliamentary recess at Bowood, the one having long represented the burgh of Calne, and the other that of High Wycombe. Dr. Popham was therefore often in their society, and among other subjects he heard the letters of Junius frequently discussed. He was surprised at the "difference of their language," when that subject was discussed by themselves, and in mixed parties, and he came to the conclusion that

\* *Monthly Magazine*, July, 1813.

they were either the authors of the letters, or were familiar with the writer. On a particular day, when Dr. Popham and the three politicians were the whole party at dinner, Junius was not only the subject of conversation, but a certain attack upon him was freely discussed. One of the party remarked, that this attack would be shown up and confuted in the next day's Advertiser. When the paper arrived next day, there appeared a note from the printer stating that the letter would appear in the ensuing number. Dr. Popham concluded from these facts that one of his three friends was Junius; and Mr. Britton informs us that Mr. Bayliff, and Mr. Ralph Gaby, two respectable solicitors of Chippenham, who had frequently met with the same parties at Bowood, entertained a similar opinion.

About the same time, Mr. Britton's attention was directed to a tombstone in Hungerford churchyard, to the memory of William Greatrakes, on which was the following inscription:—"Here are deposited the remains of William Greatrakes, Esq., a native of Ireland, who, on his way from Bristol to London, died in this town, in the 52d year of his age, on the 2d day of August, 1781. STAT NOMINIS UMBRA." This gentleman was a great friend of Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré, and was an inmate in Lord Shelburne's house during the publication of the letters of Junius. A Captain Stopford, who attended Greatrakes on his deathbed, asserted that he had told him that he was the author of the letters of Junius, and a relation of the family is said to have discovered in his trunk "the letters of Junius, in the hand-writing of the deceased young man, with all the interlineations, corrections, and erasures, which sufficiently established them as the original manuscripts!"\* From these facts, Mr. Britton concludes, that Mr. Greatrakes "was intimately concerned in the letters of Junius," "and that the task which devolved upon him was to copy the letters for the printer, under the immediate superintendence of Colonel Barré."

The opinion that Colonel Barré alone was Junius, was first broached and maintained by Captain Henderson, ordnance store-keeper at Chester, who in 1837 transmitted to the writer of this article an account of his investigations. Captain Henderson died in March, 1847, when he was preparing his remarks on Junius for the press; but Mr. Britton had access to his papers, and a very

good abstract of his inquiries is now in our possession.

Isaac Barré was the son of a foreign refugee, "settled by the Bishop of Clogher in a shop in Dublin, because his wife had nursed one of the bishop's children," and he was born in that city about the end of 1726. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1740, and his name was entered in one of the Inns of Court in London, with the view of studying for the bar. Disliking, however, the profession which had been imposed upon him, he obtained an ensigncy in the 32d foot, on the 12th of February, 1746. His regiment, which was then in Flanders, returned to England in 1747; and having again gone to the Continent in 1748, it remained there till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in the same year. From 1749 to 1753, Barré was at Gibraltar; and in the years 1754, 1755, (when he was made lieutenant,) and 1756, his regiment was quartered in Scotland. In 1758, Barré left his regiment, and went out as a volunteer with the celebrated Wolfe, then Colonel of the 20th regiment, on the unsuccessful expedition to Rochefort. In order to make amends for the failure, in the same year, of Admiral Holburne's naval expedition, Wolfe was selected by Mr. Pitt as brigadier under Sir Jeffery Amherst to make a second attack upon Louisburg, and Lieutenant Barré was again chosen to accompany him. After the capture of Louisburg, and in consequence of his ill health, Wolfe, accompanied by Barré, returned to England towards the end of 1758. Wolfe, with the rank of major-general, and Barré, who had been made major of brigade, were appointed to the famous expedition against Quebec—Wolfe to have the special command of it in co-operation with Sir Jeffery Amherst. The expedition set sail in February, 1759, Monckton, Townshend, (afterwards Lord Townshend,) and Murray being the brigadier-generals, and Major Barré adjutant-general. The last dispatch written by Wolfe "was ascribed by the current report of the army to Major Barré," and part of it is given by Mr. Britton "as a specimen of the style," which, however, does not present the slightest resemblance to that of Junius. On the 13th of September, Wolfe fell on the plains of Abraham; the French General Montcalm shared the same fate; Barré was severely wounded in the eye and head; Monckton, the second in command, was disabled; and hence the honor of transmitting an account of the victory to England, and the command of the army, devolved, for a short period, on Brigadier-General

\* *Cork Mercantile Chronicle*, September 7, 1806.



Townshend. Colonel Hale bore his despatches to England, an honor which would have been conferred on Major Barré had Wolfe recovered.

From New York, to which Barré and his wounded comrade Colonel Carleton had gone, the former addressed a letter to Mr. Pitt, (Lord Chatham,) dated 28th April, 1760, detailing the events of his professional career, and asking that preferment which would have fallen to his share had he borne to England the despatches of his General. On the ground that "senior officers would be injured by his promotion," his request was refused. This refusal of promotion Mr. Britton justly enough connects with a very remarkable letter, printed and published in London between June and October, 1760, inveighing in eloquent, severe, and satirical periods, against the conduct of General Townshend, as the successor of Wolfe in the command of the Quebec expedition. This pamphlet excited much interest at the time of its publication, and led to a hostile meeting, prevented by the arrest of the parties, between Townshend and the Earl of Albemarle, who was suspected of having instigated or employed an anonymous author to traduce the General.\* This letter has a stronger resemblance to the letters of Junius than any other compositions that have been compared with them, and it possesses a double interest as a new feature in the controversy, because it could not have been written in imitation of Junius. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1817, who had seen only a few extracts from the letter in question, was so struck with the similarity of style, that he expressed it as his "strong opinion," "that if the author of the *Letter to a Brigadier-General* should be known, it would be no difficult task to set at rest the inquiry after the author of the *Letters of Junius*." In the year 1840, the same letter came under the notice of Mr. N. W. Simons, of the British Museum, and so "close was the resemblance" which it bore "to the style and composition of Junius," that upon referring it as well to some friends as to other gentlemen of impartiality and judgment, the unhesitating opinion of all was, *that the pamphlet and the Letters of Junius were by the same hand*. Mr. Simons' little volume contains a well written and judicious introduction to the pamphlet, and to "A Refutation of it by an

Officer," and it concludes with an Appendix of 30 pages, in which "he gives the parallel passages from the pamphlet and from the letters of Junius, with illustrative notes.\* "This letter," says Mr. Simons, "was written, if not by a soldier, at all events by a person skilled in military affairs. In style, phraseology, and matter; in sarcastic irony, bold interrogation, stinging sarcasm, and severe personalities; in frequent taunts of treachery, desertion and cowardice, it so closely resembles the compositions of Junius, that the identity of their authorship scarcely admits of a doubt. \* \* \* Several passages in it evince also that strong prejudice against the Scotch which is another characteristic of Junius."†

The identity of the pamphleteer and Junius being thus almost established, Mr. Britton does not hesitate to ascribe the letter to Barré, who was the friend of Wolfe, and therefore the enemy of General Townshend. The only conclusion which we think legitimate is—that it was written by some individual who accompanied the expedition, and this seems to have been the opinion of the officer who wrote the "Refutation" when he says—"But where has this pamphleteer been to find himself under the necessity of quoting this letter? *He must not have been in England surely*, or must not have read the public papers," &c. If it was written by Barré, it must have been written in America, as he did not reach England till the 5th of October, 1760, when he brought home the despatches which gave an account of the surrender of Montreal and the subjection of Canada; and if it was written in America, and was the production of Junius, then it necessarily follows that of all the claimants to the name of Junius, Barré and Maclean, who alone were at the siege of Quebec, are the only individuals entitled to that honor.

We have already alluded to the hostile meeting between General Townshend and Lord Albemarle, and to the suspicion in which it originated, that Lord Albemarle had prompted the composition of the Let-

\* A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1843, informs us that an individual, then recently deceased, who had merely seen extracts from the *Letter to the Brigadier-General*, had not only come to the same conclusion with Mr. Simons respecting the identity between its author and Junius, but had, previously to the illness of which he died, begun to prepare for the press a statement of his opinion.

† The references in Mr. Simons' volume, are to the second edition of Woodfall's Junius.

\* Correspondence of Horace Walpole, vol. ii. p. 202.



ters. The officer who writes the "Refutation," seems to refer to this when he says—"The sneer at the militia, in whose institution General Townshend had so principal a hand, *betrays the sore part of the writer and his PATRON.*" If Lord Albemarle, therefore, was the patron of the person who employed the pamphleteer, Mr. Britton should have tried to point out the connection between his lordship and Colonel Barré.

On the 8th of October, three days after his return from America, Barré expressed himself "as bound in the highest gratitude to Mr. Pitt for the attention he had received," but it was not till the 29th January, 1761, that he received his commission as Lieutenant-colonel of the army.

It was at this time that Colonel Barré became acquainted with the Earl of Shelburne, who had succeeded to his father in May, 1761. A few months after this Mr. Pitt resigned, and Lord Shelburne joined the ministry of the Earl of Bute. On the 17th October, Colonel Barré received a "letter of service" to raise, as "Colonel proprietor," the 106th regiment of foot, and on the 28th of November he was elected Member of Parliament for Chipping Wycombe, in place of Lord Shelburne. He had scarcely been three days in the House before he made an assault upon Mr. Pitt so violent that the Earl of Bath characterized it as "a rude and foul-mouthed attack," and Sir Andrew Mitchell, in a letter to a friend, gives the following account of what he calls "Colonel Barré's Philippic." Talking of the manner of Mr. Pitt's speaking, he said—"There he would stand turning up his eyes to heaven that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner on the table,—that sacrilegious hand that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother country."

In the reduction of the army, which followed the peace of 1762, Barré's regiment was disbanded, and on the 8th March, 1763, he received compensation for his loss by the lucrative appointment of Adjutant-general to the army. When George Grenville became Premier on the retirement of Lord Bute, Lord Shelburne came into office as First Lord of the Board of Trade, and on the 14th May, Barré was appointed Governor of Stirling Castle, which, with his other emoluments, yielded him an income of £4,000 a year. On the resignation of Lord Shelburne, the Duke of Bedford entered George Grenville's administration, and when Barré joined the opposition along with his patron, he was

on the 7th December, 1763, deprived of the lucrative offices of Adjutant-general and Governor of Stirling Castle, while Lord Shelburne was dismissed from the place of Aide-de-camp to the king.

In the summer of 1765 the ministry of George Grenville terminated, and was succeeded by that of the Marquis of Rockingham, which did not last more than a year. Mr. Pitt was induced at the earnest solicitation of the king to form a ministry, and on the 27th of July, 1766, his majesty signed the warrant for creating him Earl of Chatham. He accordingly took his seat in the House of Lords with the office of Lord Privy Seal. The Duke of Grafton was first Lord of the Treasury, General Conway was continued as Secretary of State, and Lord Shelburne as Secretary of State for the southern department, his friend Colonel Barré being appointed one of the Vice-treasurers of Ireland, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Welbore Ellis, and at the same time a Member of the Privy Council; Lord Rockingham was made President of the Council; Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor; and Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the 12th of August, 1767, on the resignation of the Earl of Bristol, Lord George Townshend kissed hands as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, thus forming a part of the administration to which Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré belonged, and which continued in power till the 21st of October, 1768, when Chatham, Shelburne, and Barré retired from office.

Previous to this date, and between the 28th April, 1767, and the 19th October, 1768, there appeared in the Public Advertiser a series of no fewer than *forty-eight* letters, which have been published by Woodfall, under the name of the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, and confidently ascribed to the pen of that distinguished writer. These letters are filled with such virulent abuse of Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne, individuals to whom the real Junius was deeply attached, and whom he invariably praised, that it is impossible to regard them as of his composition, without viewing him as one of the most degraded of men. Mr. Woodfall has adduced no satisfactory evidence to prove that they are genuine, and even if in point of style they had approached to that of Junius, the sentiments and views which they advocate frequently stand in diametrical opposition to his. Believing, or rather presuming, that the Miscellaneous Letters are genuine, Mr. Britton is compelled to regard them as the production of Colonel Barré, and to assign a

variety of very trivial reasons in favor of so extraordinary an opinion. That Barré should thus attack the Government under which he held high and lucrative offices—that he should villify his generous friend and patron the Earl of Shelburne—that he should abuse Lord Chatham who appointed him vice-treasurer of Ireland, and of whom he professed to entertain the most exalted opinion\*—that he should abuse Lord Townshend, to whose wife he left the whole of his property—that he should do all this is utterly incredible, and what never can command the assent of any reasonable man.

At the time when Junius ceased to write, Mr. Britton has pointed out no event in Colonel Barré's history which can afford any explanation of so remarkable a fact. He continued in his career of opposition to the Government of Lord North from 1773 to 1782, and it is quite unaccountable that such a man, were he Junius, could have preserved silence as a public censor, during those disastrous events which he reprobated with such animation within the walls of St. Stephens. When Lord North's ministry was dissolved on the 20th March, 1782, Lord Rockingham availed himself of the talents of Lord Shelburne as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and of Colonel Barré as Treasurer of the Navy. In consequence of the sudden death of the Premier, in the course of three months, Lord Shelburne was appointed his successor, and Barré was raised to the lucrative office of Paymaster to the Forces. After concluding peace with America, and recognizing its independence, events which illustrated his short administration, Lord Shelburne was forced to resign, in consequence of the extraordinary coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North; and Barré, his faithful Achates, followed him into private life, with a pension of £3200 a year, which had been secured to him on his retirement from the ministry. The celebrated William Pitt, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne, held the same office under the Coalition Ministry, and in January, 1784, he wisely relieved the Exchequer of Colonel Barré's pension by conferring upon him the sinecure office of Clerk of the Pells, with a salary of £3000 per annum, which had then become vacant by the death of Sir Edward Walpole.

In the new Parliament, which met in May,

1784, Colonel Barré sat for Calne. He was incapacitated, however, for public business by a total loss of sight; and he finally retired from Parliament at the general election of 1790. He died at his house in Stanhope Street, May Fair, on the 20th July, 1802, in the 76th year of his age, *leaving a large part of his fortune to the Marchioness of Townshend!*

We have thus endeavored to give our readers a general view of the life of Colonel Barré, and of the grounds upon which Mr. Britton believes him to have been the author of the unacknowledged Miscellaneous Letters ascribed to Junius, as well as of the genuine productions to which he affixed the shadow of his name. Had Mr. Britton endeavored to identify Barré with the author of the Letters signed Junius and Philo-Junius, he might have made out a case more rational, and more likely to be received than many of those which have been submitted to the public; but when he tries to identify him with *Lucius*, *Atticus*, *Poplicola*, *Domitian*, and many others, the slanderers of Chatham, and Shelburne, and Townshend, with two of whom he lived on the most affectionate and friendly terms, and to whom he owed all his success in life, he fixes the brand of villany upon the brow of his hero, and converts the honest Junius into a public slanderer, without political principles, without consistency of character, and prepared to reprobate to-morrow the man who was to-day his idol. We shall relieve Mr. Britton, however, of the millstone of the Miscellaneous Letters, and consider his hypothesis in relation only to the genuine Letters of Junius. We thus deprive him, no doubt, of some of the points of identity which the Miscellaneous Letters supply between the Letter to a Brigadier-General and the productions of Junius; but as we grant him the truth of this hypothesis, and render it unnecessary that Barré should have witnessed in Paris the public burning of the books of the Jesuits, and that he should have been the slanderer of Lord Townshend, to "whom he was a frequent visitor" in the decline of life, we place him in a more favorable position than his own.

We think it will be admitted by all disinterested judges, that independent even of the actual declaration of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Junius stood in a peculiar relation to the person, the politics, and the interests of that distinguished and patriotic nobleman. Nothing is more probable than that Barré, as his particular friend and constant companion and political supporter, should have been

\* See Junius' two genuine letters to Lord Chatham, dated January 2, 1768, and January 14, 1772, published in Chatham's Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 32, and vol. iv. p. 190.



Junius; but it is equally probable that the private secretary, or the under secretary, or any other political friend of his lordship, should have been Junius. With regard to Barré, Mr. Britton has not shown, and cannot show, that he possessed the knowledge, the talents, the powers of composition, and, above all, the genuine wit and sarcastic humor which characterize the productions of Junius. There is a species of boldness, and vigor, and coarseness in his speeches, but they are otherwise tame and pointless, and his Letters to Lord Chatham have the same character. We think it clear that Junius was not a public orator, or a person who had the faculty of public speaking. To think and speak on his legs, as Lord Brougham defines the art of making an extempore speech, compels the orator to seize the slightest associations. His sentences are long, involved, and parenthetical; and if he ever had the power of sententious and antithetical writing, of constructing symmetrical and well-balanced periods, and of writing with logical accuracy, he necessarily loses it after he has acquired a facility of composing upon his legs. Had we space we could establish this truth by a reference to the productions of our most distinguished orators. Barré, therefore, though he had the position, and the political knowledge, and access to the secret information which Junius must have possessed, possessed neither his brilliant talents nor his powers of composition, nor the smallest trace of his Attic wit and his sarcastic humor. We cheerfully concede to Mr. Britton that Barré, had he possessed the necessary intellectual power, was in a position to have written the Letter to a Brigadier-General, and therefore to have had a high claim to the honors of Junius. But he may have been merely the friend who communicated to the true author the information that was required, or, as Lord Albemarle was supposed to be, he may have been the patron who stimulated or encouraged him. But even if all these objections were groundless, it would be a difficult task to persuade the public that Junius held lucrative offices in the State, while he was systematically assailing the King and the Government, and that he who denounced the appointment and the pension given to Sir W. Draper should have been a sinecurist when Junius, and should have spent his latest years as a pensioner on the Civil List.

It has been almost universally admitted that Junius was, and should have been, an Irishman. Barré possessed this title to be Junius, but he wanted another still more es-

sential, and without which no candidate, however brilliant his talents, and however appropriate his position, can be admitted as a competitor. Junius hated Scotland and the Scotch. He availed himself of every opportunity of abusing them; and we must therefore discover some solid grounds why the representative of so noble and distinguished a writer took such an unfavorable view of a nation which has gained the esteem of statesmen, and whose people, in point of education and moral and religious training, occupy a most exalted place among the nations of Europe. Colonel Barré, certainly in so far as his history can show, had no reasons for hating the Scotch and abusing Scotland, and nothing has surprised us more than the following observations on the subject from the pen of Mr. Britton:—

“His residence in Scotland for *three* years may have induced that prejudice against the Scotch character which is palpably marked in the Letters of Junius. Johnson was equally inimical to the Scotch after a cursory view of them and their homes. Barré, as an Irishman of ardent and enthusiastic temperament, who had mixed in various society, and lived an active life, *must have felt a great contrast between himself and the cold and calculating conduct of Scotchmen.*”—P. 21.

It will be difficult to explain this remarkable sentence, and still more to show how a patriot and a generous soldier like Barré, who had seen much of men and much of the world, could observe a “cold and calculating conduct” in our countrymen. Was it at the hospitable board at which he and his brother officers must have been courteously entertained? Was it among the sober and religious population of the Lowlands—provident, peaceable, and loyal? Was it in its academic groves, then trodden by so many distinguished men? Was it in the halls of its nobles, among the emblems of a glorious lineage and the realities of living beauty? Or was it among the green mounds which deck the purple heath of Culloden—the resting-place of warriors, faithful to their chieftains and to their Prince—that the English soldier discovered those revolting features of our national character which disturbed him in his youth, and haunted him through life? Or could it be when Colonel Barré was Governor of Stirling Castle, and gazed over the field of Bannockburn, the Marathon of the North, where the flower of English chivalry fell, and “the proud usurper was laid low?” No—Barré learned no such lessons in Scotland. He never abused the Scotch, and never wielded the spear of Junius.



There is one other objection to the hypothesis of Mr. Britton, which it will be very difficult to remove. Why did Barré, were he Junius, cease to write in January, 1772? He was then in perfect health; he retained his seat in the House of Commons; he was then the friend and correspondent of Shelburne and Chatham; he received no bribe from the Government; he continued to maintain the same principles, and was associated with the same political friends. In his *last* private letter to Woodfall, dated January 19, 1773, Junius assures him that he had good reason for discontinuing his communications.—“In the present state of things, if I were to write again I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honor of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible.” In his Dedication to the English Nation, however, which he sent to Wilkes on the 3d November, 1771, he gives utterance to sentiments of a very different kind:—“You are roused,” says he, “at last, to a sense of your danger. The remedy will soon be in your power. *If Junius lives you shall often be reminded of it.*” Junius, if he has ever been named, did live, but did not fulfil his pledge. Barré lived, and lived under circumstances which might well have called him into the field. In a letter, written *two* days after Junius abandons “the cause and the public,” Barré announces to Lord Chatham,\* that the honors of his profession have been withheld from him, though the Secretary at War had, “in a private and unsought for conversation,” promised him promotion in his turn, and that he was thus an object of persecution, and would quit the army if he were “not reinstated according to seniority of rank, and the rightful pretensions of service.” Having, in conformity with Lord Chatham’s advice, transmitted a memorial to the king, his majesty rejected his petition, and gave him permission to retire from the service.† Had Junius been Barré,

this act of persecution might have summoned him again into the field, or he might have listened to the importunate call of *Cindercombe*, a writer in the *Public Advertiser*, who, on the 26th December, 1770, implored him to fulfil the promise in his Dedication, and especially the pledge which he had long since given, “that the corrupt administration of Lord Townshend in Ireland ‘shall not be lost to the public.’” Junius remained deaf to these calls. He had truly abandoned the “cause and the public,” and we have no doubt that he was influenced by motives which no patriot could avow, and which prompted him to preserve his name from the reprobation of posterity.

Although we cannot concur in the hypothesis of Mr. Britton, we are bound to thank him for the interesting information which he has collected regarding the life and character of Colonel Barré. Every attempt to identify Junius with one of his contemporaries should be received with gratitude, and whether it signally fails, or is favorably received, it cannot but throw some light upon the problem, or remove some difficulty from its solution. But independently of its intrinsic value, Mr. Britton’s work has been the cause of placing the controversy upon a new foundation. An able writer in the *Athenæum*,\* as we have already seen, has, in a notice of that work, assigned the most satisfactory reasons for rejecting the great mass of the *Miscellaneous Letters*, ascribed to Junius, and even the few which he does admit as *appearing* to be genuine, he admits with a caution which will justify the rejection of them on any question which concerns either the personal character or the identity of Junius.

“A letter by Domitian,” says the writer in the *Athenæum*, “is said to be referred to by Junius in a private note of the 7th of December, 1770; and coupled with other circumstances—amongst these his private note of the 22d February, 1772, the evidence appears sufficient. Let ‘Domitian,’ therefore, be received as Junius. ‘Testiculus’ may also be allowed on the inconclusive memorandum, on private note, and date of publication, and if so, ‘Testis’ claims protection. Two short notes by ‘Vindex’ may be received on like authority.”—P. 747.

\* Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 242, dated January 21, 1773.

† Lord Shelburne, in a letter to Lord Chatham, dated February 27, 1773, thus notices the retirement of Colonel Barré:—“Your lordship has been informed of what has passed relative to Colonel, now Mr. Barré. Lord Barrington, after an interval of eight days more, signified the king’s acceptance of his resignation, since which Lord North and the

Bedfords have avowed separately and without reserve their disapprobation of the measure which occasioned the step. This leaves no doubt from what quarter the measure comes. It is but just to apprise your lordship what proscribed people you honor sometimes with your correspondence.”—*Chatham’s Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 253.

\* *Athenæum*, July 1848, pp. 711 and 745.

After an able exposure of the temerity of Dr. Mason Good, the editor of the edition of Junius which contains the Miscellaneous Letters, the writer in the Athenæum justly and indignantly remarks,—

"We hope, therefore, never again to hear the character of Junius traduced and calumniated on the strength of the letters which Good has been pleased to attribute to him. These have been added for the most part, as we have shown, without authority, and without probability—and sometimes in direct defiance of facts; and they have left us a Junius who is a moral monster, by whom we can prove anything."

The character of Junius having been thus restored, and the field of controversy cleared of the gigantic stumbling-blocks which covered it, we shall now proceed to inquire into the claims of three competitors who have very recently been recommended to public favor, namely, Sir Philip Francis, Lord George Sackville, and Colonel Lachlan Maclean.

There is perhaps no portion of literary history more extraordinary than that which relates to the identification of Sir Philip Francis and Junius. The work in which the attempt is made, entitled "*Junius Identified*," is one of the most singular examples of ingenious and inconclusive reasoning which we have ever had occasion to examine. Circumstances the most trivial, and points of resemblance the most general, twisted into many different shapes, and presented under many different aspects, have been accumulated into a mass of evidence which, after deceiving the world by its bulk, has broken down under its own weight and incoherence. In order to bring the question clearly before the minds of our readers, we shall state in distinct propositions the grounds on which we consider it demonstrable that Sir Philip Francis was not Junius.

1. Sir Philip Francis has given two distinct denials of the charge of his having written Junius. To Sir Richard Phillips he denounces it in 1813, as a *silly and malignant falsehood*. He denied it to his biographer on the 23d December, 1817, a year only before his death, and he has left among his papers no document connected with the subject.

2. Sir Philip Francis had neither the experience, nor the talents, nor the knowledge, nor the *wit*, that were requisite for the production of Junius. He was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age when Junius' first letter was published, whereas Junius speaks of his long experience of the world, and every page of his writings displays that

knowledge of character, and that practical wisdom which could only be obtained from an extensive intercourse with various classes of society. Sir Philip Francis had never even received a University education, and he had never exhibited any taste or turn for composition before he entered the War Office. With regard to his wit, his published writings prove that he was destitute of that faculty; and the writer of this article possesses a letter from the late Lord Chief-Commissioner, Sir William Adam, who was intimately acquainted with Francis, and was in constant intercourse with him, not only in society but in business of all kinds—in which he states that Sir Philip had neither wit nor humor; and that there are many coarse passages in Junius which he was too fastidious and sensitive to have written.

3. Sir Philip did not occupy the position necessary for obtaining the information which Junius had at his command, or possess the wealth which he had at his disposal. He was not connected with Lord Shelburne or his friends, and he was only an inferior clerk in the War Office, with an income of scarcely £450 a year. Junius describes himself as a man of fortune, ready to indemnify Woodfall against any pecuniary loss.

4. Sir Philip occupied his position in the War Office during the whole period that Junius' Letters were writing—from 1763 till the 23d March, 1772, when he resigned his situation.

5. To suppose that a clerk holding office under Government should have labored systematically for four years to villify and overturn the Government by which he was fed, is a supposition too monstrous to be for a moment admitted.

6. Mr. Welbore Ellis (Lord Mendip) was the early patron and friend of Francis—Lord Barrington was the Secretary at War under whom he served, and to whom he was indebted for the splendid appointment which was given him in India; and yet Junius launched against both these noblemen the fiercest and most galling abuse.\* Sir William Adam informed the writer of this article that he constantly met with Francis at the Duke of Bedford's table, and that he never could believe that any person who had so maligned that nobleman's character†

\* Mr. Calcraft, whom Junius abuses, left Francis a thousand pounds.

† Sir William Draper characterizes one of the Letters to the Duke, "as a most inhuman letter, which he had read with astonishment and horror."—*Lett.* xxvi.



could have dared to accept of his hospitality.

7. If the Letter to a Brigadier-General was written by Junius, Sir Philip Francis could not be Junius, because he was not at Quebec, and was only nineteen or twenty years of age when it was composed.

8. No reason can be assigned why Sir Philip Francis should have exhibited such bitterness and malignity against Scotland and the Scotch. He never was in Scotland. He never had any occasion, in his official position, to come into collision with any of our countrymen; and those who identify him with Junius have not been able to assign a single reason, or to refer to a single fact in his life, either public or private, which could afford the slightest explanation of so remarkable a feature in the character of Junius.

9. It has been universally believed that Junius was in the army, and had held some official military appointment in actual service. Sir Philip Francis never was in the army, and never held any such position. Lucius\* indeed says, "I am not a soldier," and supports his opinions on certain military matters, by stating what "he had heard from military men;" but Lucius has been found not to be Junius. In the correspondence with Sir William Draper, Junius exhibits an extensive and accurate knowledge of the state of the army, and denounces its mismanagement. Sir William broadly insinuates that Junius was acquainted with Lord Shelburne, and refers him to that nobleman for the truth of one of his statements. Could Sir William have believed, or can any person believe, without legal evidence, that an inferior clerk in the War Office, who took an official part in all military arrangements, was the author of statements affecting the character of the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary at War his own superior, and the members of the Government which he served?

10. The speeches and writings of Sir Philip Francis, all composed and published since the Letters of Junius appeared, display neither the talent nor the wit, nor the peculiar style of Junius. Butler, in his Reminiscences, after a careful comparison of the writings of both, declares "that all internal evidence is against Sir Philip;" and Dr. Parr, a competent judge, has pronounced the same decision in still more elaborate expressions. "Sir Philip Francis," says he, "was too proud to tell a lie, and he disclaimed the work, (the Letters of Junius.) He was

too vain to refuse celebrity which he was conscious of deserving. He was too intrepid to shrink when danger had nearly passed by. He was too irascible to keep the secret, by the publication of which he at this time of day could injure no party with which he was connected, nor any individual for whom he cared. Besides, we have many books of his writing upon many subjects, and all of them stamped with the same character of mind. Their general *lexis* (as we say in Greek) *has no resemblance to the lexis of Junius*; and the resemblance in particulars can have far less weight than the resemblance of which there is no vestige. Francis uniformly writes English. There is Gallicism in Junius. Francis is furious, but not malevolent. Francis is never cool, and Junius is seldom ardent." To these excellent observations we may add the following remarks of Mr. Butler, on the parallel passages from Junius and Francis:—"If these passages show that Sir Philip was no mean writer, they also prove that he was not Junius. To bring the question to a direct issue—Are the glow and loftiness discernible in every page of Junius *once visible* in any of these extracts? Where do we find in the writings of Sir Philip those thoughts that breathe and words that burn, which Junius scatters in every page? a single drop of the *cobra capella* which so often falls from Junius?" In one of the parallel passages quoted in the Edinburgh Review, and in which Sir Philip's attack upon Lord Thurlow is compared with Junius' attack upon Lord Mansfield, the inferiority of Sir Philip is so great in the estimation of Mr. Butler, and, we believe, of every competent critic, "as to render it impossible that he should have been the author of Junius' Letters." But independent of these views, the similarity of diction or of sentiment, which some have found in the writings of Junius and of Francis, wherever it may occur, is the *similarity of imitation*. Every polemical writer, whether in politics or in religion, has during the last *eighty years* been, to a greater or a less extent, an imitator of Junius. His thoughts, his metaphors, and even his words, have been stolen, and like Sir Philip Francis, many of our most noted orators and politicians have not scrupled to draw an arrow, poisoned though it may have been, from the ample quiver of the great intellectual gladiator.

11. The appointment of Sir Philip Francis to the situation of a Judge in India just about the time when Junius ceased to write,

\* *Miscellaneous Letters*, vol. iii. p. 154.



has been regarded as a strong argument in favor of his being Junius. We are willing to give it all the force which it would have had if there had been any other grounds for the same opinion, for we are convinced that Junius ceased to write in consequence of an arrangement with the Government. But the appointment of Francis requires no such explanation. Had Lord Barrington or the Government known or even believed that Francis was Junius, dismissal from his place in the War Office would have been the smallest portion of his punishment. But Francis had served nine years in the War Office, and had distinguished himself by his talents and habits of business, and it was by no means strange that at the age of thirty-three he should have received that appointment. The late Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, informed Mr. Butler, "that Sir Philip Francis owed the continuance of his seat in the War Office to the kindness of Lord Barrington, the prelate's brother, and that Sir Philip's appointment in India was chiefly if not wholly owing to his Lordship's recommendation of him to Lord North."\* Had Francis been an enemy of the Government, his appointment might have required some such explanation as that which has been given of it. He who receives an office from his political opponents, and especially from those whom he has systematically abused, must have surrendered something in exchange for the generosity of the gift.†

\* Reminiscences, p. 97, note.

† The following remarks by Mr. Barker, express so fully your views on the general improbability of Sir Philip Francis being Junius, that we cannot withhold them from our readers:—

"If the author of Junius should prove to be Sir Philip Francis, it will certainly stand out as one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable occurrences ever known, that he, a mere clerk in the War Office, should have commenced his literary career by a series of papers perfect in their style of composition; and his political career by professing those high public principles which belong only to the tongues or the pens of men who have been for a series of years running their course of usefulness and of fame; and that he should have denounced the conduct of the ministry in the severest terms, with the apparent style of an experienced rhetorician, the exact knowledge of an able statesman, the lofty tone of an independent spirit, and a Demosthenic vehemence of diction unparalleled in the history of human eloquence.

"If Sir Philip Francis did, in such circumstances, write the Letters of Junius, then the history of the world itself has exhibited no similar or second instance of this sort; the phenomenon cannot be explained by all the philosophy of the human mind, and nothing is too little or too great for human cre-

Although we have thus resisted the claims of Sir Philip Francis, and given him a lower niche than Junius in the Temple of Fame, we cannot concur in any attempt to depreciate his talents, or degrade his name. In the "History of Junius and his Works" by Mr. Jaques, the latest work on this exciting controversy, such an attempt has been made. Perplexed with the antagonism of the "internal evidence against Sir Philip," and the fancied "external evidence in his favor," Mr. Butler reduces to zero the pretensions of the distracted knight, and transfers the honor of Junius to Lord George Sackville. Anxious, however, to reconcile the two classes of evidence which he considers as neutralizing each other, he places both hypotheses at right angles to each other, as in the parallelogram of forces, and conducts his reader into a third or diagonal hypothesis, in which he expects him complacently to rest. He restores, as he expresses it, to each hypothesis its individual activity, by supposing that *Sir Philip was not Junius, but THE AMANUENSIS of Junius*—that the real Junius was too high to be bought, so that when he made his terms with Government he was contented to remain in a proud obscurity, but stipulated *a boon for his scribe*; and was of consequence enough to insist that the boon should be liberal!! Mr. Jaques accepts of this hypothesis as the solution of the long-agitated problem, and summarily removes every remaining difficulty by the following oracular decision:—"It may probably be objected that no personal intercourse has been traced between Lord George and Mr. Francis—the answer to this is, that it was essential to the preservation of the secret that they should keep aloof, and appear strangers to each other. It is evident that Mr. D'Oyley *was* THE CONNECTING LINK between the man of high rank, mature age, and independent fortune, *having a personal hatred against the King and his Ministers*, whose hand-writing is found to bear a strong resemblance to some of the *short private notes* written by Junius to Woodfall, AND the clever young inferior clerk who was intrusted with the 'slavery of writing' or copying for the press the *longer and more elaborate letters*."\*

Had Sir Philip Francis lived to witness his ignominious fall from Junius to a copying-clerk,—from the "mighty boar of the forest" to the most harmless of the quadrupeds,—he would not have expressed his indifference, as

dulity."—BARKER'S *Five Letters on the Author of Junius*, p. 6.

\* Jaques' *History of Junius and his Works*, p. 382.

he did, to the "silliness and malignity of the falsehood." He might have laughed at the insult by a parody upon Johnson's example of the anti-climax:—

"Sir Philip Francis the great god of war,  
And Clerk assistant to the Earl of Mar."

It is unfortunate for great men to have such commentators as Mr. Jaques, and unfortunate for truth that a grand question of literary criticism should be submitted to a species of logic by which anything may be proved. There are many reasons, argues the logician, for believing that Sir Philip Francis was Junius, and there are more for believing that Lord George Sackville was the man; *ergo*, Junius was written by their joint labors—by the mind of the one and the pen of the other. Why not take in a third or a fourth writer into the firm? Colonel Barré or Maclean could be made useful by supplying the materials for the Letter to a Brigadier-General, Junius' earliest production. It is of no importance that Barré, and Maclean, and Sackville, and Francis, were not known to be acquaintances, "for it is essential that they should keep aloof and appear strangers to each other!" It is of still less importance that Lord George is in that letter taken to task for his cowardice at Minden, because in one of the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, his prototype candidly confesses "that he loves to be stationed in the rear!"

As the claims of Lord George Sackville have been again so pertinaciously pressed upon the attention of the public, it will be necessary to examine briefly the grounds upon which they rest. Lord George Sackville, the third son of the first Duke of Dorset, was born in June, 1716, and had reached the age of *fifty-three* when Junius began his Letters. Prior to this epoch he was made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's Forces, and a member of the Privy Council. At the battle of Minden, which was fought on the 1st August, 1759, Lord George commanded the cavalry. During the heat of the action, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick sent his aide-de-camp, Colonel Ligonier, to order Lord George to bring up the cavalry. This order had scarcely been received when Colonel Fitzroy came up with a modified order, that Lord George should march with *only the British cavalry*, and to the left. Lord George received the order with some confusion, and replied—"This cannot be so; would he have me break the line?" Fitzroy, (to use Horace Walpole's

words,) young, brave, and impetuous, urged the command. Lord George desired that he would not be in a hurry. "I am out of breath with galloping," said Fitzroy, "which makes me speak quick; but my orders are positive; the French are in disorder; there is a glorious opportunity for the English to distinguish themselves." Lord George still hesitated, saying, "it was impossible the Prince could mean to break the line." Fitzroy stuck to the Prince's order. Lord George asked which way the cavalry were to march, and who was to be their guide? "I," said Fitzroy, bravely. Lord George, pretending the different orders puzzled him, desired to be conducted to the Prince for explanation; in the meantime he despatched Smith, his favorite, with orders to lead on the British cavalry, from which he pleaded no delay could happen. Smith whispered to Lord George, to convince him of the necessity of obeying. Lord George persisted in being carried to the Prince, who, at Fitzroy's report, was much astonished. Even when Lord George did march, he twice sent orders to halt to Lord Granby, (second in command,) who was posting on with less attention to the rules of a march, but with more ardor for engaging. Before they arrived the battle was gained.\*

In the beginning of September, 1759, Lord Barrington notified to Lord George Sackville that his Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Lieutenant-General and Colonel of Dragoon Guards. Lord George demanded a court-martial, but as the witnesses were engaged on foreign service, it was not held till the 7th March, 1760, on the return of the English troops from Germany. The proceedings closed on the 3d April, 1760, when the Court pronounced the following sentence:—"This Court is of opinion that Lord George Sackville is *GUILTY of having disobeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick*, whom he was by his commission and instructions directed to obey as Commander-in-Chief, according to the rules of war. And it is the further opinion of this Court, that the said Lord George Sackville is, and he is hereby *ADJUDGED, unfit to serve his Majesty* in any military capacity whatever." His Majesty confirmed the sentence, struck Lord George's name out of the council-book, and forbade his appearance at Court.

We have referred thus fully to this unfortunate event in Lord George Sackville's life,

\* Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, vol. iii., p. 194. 2d Edition. 1846.



because upon it, and upon it alone, has been founded the hypothesis of his being Junius. Regarding his dismissal from the army as an act of the witnesses at his trial, and his prohibition to attend the Court as a personal act of the King, (George II.,) Lord George Sackville is supposed to have cherished the deadliest hatred against every individual who had contributed to his degradation, and to have assumed the mask of Junius in order to expose them to the world. The Marquis of Granby is assailed because he was a witness, and the Duke of Grafton because he was the brother of Colonel Fitzroy; and the reason assigned for the attack upon Lord Mansfield is, that his Lordship had *erroneously* assured Lord George, previous to his trial, that he could not be convicted; while Lord George's hatred and abuse of the Scotch is ascribed to the fact that *there were ten Scotch officers* on the court-martial that condemned him! Such are the motives which are supposed to have impelled an English nobleman to assail the Sovereign, the Government, and the Judges of his country, and thus, under the pretence of being a patriot, to hazard his property, his liberty, and even his life, in the gratification of a personal animosity. But admitting that any honorable mind could surrender itself to so ignoble a course, let us see how it was pursued by the mortified and dishonored soldier. That the volcano of his fury should have broken forth under the sting of his degradation might have been expected; that it would have scattered its ashes indiscriminately around till its fires were spent and its missiles exhausted, might be readily admitted; but that it should smoulder for nearly *ten* years, and then eject a Junius from its crater, is too ridiculous to be believed. And how did this avenging Junius launch his first thunderbolt against the supposed enemies of Lord George Sackville? In January, 1768, he addresses to Lord Chatham a letter, (*Private and Secret, to be opened by Lord Chatham only,*) giving him information respecting the insincerity and ingratitude of his associates in the Cabinet—a letter that could neither gratify malignity nor satiate revenge. The same Junius, charged with such puny impulses, remains quiet for more than a year; and on the 21st January, 1769, he commences his genuine letters with an argumentative examination of the financial and military condition of the country.

But it is stated that Lord George did, previous to the appearance of Junius, wreak his vengeance against his enemies in writings

both with his name and anonymously; and we may therefore suppose that he had thus exacted a sufficient penalty from his enemies, without making a more severe demand upon them in the person of Junius. On the accession of George III., in 1760, Lord George appeared at Court with the sanction of the Earl of Bute; and though a party prevented a repetition of this informality, yet so little ground had he for hostility against the King, that he was made a member of the Privy Council in 1765, and in the same year appointed one of the Vice-treasurers of Ireland. It is true that, for reasons not known, he resigned this office in the following year, when the Duke of Grafton came into power; but this was a mere loss of place, and not an injury sufficient to justify the assaults of Junius against the Government, and against a King who, instead of having injured him, had, under peculiar circumstances, placed him among the number of his Privy Councillors.

Let us now consider the position and conduct of Lord George Sackville during the time of Junius. Lord George, like several of the leading politicians of the day, held many of the opinions of Junius; but it is impossible, for one moment, to believe that he could have written the violent attacks upon George III., and upon Lord Mansfield, against whom he had no ground of offence. In supporting Sergeant Glynn's motion for a Committee to inquire into the administration of Criminal Justice, which was made in the House of Commons on the 6th December, 1770, Lord George made the following observations, in which he clearly alludes to Junius, and to the famous letter addressed to Lord Mansfield, and published only three weeks before:—

"All the records of our Courts of Law," says Lord George, "and all the monuments of our lawyers, are ransacked, in order to find sufficiently odious names by which he may be christened. The libellous and virulent spirit of the times has overleaped all the barriers of law, order, and decorum. The judges are no longer revered, and the laws have lost all their salutary terrors. Juries will not convict petty delinquents, when they suspect grand criminals go unpunished. Hence libels and lampoons, audacious beyond the example of all other times; libels, in comparison of which the '*North Briton*,' once deemed the *ne plus ultra* of sedition, is perfect innocence and simplicity. The sacred number forty-five, formerly the idol of the multitude, is eclipsed by the superior venom of every day's defamation. All its magical and talismanic powers are lost and absorbed in the general deluge of scandal which pours from the press. When matters are thus



circumstanced; when the judges in general, and Lord Mansfield in particular, are there hung out to public scorn and detestation, now that libellers receive no countenance from men high in power, and in the public esteem; what will be the consequence when it is publicly known, that they have been arraigned, and that their friends quashed the inquiry which it was proposed to make upon their conduct? \* \* \* I cannot help thinking that it is the wish of Lord Mansfield himself to have his conduct examined, nay, I collect as much from the language of a gentleman who may be supposed to know his sentiments. What foundation, then, is there for obstructing the inquiry? None at all. It is a pleasure to me to see my noble friend discovering such symptoms of conscious innocence. His ideas perfectly coincide with my own. I would never oppose the minutest scrutiny into my behavior. However much condemned by the envy or malice of enemies, I would at least show that I stood acquitted in my own mind, and *quis fugit judicium ipso teste, reus est.*"

That these observations were not part of a vein of satire and invective, as Mr. Coventry calls it, running throughout the whole speech under the mask of friendship for Lord Mansfield, must be obvious to every reader; and in proof of this we have only to refer to Lord Sackville's dying declaration to Lord Mansfield, which he made at Tunbridge Wells, in the presence of Mr. Cumberland. Lord Sackville sent Cumberland for Lord Mansfield, who immediately obeyed the summons of his friend. Having just dismounted from his horse, and had time to recover his breath, Lord Sackville addressed his visitor in the following words:—"But, my good Lord, though I ought not to have imposed upon you the painful ceremony of paying a last visit to a dying man, yet so great was my anxiety to return you my *unfeigned thanks for all your goodness to me, all the kind protection you have shown me during my unprosperous life, that I could not know you were so near me, and not write to assure you of the invariable respect I have entertained for your character*, and now in the most serious manner to solicit your forgiveness if I have appeared in your eyes, at any moment of my life, unjust to your great merits, or forgetful of your many favors."\* Lord Mansfield made a reply perfectly becoming, says Cumberland, and highly satisfactory.

Having exhibited in his speech of the 28th March, 1776, much knowledge of American affairs, Lord George Sackville was publicly

thanked for his observations, which Lord North went so far as to characterize "as worthy of so great a mind." He now voted with the Government against his friends in the opposition; and so high was the value which was put upon his support, that Lord North resolved to remove Lord Dartmouth, and his Majesty appointed Lord George Sackville Secretary of State for the American Colonies on the 7th September, 1775!—Junius—a deserter of the opposition,—a Secretary of State,—the friend of the Sovereign whom he had maligned,—asking and receiving favors from the Crown, and inexorable to the calls of humanity and justice, by supporting the king in his determination to prosecute the American war to the uttermost! This is incredible. Lord George occupied this unfortunate position till the year 1782. The surrender of the British troops at York Town, led to the termination of the American war, and when the peace was concluded, Lord George resigned his office, and in 1782 was created a British Peer, with the title of Viscount Sackville—"one of the few peerages," says Wraxall, "which, in the course of half a century, George III. has been allowed to confer wholly independent of ministerial intervention or recommendation, from the impulse of his own inclination."\* Lord Sackville did not long survive this honor. His enemies in the House of Lords denounced this act of the Sovereign as derogatory to the House; and some of them even pronounced it to be "an insult to their Lordships to see a person created a peer whose disgrace was entered in the orderly books of every British regiment." Lord Shelburne (the friend of Junius) declared that *he had suffered many professional injuries from the person (Lord Sackville) who was the subject of debate, and that smarting with a sense of those injuries at the time, a sort of enmity had taken place between him and the person in question!* The attempt, twice made, to obtain a decision of the Peers against his promotion completely failed, and Lord Sackville spent the rest of his days in calm resignation to the persecution which he had suffered, kind to all around him, and regularly and respectfully attentive to his religious duties. He died on the 26th August, 1785, in the 69th year of his age.

Such was the Junius of Mr. Coventry, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Jaques. Such was Lord

\* "When I record this speech," says Cumberland, "I give it to the reader as correct: I do not trust to memory at this distance: I transcribe it."—*Cumberland's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 250.

\* The King and Lord Mansfield knew who Junius was. This fact we state on the very highest authority.

Sackville—a great and good man if not Junius; if Junius—a traitor to his king and his country, a hypocrite in his life, and a liar at his dying hour. The laurels of Junius, green and unfading when enwreathing his own hallowed shade, wither and decay by transplantation. The moral life that bears them perishes beneath their pressure, and the intellectual glory of which they are the badge grows dim without the lustre of an honest name.

After these details we need not say much more about the claims of Lord George Sackville. His Lordship himself stated to a friend that “he should be proud to be capable of writing as Junius had done, but that there were many passages in his letters which he should be very sorry to have written;” and *not many days before his death* he said to Mr. Cumberland, “by way of jest,” that he was among the suspected authors of Junius. Mr. Cumberland adds, “I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occasion to disprove an absolute impossibility;” and he might have added, that there was less occasion for its disavowal after his farewell address to Lord Mansfield. To these observations we shall only add, that those who give credit to the statement of the Marquis of Lansdowne to Sir Richard Phillips, or who believe that Junius wrote the Letter to a Brigadier-General, or the famous miscellaneous letter dated 22d October, 1767, in which the cowardice of Lord George Sackville is mentioned, will acquit this nobleman of any share in the productions of Junius.

We come now to call the attention of our readers to the claims of a new candidate for the honors of Junius—Colonel Lauchlin, or Laughlin Maclean. This gentleman, like many of the other competitors, was supposed by several of his private friends to be Junius, but his pretensions were never brought before the public. His name was first mentioned by Almon in the introduction to his edition of Junius, but it has never appeared in any of the lists of the “false Juniuses” which are to be found in every work on the subject. Upwards of thirty years ago, when Sir David Brewster was looking over the papers of the late James Macpherson, Esq., M.P., he found several letters addressed to him with the signature of L. Maclean, and bearing the dates of 1776–7, a few years after Junius ceased to write. Mr. Macpherson and Colonel Maclean were agents for the Nabob of Arcot, and Colonel Maclean was the friend and confidential agent of War-

ren Hastings. These letters related to the affairs of India; and though many of them were hurried notes, bearing only Maclean’s initials, yet they were vigorously and elegantly written, and contained passages such as might have been expected from Junius. One of these began with the following sentence:—“I shall follow your advice, my dear sir, implicitly. The feelings of the man are not fine, but he must be chafed into sensation.” This and other similar passages were shown to Mr. Macpherson of Belleville, who recollected that the name of Maclean was mentioned in Galt’s *Life of West* in connection with that of Junius. A copy of the book was immediately sent for, when to the great surprise of the parties the following passage was discovered:—

“An incident,” says Mr. Galt, “of a curious nature has brought him (Mr. West) to be a party, in some degree, in the singular question respecting the mysterious author of the celebrated letters of Junius. On the morning that the first of these famous invectives appeared, his friend, Governor Hamilton, happened to call; and inquiring the news, Mr. West informed him of that bold and daring epistle. Ringing for his servant at the same time, he desired the newspaper to be brought in. Hamilton read it over with great attention; and when he had done, laid it on his knees in a manner that particularly attracted the notice of the painter, who was standing at his easel. ‘This letter,’ said Hamilton, in a tone of vehement feeling, ‘is by that d—d scoundrel Maclean.’ ‘What Maclean?’ inquired Mr. West. ‘The surgeon of Otway’s regiment; the fellow who attacked me so violently in the Philadelphia newspapers, on account of the part I felt it my duty to take against one of the officers. *This letter is by him.* I know these very words. I may well remember them;’ and he read over several phrases and sentiments which Maclean employed against him.\* Mr. West then informed the Governor that Maclean was in the country, and that he was personally acquainted with him. ‘He came over,’ said Mr. West, ‘with Colonel Barré, by whom he was introduced to Lord Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) and is at present private secretary to his lordship.’”†

\* All the colleges and repositories of newspapers in America have been ransacked in vain for the paper containing this attack upon Governor Hamilton.

† Prior, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, makes the following reference to this event:—“In 1761, while Maclean was surgeon to Otway’s regiment, quartered in Philadelphia, a quarrel took place with the Governor, against whom Maclean, who was a man of superior talents, wrote a paper distinguished by ability and severity, which drew general attention. Colonel Barré, subsequently so well known in political life, then serving there with his regiment, and who was probably involved in the quarrel, is said



This remarkable anecdote, taken in connection with the casual discovery of Macleane's letters, induced Sir David Brewster to enter upon an inquiry foreign to his own studies, but not without an interest to those who like himself were admirers of the writings of Junius. In this inquiry he has been engaged for nearly thirty years; and though he does not pretend to have identified Macleane with Junius, he believes that in favor of no other candidate can such an amount of evidence be produced.

Lauchlin Macleane was born in the county of Antrim in 1727 or 1728. His father, John Macleane, was a nonjuring clergyman, nearly connected with the Macleanes of Coll, and was driven from Scotland in consequence of his attachment to the exiled family, and of his refusal, along with many others, to pray for King George the First and the royal family. This must have taken place previous to 1726, for he married after he arrived in Ireland, and took up his residence in the north of Ireland, near Belfast. He was a man robust in stature and independent in his principles, and he had occasion to exhibit both these qualities during his residence in Scotland.\* When he was one day coming out of church, a quarrel arose between him and some officers of the army, who had no doubt been chiding him for his disloyalty. After some altercation, they told him that nothing but his coat prevented them from giving him a good beating. Macleane immediately threw off his coat, exclaiming, "*Lie you there, Divinity, and Macleane will do for himself,*" and gave the officers a sound drubbing. After the Rebellion in 1715, "the criminal records of Scotland were for some years engrossed with prosecutions against Episcopalian clergymen," who refused to pray for the King; and in a prosecution of one of these clergymen in Edinburgh, so late as the year 1755, it was stated by the Judge on the bench, "that nonjuring Episcopalian clergymen of the prisoner's activity were dangerous to the present happy establishment!"

Thus driven from the house of his father, and forced to seek an asylum in a sister-land, an ardent mind like that of John Macleane must have cherished strong feelings of dislike and even hatred against the dominant party by whom he was persecuted; and in

to have formed a regard for him in consequence of the part he took."—Vol. ii. p. 150.

\* This anecdote was communicated to us by the late Alexander Macleane, Esq., of Coll.

the legacy of revenge which he doubtless bequeathed to his son, we see the origin, if he were Junius, of that unconquerable hatred of Scotland and the Scotch which rankled in his breast. In no other candidate for the mask of Junius can we find such powerful reasons for his bitter and never-ending anathemas against our country. Mr. Macleane does not seem to have remained in the Church, for we find him characterized as a gentleman of small fortune. Lauchlin, his second son, was sent, in 1745 or 1746, from a school near Belfast to Trinity College, Dublin,\* where he became acquainted with Burke and Goldsmith. He afterwards went to Edinburgh to study medicine; and on the 4th January, 1756,† he was introduced by Goldsmith to the Medical Society, of which he became a member. Goldsmith having become surety for the debts of a fellow-student which he was unable to pay, was about to be thrown into prison, when the liberality of Macleane and of another fellow-student, Mr. Sleight, relieved him from this distressing embarrassment. After completing his medical course, he obtained the degree of M.D. on the 6th of August, 1755;‡ and some time after this he entered the army as surgeon to Otway's regiment (the 35th.)

We have not been able to learn if Macleane was in any of the expeditions to North America, which were fitted out in 1757 or 1758, but we know that he accompanied the celebrated expedition in 1759, when Wolfe fell on the heights of Abraham, and the command of the British troops devolved upon Brigadier-General Townshend. Major Barré and his countryman Macleane shared in the dangers and honors of that eventful day, and had their illustrious commander survived the battle, Barré would have been the bearer of the despatches, and would have received promotion. Barré had, by his conduct at the siege of Louisburg, gained the approbation of General Sir Jeffery Amherst; and upon the surrender of Montreal, on the 8th September, 1760, he was made the bearer of the despatches to Government.

\* The following is the entry in the College Register:—"1745, (1746,) *Maii* 29°. *Lauchlin Macleane Pens.*:—*Filius Johanni Generosi—Annum agens* 18—*Natus in Comitatu Antrim—Educatus sub Ferula, Mro. Dennison.—Tutor, Mr. Read.*"

† It is a curious fact that Macleane and Barré and Goldsmith were all residing in Scotland at the same time.

‡ His Thesis, entitled *Dissertatio Medica Inauguralis de Erysipelate*, was dedicated to the Duke of Hamilton.



Brigadier-General Townshend was unpopular in the army, and particularly obnoxious to Barré and Maclean, and the other friends of Wolfe. According to Horace Walpole, "he, and his friends for him, attempted to ravish the honors of the conquest from Wolfe. Townshend's first letter said nothing in praise of him. In one to the Speaker of the House, he went so far as to assume the glory of the last efforts, \* \* \*; and in other more private despatches, he was still more explicit."\* Irritated by this selfish and ungenerous conduct, the friends of Wolfe, and who could they be but Barré or Maclean, drew up and published, in 1760, the celebrated Letter to a Brigadier-General, already mentioned, which so clearly resembles in its temper, and style, and sentiments, the Letters of Junius. If Junius, therefore, wrote this letter, all the arguments of Mr. Britton in favor of Barré's being the author of it, and therefore Junius, are equally applicable to Maclean; and if we have proved that Barré could not be Junius, it follows that, under these assumptions, Maclean is entitled to that distinction. This conclusion we may fairly corroborate by a reference to one of the miscellaneous letters, signed *A Faithful Monitor*, and ascribed to Junius, although there is no sufficient evidence that he wrote it. But as it is possible, and to a certain degree probable, that it may prove genuine, we are entitled to add this indeterminate quantity to our argument. "I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum*, (Lord Townshend, and his brother Charles, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.) *I have served under the one, and have been forty times promised to be served by the other.*"† Now, who but Barré or Maclean is likely to have written this sentence? They both served under Lord Townshend; and though it is not probable that Barré could have been promised any situation under the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is very likely that Maclean might have received such a promise.

Early in 1761 General Monckton was ap-

pointed governor of New York, and in December of the same year he left that city with a strong force for the reduction of Martinique. Otway's regiment was part of the eleven battalions which went from New York for this purpose, and Maclean accompanied the general as his private secretary. The English fleet, rendezvoused at Barbadoes, came before Martinique on the 7th January, 1762, and obtained possession of it on the 4th February. After the reduction of the French West India Islands, and the peace of 1762 which followed it, the regiments to which Barré and Maclean belonged were disbanded. We have not been able to obtain much information about Maclean after the taking of Martinique. He seems to have settled in Philadelphia as a physician, and to have remained there for some years. A gentleman in Philadelphia mentions "Dr. Laughlin Maclean and his lady as acquaintances of his grandfather, and visitors at his house some time between 1761 and 1766."\* Mr. Prior informs us, that when in Philadelphia Maclean acquired great medical reputation, followed by its common attendant, envy, from the less fortunate of his brethren, and he gives us the following anecdote of him, which Almon quotes as an example of what he terms "true magnanimity." "A rival practitioner, extremely jealous of his successor, who had adopted every means, not excepting the most unfair, of injuring his credit, was at length afflicted by the dangerous illness of an only son; a consultation became necessary; and as possessing the first character for professional skill, Mr. Maclean was solicited to attend. His zeal proved unremitting; he sat up with the patient many nights, and chiefly by his sagacity and indefatigable efforts, succeeded beyond expectation in restoring the young man to health; refusing all consideration for his labors, and saying to his friends, 'Now am I amply revenged.'"

It appears to have been in 1761, before he accompanied General Monckton to Mar-

\* Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, vol. iii. p. 222, 2d edition, 1846.

† Mr. Jaques, in the early part of his volume, interprets this passage as declaring, that Charles Townshend had forty times promised to serve under the *Faithful Monitor*, or Junius, without availing himself of this perversion of very plain words; but he afterwards makes use of it as an argument in favor of Lord George Sackville, under whom he thinks Charles Townshend might have promised to serve! The passage has no application in favor of Sir Philip Francis.—See Jaques' *Hist. of Junius*, pp. 136 and 370.

\* "The latter (Mrs. Maclean) rarely missed a day, when the weather was favorable, of calling upon her countrywoman, my grandmother; and I well remember she was always attended by a small white dog, enormously fat, in which quality he even exceeded his mistress, who yielded to few of her species and sex in the possession of an enviable *embonpoint*. The doctor was considered to have great skill in his profession, as well as to be a man of wit and general information, but I have never known a person who had a more distressing impediment in his speech."—*Memoirs of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania*. Harrisburg, 1811. Chap. ii.

tinique, that he published the attack upon Governor Hamilton, to which we have already referred, and in which he employed the very same *words, phrases, and sentiments*, which six or seven years afterwards were used by Junius. It is not easy to forget the very terms of asperity and invective by which we may have been assailed, and as Governor Hamilton declares that "he might well remember them," we cannot refuse to give great weight to his testimony that Maclean was Junius.

Mr. West states, and we have elsewhere met with a similar statement, that Maclean came over to England in the same ship with Col. Barré, who had formed such a high opinion of his talents and acquirements, that he introduced him to Lord Shelburne, who appointed him his private secretary. In 1776, Maclean met Barry, the painter,\* at Paris, and had an opportunity of being useful to him on his way to Italy; and Burke, in one of his letters to Barry, written in the beginning of 1767, informs him "that Maclean is Under Secretary in Lord Shelburne's office, and that there is no doubt but he will be, as he deserves, well patronized there."

Having been Lord Shelburne's private secretary, and afterwards his Under Secretary for the Southern Department, Maclean had now embarked on a political career which must have led to wealth and honors; but in consequence of the Duke of Grafton's intrigues in the Cabinet, all his prospects were blasted. So early as July, 1768, "the Bedfords" had begun to persecute Lord Shelburne. The King preferring Mr. Lynch, refused to confirm his nomination of Lord Tankerville to be Resident Minister at Turin, and Lord Shelburne was so indignant at his refusal, that he would have resigned, had not the Chancellor, Lord Camden, "persuaded him to the contrary." In August "the removal of Lord Shelburne was proposed in the closet and objected to;" but his enemies seem to have prevailed, for in September, Mr. Lynch was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Sardinia. Lord Chatham had resolved, under these circumstances, to resign, and in mentioning his resolution to the Duke of Grafton on the 12th October, he added, "that he could not enough lament the removing of Sir Jeffery Amherst, (from the government of Virginia,) and that of Lord Shelburne." Lady Chatham had told the Duke of Grafton "that Lord Shelburne's removal would never have Lord Chatham's

consent or approval, as thinking it quite contrary to the King's service. He has a great regard and friendship for him, and thinks his abilities make him necessary in the office he is in, to the carrying on of his Majesty's business. My Lord would think either (viz., that of Sir Jeffery Amherst also) most unhappy and very unfortunate for his Majesty's service."\* The Duke of Grafton, however, was determined that Lord Shelburne should resign, and accordingly Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne retired from the Ministry on the 21st October, 1768. Maclean of course followed the fate of his chief, and doubtless felt keenly his dismissal from the honors and emoluments of office. In less than ~~three~~ months Junius launched his first formidable philippic against the Ministry.† Can it be doubted that this attack emanated from Lord Shelburne's party? Lord Shelburne, Barré, and Maclean were the principal persons aggrieved by the change in the Ministry, and it is among them alone that Junius can be found. The whole of Mr. Britton's facts and reasonings confirm this opinion, and we are left only to choose between Barré and Maclean.

In these proceedings the King had taken an active part, and so early as May, 1767, his Majesty speaks of Lord Shelburne's party as "a hydra-faction," and Lord Shelburne himself as "a secret enemy."‡ The conduct of the King therefore could not but irritate the friends of Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne, and it was doubtless to the strong feeling which it engendered that we owe the celebrated address to the King, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the history of Junius. From 1768 to 1771, during the greater part of the time the Letters of Junius were publishing, Maclean sat in Parliament for the borough of Arundel, but owing to an impediment in his speech, he was not distinguished as a speaker, and his great talents were therefore to a considerable extent concealed from the public. He was the friend of Lord Shelburne and Barré, and from the former he could easily obtain all that knowledge of what was going on at Court which Junius possessed in so remarkable a degree. That Maclean had this knowledge was believed by his contemporaries, for when Major Campbell wished to show how Hugh Boyd, whom he believed to

\* Chatham's *Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 337, note.

† Dated January 21, 1769.

‡ The King's Letter to the Earl of Chatham, May 30, 1767, published in Chatham's *Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 206.

\* Prior's *Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 208.



be Junius, got the necessary information, he stated that he got it *through his friend Macleane*, who then moved in the first circles. But we have now much clearer evidence of the means which were employed to obtain this information. Jeremy Bentham informs us that Lord Shelburne told him that he knew "all that passed" at Court, through the two Ladies Waldegrave, the daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester, who lived at Court as "Ladies of Honor, or some such thing," and that "they used to write to the Miss V——'s, who were inmates of Lord Shelburne's family, and report what passed at Court." Bentham himself experienced the effect of the influence of Lord Shelburne. He had written in the Public Advertiser for 1789, some letters signed *Anti-Machiavel*. On the day, or the day after the publication of one of these letters, he called at Lansdowne House, where the following incident occurred:—

" 'You are found out,' cried Lord Lansdowne, laying hold of me; 'Lady L. it was that detected you,' and he told me by what mark. He was in a perfect ecstasy. Never shall I forget the rapidity with which we vibrated arm in arm talking over the matter, in the great dining-room. A day or two after there came out in the same paper an answer, under the signature of 'A Partisan.' 'So,' says he, 'here's an antagonist you have got! Do you know who he is?' 'Not I, indeed.' 'Well, I will tell you, it is THE KING.' *That he had means of knowing this was no secret to me. For a considerable length of time, a regular journal of what passed at the Queen's House had been received by him; he had mentioned to me the persons from whom it came.* The answer was, of course, a trumpery one. The communication produced on me the sort of effect that could not but have been intended. JUNIUS had set the writings of the day to the tune of asperity. I fell upon THE BEST OF KINGS with redoubled vehemence."\*

Not satisfied with these means of information, Lord Shelburne had still more active agents. Bentham tells us that Captain Blankett and Mr. Jekyll were *necessary instruments* to Lord Shelburne, and that it was their business to *watch in the quarters of the enemy*. "His Lordship," continues Bentham, "did not care much about Hastings; but knowing the part the King took, and having all the King's conversations repeated to him, he professed to take Hastings' part." And when the conversation turned upon Lord Mansfield, Bentham learned "that he was the object of undisguised antipathy to

Lord Shelburne and Lord Camden," the two great friends of Junius. When we combine these remarkable disclosures, only recently brought before the public eye, with the cardinal facts mentioned by the Marquis of Lansdowne, almost at his dying hour, that he knew Junius,—that he knew all about the writing and production of his Letters,—that he had not yet been named,—and that there was no longer any reason for concealing his name,—we can scarcely refuse our assent to the opinion, that either Barré or Macleane was Junius. We have already seen that Macleane was the friend, the countryman, and the fellow *collegian* of Burke; and that "*it is an undoubted fact,*" according to Prior, "that Burke himself indirectly acknowledged to Sir Joshua Reynolds that *he knew the writer of Junius.*" We know also that Mrs. Burke, Sir Joshua, and Mr. Malone, all believed that Burke polished the compositions of Junius for the public eye; and if we put any faith in these statements, it will be difficult to find any other friend than Macleane for whom Burke could have performed this act of kindness. It is demonstrable from Junius' answer to *Junia*, written by Caleb Whiteford, that he had coadjutors by whom he was often unwillingly influenced, and it is therefore the less improbable that these coadjutors may have occasionally given him some assistance.

The connection of Wilkes with Junius is well known. They were at one time apparently friends, and at another enemies. In taking Wilkes' part against the King and the Ministry, Junius says, "I know that *man much better than any of you*;"\* that Nature intended him for a good-humored fool, but that a systematical education, with long practice, had made him a consummate hypocrite."† And yet in a month or two we find him writing letters to Wilkes as a political friend, and assisting and advising him in his proceedings. Now this was precisely the relative situation of Macleane and Wilkes. Macleane had not only been his political coadjutor, but had lent him money. Wilkes, however, seems to have taken offence at his conduct, and to have been a party to an attack upon Macleane in the Public Advertiser

\* After Wilkes had been in exile, "he appeared," says Prior, "accompanied from Paris by Mr. Laughlin Macleane, an old acquaintance of Mr. Burke, privately in London, early in May, 1766, and was determined, as he said, either to make his fortune from the fear of the Government, or to annoy it."—*Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 152.

† Letter LII., 24th July, 1771.

\* Dr. Bowring's *Life of Jeremy Bentham*, p. 112; see also p. 116.



in January, 1771. Having obtained what he thought evidence that Wilkes was the author of this attack, Maclean sent him a challenge through Major Maclean on the 29th January. Wilkes refused to accept it,—denied that he was the author of the offensive letter, and thus compelled Maclean to publish the correspondence in the *Public Advertiser*.<sup>\*</sup> It is a curious fact, and one of some value in the Junius controversy, that in this attack of Wilkes upon Maclean, Wilkes *himself* "is injuriously treated," a circumstance which Wilkes pleads as a proof that he did not write the letter. To this Maclean replies that "there is not a syllable of what Mr. Wilkes calls 'injuriously to him' which does not point to the source from which the letter sprang. His favorite foibles alone are touched upon, and with a very gentle hand. But is it not the stale trick of all assassins when they stab in the dark to give themselves a slight wound that they may escape suspicion?"<sup>†</sup>

About this time a remarkable change seems to have taken place in the views and position of Junius, and an analogous change took place in the views and position of Maclean. Lady Shelburne died on the 5th January, 1771, and soon afterwards Lord Shelburne left England for the Continent. If Maclean had hitherto been private secretary to his Lordship, he must now have been thrown out of employment, but whether this was the case or not he seems at this time to have shown a disposition to favor the Ministry. He is said to have written early in 1771 a pamphlet in "Defence of the Ministry on the subject of the Falkland Islands,"<sup>‡</sup> and thus to have gained the patronage of Lord North. On the 8th May, 1771, he resigned his seat for Arundel by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. In the same month Lord North appointed him superintendent of Lazarettos, with a salary of £1000 per annum, and two pounds per day

of travelling expenses. In January, 1772, he received the appointment of Collector of Philadelphia, and, what is curious, his absence from England agrees with the interval in the correspondence between Junius and Woodfall—an interval which continued from May 10, 1772, to January 19, 1773. Maclean, too, returned in 1773, to receive a new and lucrative appointment from the Government; and Junius reappeared from his *occultation of eight months*, not to expostulate with the Ministry, or fulfil his patriotic pledge to the English nation, but to disappear like a meteor from the political horizon, and be seen and heard of no more! Even after Maclean received his appointment to the Collectorship Junius wrote no more under his real signature, and in his private note, dated January 19, 1777, he took a final leave of Woodfall in the following expressive strains:—

"I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured that I have *good reason* for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honor of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible."

In the month of April, 1773, Maclean was appointed Commissary-General of Musters, and Auditor-General of Military Accounts, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in India, an appointment worth about £5000 a-year,<sup>\*</sup> and one which "was thought to be the reward of some greater service than the defence of the Ministry on the affair of the Falkland Islands." He went out to India in the same ship with Sir Philip Francis,—discharged with consummate talent and success the important duties which were intrusted to him by the company; and resigned his office early in 1775. Before he left India, he received from Mr. Hastings, the Governor-General, authority to act as his confidential and political agent; and, having

<sup>\*</sup> After Junius' friendly correspondence with Wilkes from August to November, 1771, two of his letters relating to the Bill of Rights Society were misrepresented to the public. He suspected Wilkes to have done this, and desired Woodfall to tell him "that he will not submit to be any longer aspersed," and adds, "between ourselves let me recommend it to you to be much upon your guard with Patriots."

<sup>†</sup> The writer of this article owes the knowledge of these curious letters to the kindness of N. W. Simons, Esq., of the British Museum.

<sup>‡</sup> There is not a copy of this pamphlet in the British Museum, nor any other library, public or private, where we have made inquiry after it, and our inquiries have been very extensive.

<sup>\*</sup> In a letter now before us, to Mr. Macpherson from Colonel Dow, who succeeded Colonel Maclean in these offices, he states that the new Members of Council had proposed to restrict Maclean from continuing to draw 25 per cent. on certain military stores with which he supplied the army, which Colonel Dow calculates as worth 50,000 rupees per annum. Maclean's annual income, therefore, must have greatly exceeded £5000.

stopped at Madras, he was intrusted with a similar agency by the Nabob of Arcot. After his arrival in England in the winter of 1775, he and Mr. Macpherson devoted their time to the affairs of the Nabob of Arcot and Mr. Hastings, and discharged these duties with an energy and zeal which were deeply appreciated by their employers. Mr. Gleig, the biographer of Hastings, expresses his satisfaction that it has "fallen to his lot to bear testimony to the noble exertions and disinterested friendship of Lieutenant-Colonel Macleane;" and in the same work our readers will find explained, "the true nature of that series of transactions which led first to the tender by Colonel Macleane of Mr. Hastings' resignation, and subsequently to the refusal of Mr. Hastings to acknowledge the authority under which such tender was made." They will find also in the admirable letters of Macleane, which Mr. Gleig has given in full, a satisfactory explanation of his conduct, and ample evidence that he had all the knowledge and talents which were necessary for the compositions of Junius.

The interests of his friends rendered it necessary that Macleane should again visit India, and return with the greatest despatch to England. He accordingly set out in July, 1777, and proceeding through France to Marseilles, he embarked in a ship for Alexandria, and crossing the Desert to Suez, then no easy matter, he embarked on board the Sea-horse, Capt. Parker, for Madras, where he arrived in about two months and ten days. After remaining only a few days at Madras to transact business with the Nabob of Arcot, he embarked in a packet for the Cape of Good Hope, to which he had a speedy passage. Before he left the Cape, he wrote a letter to a friend in India, saying that he was about to embark for England, "in a crazy vessel, commanded by a crazy captain." This vessel was the "Swallow" packet, which foundered at sea, and Macleane and all on board perished. He left a will, by which he bequeathed a variety of "profuse" legacies, without any available funds to pay them. He had purchased four estates in Grenada, for which he paid £200,000;\* but strange to say his heirs declined to administer to his will. His son-in-law, the late Colonel Wilkes, governor of St. Helena, in-

formed the writer of this article, that application had been made to him to give a title to some of these properties, but that he uniformly declined to do this, from a conviction that the estate was insolvent, and hence a considerable West India estate became the property of its steward.

Such was the melancholy termination of a life singularly eventful, associated with the early history of Goldsmith, the death of Wolfe, and the destinies of Warren Hastings; and now closely related to the mysterious history of Junius. It is with some diffidence that we have ventured to point out this relation, but accident placed in our hands documents of some weight, and we have felt it a duty to use them in contributing to gratify, so far as we can, a laudable curiosity. The preceding details are sufficient of themselves to place Macleane on as high a level as any of the competitors for the laurels of Junius. We humbly think, without insisting on others holding the same opinion, that he stands pre-eminent above them all, and in order to substantiate this conviction, we shall endeavor to remove some objections which have been urged against our views, and to illustrate some facts which may contribute to their support.

1. One of the objections against the preceding theory is founded upon the second letter of eighteen lines, signed *Vindex*, in which Macleane's pamphlet on the Falkland Islands is referred to in such terms\* as it is supposed Macleane himself could not have used. We deny that there is any proof that this letter was written by Junius. It has no resemblance to his style, and is utterly unworthy of him. What motive could Junius have, if he was not Macleane, to correct a trivial error and accompany it with an ungenerous sneer at Macleane's impediment of speech? But if Macleane and *Vindex* were Junius, the letter in question was an excellent method of misleading his enemies, and one particularly appropriate when both Macleane and Junius were beginning to desert "the cause and the public." Macleane, as we have just seen, charges Wilkes with the very same trick only *five weeks* before the date of *Vindex's* letter; and Macleane himself, if *Vindex*, *gave himself a slight wound to escape conviction.*†

\* We have before us a list of these estates with their prices, and a memorandum stating that "in all these estates, Mrs. Macleane has a clear right of dower." This paper is docketed by Mr. Macpherson as one "relative to Mrs. Macleane," with the date January, 1781.

\* "Pray tell that ingenious gentleman, Laughlin Macleane, &c.," (correcting a trifling mistake about the king of Spain's titles,) "In spite of Mr. Laughlin's disinterested, unbroken, melodious eloquence, it is a melancholy truth," &c., Letter xc., March 6, 1717—Woodfall's *Junius*, vol. iii. p. 343.

† See page 183. The writer in the *Athenæum*,



2. If we suppose that Junius was Vindex, and therefore acquainted with Maclean's defence of the Ministry, is it not *inexplicable* that he should have omitted an opportunity of denouncing his conduct with all the bitterness and eloquence which he generally brings to such a task?

3. It was the opinion of several of Maclean's personal friends in Scotland, while the Letters of Junius were publishing, that they were written by Maclean.

4. Sir William Adam, the personal friend of Maclean and Francis, stated in writing to the author of this article, that in his opinion the former possessed the wit and talents necessary for the production of Junius.

5. The Rev. Mr. Parish informed the writer of this article that his father, who was chaplain to Lord Townshend, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had heard Lord Townshend express his belief that Maclean was Junius; and he saw at Dublin Castle a print called the *Tripartite Junius*, in which Maclean was represented with two other individuals as his co-adjutors.

6. Junius' answer to *Junia* is a very remarkable production, and one which we could prove, were it expedient, to be more likely to issue from the pen of Maclean than from that of any of the other claimants.

7. As Maclean was a physician, we might expect metaphors and expressions connected with the medical profession. Expressions of this kind are extremely common, (about forty in number,) and some of them, such as "*the caput mortuum of vitriol*," could scarcely have come from the pen of a writer who had not been familiar with medicine or chemistry. It is a curious fact that a writer on this subject actually infers from some of these expressions that Junius must have been a chemist.

8. The late Mr. Woodfall, and others, have remarked a similarity between the hand-writing of Maclean and Junius, and there are resemblances also in the spelling of particular words, and also in particular modes of expression. We place little value on any argument derived from the hand-writing of Junius. It is evident that Junius must have either used a feigned hand or the hand of an amanuensis, or a friend. Had Junius written his Letters in his usual hand, his detection would have been instantaneous. There is certainly no resemblance of any importance between the hand-writing of Junius and that

already referred to, has wisely stated that Junius must often be judged by contrarieties, of which this is a fair example.

of any of the individuals with whom he was identified.\*

In studying the history and character of Junius there are important lessons, moral and social, to be learnt. We have said that Junius was a patriot and moralist, and we have no doubt that many of our readers were startled by the statement. We spoke of him as the invisible organ of a party—wielding its weapons, struggling on its ramparts, or cheering on its forlorn-hope. His patriotism, therefore, becomes that of his party, and his morality that of his associates. If he has been the advocate of great truths, we must extend to him our gratitude, whatever may have been his motives. If he denounced political corruption without being himself corrupt, and exposed the vices of his opponents without being himself vicious, we must hail him as a moralist, unless we find him careless about his facts or cognizant of their falsehood. In order to form a right estimate of the character of a party writer, we must peruse the writings of the party to which he is opposed. His personalities may have been called forth by theirs; their ferocity may justify his; and in his exposures even of private failings we may discover but a faint reflection of the conduct of his adversaries. In the times of Junius the personalities and calumnies of the supporters of the Ministry, purchased by the Government and paid for by the nation, were such as to justify the utmost severity of retaliation.

But though the character of Junius, while he himself remains in the shade, may be pure and noble, it may assume a different aspect when he is identified. Were Lord Chatham, or Lord Sackville, or Burke, or Sir Philip Francis, to stand forth as Junius, his morality would disappear, and his patriotism sink into disaffection and disloyalty; and were either Barré or Maclean to be honored with his laurels, we must brand them as traitors to the cause which they advocated, and as men who bartered their obligations to the community for a mess of pottage.

It is always instructive, and now more than ever, to *beware of Patriots*, to scrutinize the pretensions of popular leaders, and to estimate the value of their labors. Junius was a very

\* Mr. Britton has stated in his work on Junius, "that George Chalmers, in an appendix to his Supplemental Apology to the believers in the Shakespeare Papers, has examined and confuted Maclean's pretensions to the authorship of the *Mystic Letters*," pp. 37, 38, note. This assertion is an entire mistake, as Mr. Britton himself admits. Mr. Chalmers has not even mentioned Maclean's claims in the work referred to, or in any other work.

moderate reformer, liberal in his political views, but hostile to innovation. His object was to defend constitutional rights, and not to create them. It was "*the unimpaired, hereditary freehold*" which he strove to bequeath to posterity. It was the "liberty of the press,—the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of Englishmen," and the right of juries to return a general verdict, for which he combated. Had he lived in the present day he would neither have been a Repealer, nor a Confederate, nor a Chartist. He would have hesitated even to extend the suffrage till the people were fit to exercise

it, for he declared that both liberty and property would be precarious till the people had acquired *sense* and spirit to defend them. Education and religious knowledge must precede the extension of political privileges. No person is entitled to a political right till he has learned how to use it; no man is qualified for a trust till he knows how to fulfil it. The rights of the subject are not the rights of an individual, but the rights of the community; and he who either prostitutes or sells such a birthright, dishonors and robs every member of the community to whom the same inheritance has been bequeathed.

---

From Tait's Magazine.

## BEAUTY.

### PART I.

OBLIVION ne'er shall have the hour  
When Beauty first for me her bower  
Left to reveal her magic power—  
Islet of peace in Mem'ry's sea,  
Home of my heart, I fly to thee.  
Hid in the quiet studious cell,  
Fast bound in Learning's mystic spell,  
Enough for me was classic page  
Of Latin bard or Grecian sage—  
Anacreon's song and Sappho's lay,  
The sparkling verse of Horace gay,  
Mild Maro's tale of rural love,  
And Ovid's of the gods above,  
Oft sweetly whiled the hours away;  
But never taught my heart to play  
With secret trembling at the sight  
Of Beauty's form ethereal bright.

### PART II.

One has chimed from the sacred fanes—  
Mysterious silence pensive reigns;  
No wakeful sound invades my ear,  
No living, breathing things appear;  
The lamp grows dim, the lamp expires,  
Thought from the dizzy brink retires  
Of pending rock, whence, eagle-eyed,  
She scann'd Truth's ocean rolling wide.  
Musing, I o'er the embers hung,  
When sportive Fancy gaily sprung  
Forth from her cell. Beauteous she traced  
An image like a cherub, graced  
With tints of richer, deeper dye  
Than owns the rainbow-varied sky;  
With wavy tresses, raven bright,

Glist'ning with lustrous hues of light—  
Like an arrowy fall's dark tide  
When the sunbeams swift o'er it glide—  
Calmly they rest, though unconfined,  
Over a brow where, throned, a mind  
Of heavenly mould displays its state,  
Sweet, gentle, kind, yet nobly great;  
With dark eyes couched on liquid dew,  
Lending the diamond's brilliant hue;  
With cheeks like curving wreaths of snow,  
Tinged with Aurora's ruddiest glow;  
With lips that far excel the rose,  
Hiding what Neptune might suppose  
Stolen from the treasured Persian main,  
Where deep he holds his pearly reign.  
Her snowy neck, smooth, polished, shone,  
The pillar of an ivory throne;  
A smile, bewitchingly displayed,  
Brightly o'er her features strayed;  
Her glance streamed radiance on my soul,  
And bade deep raptures o'er me roll;  
A harp, where music coyly slept,  
Her alabaster fingers swept;  
The parted lip a blended swell  
Sent echoing through my silent cell.  
Wrapt from this harshly jarring sphere,  
Within heaven's gate I seemed to hear  
Strains that immortals only know,  
Whose hearts are ne'er untuned by woe;  
Legions of spirits, swift as light,  
In splendor burst upon my sight—  
Myriads of harps are now unhung,  
Myriads of harps are newly strung,  
Myriads of angel-voices sing,  
Myriads of echoes gently ring—  
A torrent rolls along the skies,  
Then, like the warbling streamlet, dies.



## SPIRIT'S SONG.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1.<br/>What beauty flames<br/>On Morning's car,<br/>When Venus claims,<br/>Sweet fairest star,<br/>To herald her afar!</p> <p>2.<br/>What beauty pours<br/>The orient glow,<br/>When radiant showers<br/>Of sunbeams flow<br/>On golden plains below!</p> <p>3.<br/>What beauty gleams<br/>From Evening's brow,<br/>When sunny beams<br/>The clouds of snow<br/>Wrapt in an ardent glow!</p> <p>4.<br/>What beauty, round<br/>With wavy light,<br/>Streaks the profound,<br/>Dazzles the sight—<br/>The borealis bright!</p> <p>5.<br/>What beauty beams<br/>The lunar plain!<br/>What glory streams<br/>Yon starry train,<br/>Lighting up midnight's fane!</p> <p>6.<br/>What beauty flows<br/>O'er raptured eyes,<br/>When Iris throws<br/>Her blended dyes<br/>Across the azure skies!</p> <p>7.<br/>What beauty sits<br/>On the lit-deep,<br/>When the shadow flits<br/>O'er winds asleep,<br/>Fatigued with whirling sweep!</p> | <p>8.<br/>What beauty lies<br/>On waves at rest,<br/>Sheening the skies<br/>With glassy breast,<br/>In noontide splendors drest!</p> <p>9.<br/>What beauty shows<br/>The white-winged ship<br/>When sparkling rows<br/>Of jewels skip<br/>Around her ghost-like slip!</p> <p>10.<br/>What beauty dwells<br/>In daisied mead,<br/>In shady dells<br/>Where wild flowers plead,<br/>The ravished eye to feed!</p> <p>11.<br/>What beauty paints<br/>The plummy throng,<br/>Filling their plaints<br/>The day live-long<br/>Responsive woods among!</p> <p>12.<br/>What beauty twines<br/>Round gardens fair,<br/>Where a fountain shines<br/>'Mid each parterre,<br/>Murm'ring its favorite air!</p> <p>13.<br/>But Beauty's home<br/>Is woman fair;<br/>Where'er she roam,<br/>Beauty is there,<br/>Vigilant o'er her care.</p> <p>14.<br/>Still, list young man,<br/>Bathed deep in joy,<br/>As close you scan<br/>With searching eye<br/>The hues of beauty's dye—</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
15.  
That beauty's fount  
Is God alway,  
Up to Him mount  
From sculptured clay,  
From earth to heaven away.

The music ceased. The vision fled;  
Fancy no longer o'er me sped  
On joyous wing. Gazing on air—  
Low, objectless, and lonely there,  
In vain I sought the vanished fair.  
Then Reason took her sober sway,  
Forbade imagination's play;  
Relapsed into my inner self,  
Disclosed there stood an opening gulf,  
Whose jarring void I shook to see,  
Dread symbol of eternity:  
Upheaving waves of strong desire,  
Mountains of undulating fire,  
Proclaiming, by their awful swell,  
Man is an elemental hell;  
Until the mind, with giant clasp,  
Embrace an object in its grasp—  
Deathless as immortality,  
Measureless as immensity.  
The thought then shot across my soul—  
Breathes there a form from pole to pole,  
Such as erst Fancy's magic spell  
Evoked from her fantastic cell!

Such beauteous brow! such chisell'd face!  
Love, daughter fair of Eve, may grace,  
Able to fill this vacant soul,  
And hush these waves that o'er me roll!  
No! Goddess, true, though all she seem,  
And deathless hues in rapture's dream  
Over her lovely features beam,  
Traced on her brow, lo! stands decay—  
E'en blooming she must fade away.  
Her mind must leave its much-loved dust,  
And into realms eternal burst,  
Leaving me lonely as at first.  
Then swift harmonious o'er me flew  
The strains I erst had heard anew:

That beauty's fount  
Is God alway,  
Up to Him mount  
From sculptured clay,  
From earth to heaven away.  
Behold an object!—Pause, my mind—  
God, God alone, Him unconfined!  
His Being through all space extends,  
His vast existence never ends;  
His mind reveals the boundless source  
Whence Beauty's silvery currents course  
O'er verdant hill, o'er varied plain,  
O'er every flower of earth's domain.  
His awful form on Alpine brow  
Mirrors itself in glacial snow,  
Broods o'er the dark tempestuous main  
The horrors of the heaving plain.  
Deep thunder walks along the sky,  
His tread; the lightnings gleam—his eye;  
The cataracts far resounding pour,  
The earthquakes roll, the whirlwinds roar—  
His voice; the varied rainbow o'er  
A glory spreads the rushing flood  
That frets and chafes in stormiest mood—  
Emblem of His imperial mind,  
In terror robed, yet gently kind.  
His are the curtain-clouds of heaven  
Fantastically hung at even,  
O'er ranges of embattled towers,  
Drench'd in descending golden showers;  
His is the pearl's unspotted snow;  
His is the ruby's vivid glow;  
His is the diamond's crystal light;  
His is the sapphire's azure bright.  
His is the gleam in dew-drops seen;  
His is the beam of midnight's queen;  
His is the glorious solar ray;  
His is the light of the star-built way;  
His is the mind of man sublime,  
Toiling eternal hills to climb;  
His is the soul of woman fair,  
Breathing in virtue's sacred air;  
His is the earth, the sky, the sea—  
All, all that is or e'er shall be,  
Of great, of beautiful, of good,  
Claims as its fountain only God.  
To thee, to thee, behold the throne  
Of mind I yield to thee alone.

## PART III.

Calmly, then, I pressed my pillow,  
O'er me rolled no heaving billow;  
Sleep, downy power, sealed up my eyes,  
Peace on my bosom nestled lies;  
Dreams sent from heaven around me play,  
And turn the darkness into day—

Wafting the soul on pinions light,  
Far from the realms of sable night;  
Sunning it in celestial rays,  
Brighter than noon-tide's vivid blaze.  
Repose then softly o'er me stole,  
And wooed to rest my winged soul.

## PART IV.

Now Morn, with rosy fingers, led  
The circling hours around my head,  
Lightly oped my slumbering eyes  
To pay the matin sacrifice.  
Serenely happy I arose,  
A world all new before me glows;  
The sun a brighter radiance sheds,  
The flower a sweeter fragrance spreads;  
The lawn a greener sward arrays,  
The lambkin o'er it happier plays;  
The woods dance lighter in the breeze;  
The ship sails smoother on the seas;

The honey-gatherers gayer hum;  
The lowings often cheerful come;  
The streams a clearer silver show,  
And warble sweeter as they flow;  
The chiming brook plays softer airs,  
The bird a fairer plumage wears,  
And chaunts his mate a merrier song,  
While echoes clearer notes prolong;  
The gales melodious milder sing,  
And balmier sweets drop from their wing.  
A holier calm inspires my breast  
With deeper sacredness possest:  
A calm unlike the leaden sea  
When dull, dense fogs, brood heavily;  
A calm like ocean waves at rest,  
In noontide's golden glory drest—  
Dimpled with gentle zephyr's kiss,  
Sighing away its soul in bliss.  
All Nature seems in happier mood;  
The cause!—the beautiful, the good,  
Is seen, is felt—a present God!

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## THE LAST POET.

[From the German of Alex. Graf Von Aversperg, a nobleman of Vienna.]

## CYNIC.

Oh, member of the moon-struck throng,  
When will your ravings all be ended?  
When will your long and tiresome song  
Be all sung out, and lyre suspended?

Has not all nature's varied store  
By bards been sought, and sung, and gather'd?  
When will your long and tiresome song  
Each stream is dried, each flower is wither'd.

## POET.

As long as through yon azure skies  
The glorious car of light is driven—  
As long as gifted minstrel's eyes  
Are turned in ecstasy to heaven—

As long as in the awful cloud  
The tempest broods, and thunder breaking,  
And at the peal so dread and loud  
A single heart with fear is quaking—

As long as after silenced storm  
The rainbow in the cloud is smiling;  
Or hearts estranged (that once were warm)  
Sigh for the bliss of reconciling—

As long as night sublime unfolds  
Her scroll with golden letters burning;  
Or sage the mystic page beholds,  
Enraptured to it nightly turning—

Long as the moon through ether strays,  
Or human breast with gladness glowing;  
While zephyr through the forest plays,  
Or boughs a cooling shade bestowing—

As long as verdant springs return  
To bless the earth, or rose is blooming;  
While Beauty's cheeks with blushes burn,  
Or joy her lover's look illuming—

Long as above that sacred urn  
Sad gloom the cypress-shade is making;  
Or tears are seen in eyes that mourn,  
Or heart beneath its burden breaking—

So long will *she*, bright maid of song,  
A pilgrim walk on earth, elated,  
And lead the laurell'd bard along—  
The priest whom she has consecrated;

And when to lovely nature's reign  
The day of doom the end is bringing,  
The last of men in nature's fane  
Will be the bard her requiem singing.

The Lord of all does still uphold  
In his right hand his bright creation;  
And, as a flower that's freshly culled,  
Regards it with benign sensation;

And when this fair majestic flower  
Shall, like "a parched scroll," be furl'd,  
And solar systems roll no more,  
But all to dark confusion hurl'd,

Then, Cynic, if thy heart be strong,  
Go, boldly ask, if still desiring,  
"When will you close your tiresome song?"  
Ev'n now, for, lo! the sun's expiring.



From the New Monthly Magazine.

## A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT.

BY H. L. LONG, ESQ.

[Continued from the December number of the Eclectic Magazine.]

### LETTER V.

#### AGINCOURT.

If our Hotel de l'Europe at Hesdin presented us with accommodations somewhat inferior to those of its namesake at Abbeville, we had no reason to be displeased with our quarters, and, as far as the operations of the *chef* are a matter of importance, they were unexceptionable.

The great post-road leading to St. Omer ascends the chalk on the north of the valley immediately after passing the river, traverses the forest of Hesdin, and then emerges into the open country. At the distance of about eight miles from Hesdin, the spire of the church of Agincourt becomes visible on the right of the road, rising above the trees which conceal the other buildings of the village, beyond which lies the field of battle. This road is, of course, the easiest and the most direct way to approach the spot, but a desire to get upon the line of march of our fifth Harry previous to the action, led us to adopt a different route, and for this purpose we were obliged to leave our large carriage at Hesdin, and adopt one of the light cabriolets of the country.

And now we exchanged the recollection of the "great Edward, with the lilies on his brow from haughty Gallia torn," for those of the worthy although illegal inheritor of his crown, his valourous great-grandson, in no way his inferior, whether in the qualities of mind or body, the renowned of English monarchs, Henry the Fifth.

Let me remind you, by way of giving consistency to my letter, that Henry had opened his campaign of 1415, by landing in France near Harfleur—the capture of that town followed—but after the loss of nearly half his

army by disease, he was fain to retire, and, in making his way towards Calais, found himself planted between the Somme and the ocean, precisely as had been the case with his great ancestor sixty-nine years previously. No Blanquetaque was now practicable. That memorable passage "was now so impeached with stakes in the bottom of the ford, that he could not pass, his enemies besides there away so swarming on all sides"—an unlucky prudence had on this occasion inspired the French—better had it been for them to have built a bridge of gold for their flying enemy. No place of passage could be forced or found anywhere, until after ascending the left bank of the river almost as far up as the fortress of Ham, he discovered a "shallow, which was never espied before," and there on the 19th of October, he effected his passage, and resumed his march in the direction of Calais. At some distance, a little in advance of his right flank, in a course almost parallel to his own, but gradually converging until the two lines met at Agincourt, marched the French army, amounting to 60,000 or 80,000 men, and arrayed under a numerous and brilliant assemblage of chiefs and nobles—Delabret, Constable; Chatillon, Admiral of France; Ramburés, grand master of the cross-bows; together with the Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and an infinity of others. "Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," they continued their course, sometimes, indeed, sending a herald with proposals to treat, but for the most part enjoying an easy security of having their prey within their grasp whenever a fitting opportunity enabled them to clutch him, after he had been duly weakened by a little further exhaustion.

This state of things continued until the English army approached Blangy, on the

Ternoise, on the 24th of October, and to Blangy we bent our steps, as the best place for getting upon their track. An excellent road leads up the valley of the Ternoise from Hesdin, and we passed on our right the hill of le Parc, the "nominis umbra" of the ancient domain. It might be an anachronism to allude to events which at an interval of nine years succeeded the battle of Agincourt, but we could not pass le Parc without recollecting that it was the place of training for Philip Duke of Burgundy in his expected duel with Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. The princes were going to decide by trial of battle the right to the possession of the hand of Jaquetta of Bavaria, Duchess of Brabant, who had fled from her husband under the escort of the Seigneur de Robsart, to Valenciennes, "et là fut pratiqué le mariage du Duc de Gloucester et la Duchesse de Brabant, nonobstant qu'elle feut mariée au Duc de Brabant." The Duke of Burgundy threw down the gauntlet on behalf of his relative of Brabant, and a single combat was arranged to take place. The Duke of Burgundy, says St. Rémy, "grant désir avoit de essayer son corps allecontre du Duc de Gloucester—et à la verité c'estoit le plus grant désir que il eust en ce monde, et adfin d'estre prest au jour St. George, il se tira en la ville de Hesdin, (vieux Hesdin of course,) où là fist venir plusieurs armoiers pour forger le harnas et habillement qui pour son corps lui estoient necessaire, et en ce beau Parc de Hesdin, qui est l'un des beaux du Royaulme, se trouvoient tous les matins pour prendre alaine et avec che avoit pluseurs certains lieux et places secrettes où il exerceitoit son corps à combattre et faire ses essais." Something, however, interfered to prevent a meeting between these dukes, who both bore the surname of "Good"—Gloucester, who was a man of distinguished skill and courage, and who had fought gallantly at Agincourt, where he was dangerously wounded, might have proved more than a match even for the father of Charles le Hardi. I can easily imagine the Parc of Vieux Hesdin to have been "des plus beaux," in an agreeable situation, occupying the high ground at the angle formed by the union of the two streams,—all this is now completely disparked, and, on the Ternoise side at least, bears not the slightest vestige of its original forestial state.

On reaching Blangy we turned by a villainous road down to the river, and stationed ourselves for awhile on the bridge. Here then we were treading on the footsteps of Henry, and heard the echo of his commands.

"March to the bridge; it now draws towards the night. Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, and on the morrow bid them march away!"

Here the position of Henry for a time must have been awfully perilous—with a French army of sixfold force within a very few miles of him, he was entangled in a deep valley, with his little army embarrassed by the passage of the river—and his situation must have been known to the French, for he had just put to flight a detachment of their troops, who had attempted to destroy the bridge. Had they at that moment poured down the hill upon him, utter annihilation would have been inevitable! But before we left this spot some images of a milder and more pacific description, unconnected indeed with the heroes of Agincourt, but not altogether unconnected with another British army, came floating over our imaginations. You who were one of that army, the army of occupation in 1816, may perhaps remember that Blangy was the headquarters of the fly-fishers at that period. The Ternoise is a beautiful stream, and I could not quit its banks without wetting a line. Trout are reported, and with truth, I believe, to be abundant—in spite of the unfavorable state of the water after a night of rain, it was impossible to resist the attempt; a peasant who looked on for a time observed rather solemnly, "Vous ne prendrez rien," and he was right.

This was soon over, and Harry again became lord of the ascendant—his progress cannot be better told than in the words of the old chroniclers:—

"The Duke of York that led the vanguard (after the army had passed the river) mounted up to the heighth of a hill with his people, and sent out scouts to discover the country; one of them, astonished at the extent of the French army, returned with the utmost speed to the duke, exclaiming, 'quickly be prepared, for you are just about to fight against a world of innumerable people.' This news induced the king to halt, and he hastened with the utmost speed of the fine horse he rode to view the enemy, who like so many forests, covered the whole country far and wide. That done, he returned to his people, and with cheerful countenance caused them to be put in order of battle, and so kept them still in that order till night was come, and then determined to seek a place to encamp and lodge his army in for that night. There was not one amongst them that knew any certain place whither to go in that unknown country, but by chance they happened upon a beaten way, white, in sight, by the which they were brought unto a little village, where they were refreshed with meat and drink somewhat



more plenteously than they had been divers days before."

This is a sketch of the country and the incidents which filled up the interval between the passage of the Ternoise and the halt of the army in the village of Maisoncelles, in front of the field of Agincourt, and only 250 paces distant from the position of the French army. In reflecting on these events, we are struck with astonishment at the hardihood of the king—at the hairbreadth escapes of the English army—at the wondrous ignorance manifested as to where they were, or where they were going, and lastly, at the extraordinary good luck which guided them not only into comfortable quarters, but into a military position, which proved excellently suited to the diminished numbers of the English forces. We had ample time to survey all this ground attentively—it was impossible to proceed with the carriage, except at a very slow pace, for not only is the ascent from the Ternoise exceedingly long and steep, but the road, if "white in sight" in the days of Harry, was white to our sight with a vengeance, for it had all been lately shaped, and freshly laid with chalk of a snowy brilliancy; satisfactory preparations for all future travellers, but rendering our own progress extremely tedious.

We were mounting some of the most elevated land in this part of France—a "*divortium aquarum*"—the waters on the south unite with the Ternoise and the Canche, discharging themselves into the English Channel at Etaples, while to the north they form the sources of the Lys, flow into the Scheld, and thence to the North Sea. On reaching the plateau on the top, we were on the spot whence Henry the Fifth descried the formidable host of his adversary, covering all the open country to the north-east, and onwards to the woods which surround Tramecourt.

The three villages of Tramecourt, Maisoncelles, and Agincourt, are all enveloped in clusters of wood, as a shelter in this high and exposed country—they form a triangle; between them lies the field of battle—Tramecourt and Agincourt, the north-eastern and north-western angles, were occupied by the French, together with the intermediate space, and there they passed the night, in a state of great excitement, confident of victory, calculating the anticipated ransoms of their English prisoners, and making the plain resound with their loud cries, as they shouted after their grooms and varlets. Rain fell abundantly, and the "tawny" ground, as Shakspeare truly calls it, using Hollinshed's epithet, was

soaked where the horses stood over their fetlocks in mire. The soil of Agincourt reposes on chalk, like that of Cressy, but is of a far more clayey and tenacious description, and had its effect in fatiguing the French cavalry. The quarters of the English monarch were at Maisoncelles, the southern angle of the field, and fortunately they were such as met the exigencies of his little army, like the "*Copiolas*," as D. Brutus jokingly calls his troops, "*sic enim verè eas appellare possum, sunt enim extenuatissimæ, et inopiâ omnium rerum pessimè acceptæ.*" The English, in fact, had been reduced to half their original numbers by death and sickness, "their victuals in a manner spent, and no hope to get more; for their enemies had destroyed all the corn before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infest them: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed: of fuel there was great scarcity; of disorders plenty: money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it on, had they none." Walsingham tells us there had been a want of bread in the army, so that many had used filbert-nuts instead; the men of inferior rank had drunk nothing but water for eighteen days. "They were hungry, weary, sore travelled, and vexed with many cold diseases. Howbeit, reconciling themselves with God by housel and shrift, requiring assistance at His hands as the only Giver of victory, they determined rather to die than to yield or flee." They had, too, in their Harry a leader to comfort and inspire them under the most threatening aspect of fortune. He rejected the wish not of his "cousin Westmoreland," but more correctly of Sir Walter Hungerford, for "more men from England." "I would not wish a man more here than I have. We are indeed in comparison with the enemies but a few, but if God of his clemency do favor us, and our just cause, (as I trust he will,) we shall speed well enough." It might have been more difficult, perhaps, for him to explain his just cause than to fight for it; some qualms seem to have come over him in secret, for we read of him, on the eve of the battle, somewhat stung by the recollection

"Of the fault

My father made in compassing the crown,"

and recounting all he had done by way of honorable interment for Richard's body, and the chantries he had founded,

"Where the sad and solemn priests  
Still sing for Richard's soul!"

So says the only history of England which the great Duke of Marlborough professed ever to have read—Shakspeare—who has doubtless painted the fifth Harry to the life. The night, however, was not without its military arrangements: the king sent out some valiant knights by moonlight to examine the field, and report as to the French forces which were so close upon him. The famous answer of Sir David Gam is upon record, and deserves to be so; a few words in praise of it by Sir Walter Raleigh are worth your notice, coming from an author more talked of than read perhaps—at all events read far less than he ought to be. Raleigh is describing the battle of Cannæ. “His (Hannibal’s) brother Mago came to him, whom he had sent to view the countenance of the enemy. Hannibal asked him what news, and what work they were likely to have with these Romans? ‘Work enough,’ answered Mago, ‘for they are an horrible many.’ ‘As horrible a many as they are,’ Hannibal replied, ‘I tell thee, brother, that among them all, search them never so diligently, thou shalt not find one man whose name is Mago.’ With that he fell a laughing, and so did all that stood about him, which gladdened the soldiers, who thought their general would not be so merry without great assurance.” I am disposed to think the gist of this piece of wit lies in some double entendre in the Punic language, incapable of translation. Raleigh proposes some explanations; its effect, however, is all that concerns us.

“But,” continues Sir Walter, “if Hannibal himself had been sent forth by Mago to view the Romans, he could not have returned with a more gallant report in his mouth than that which Captain Gam, before the battle of Agincourt, made unto our King Henry V., saying that, ‘of the Frenchmen there were enow to be killed, enow to be taken prisoners, and enow to run away.’ Even such words as these, or such pleasant jest as this of Hannibal are not without their moment, but serve many times when battle is at hand, to work upon such passions as must govern more of the business, especially when other needful care is not wanting, without which they are but vain boasts.”

The dawn of the day of St. Crispin, thenceforward so celebrated in our annals, must have discovered to Henry the agreeable fact of his having accidentally possessed himself of a position fully as well suited to his little army as any his best foresight could have selected. In his rear were the wooded inclosures of Maisonnelles, the village in

which he had passed the night; right and left of him the land fell off in gentle slopes, sufficient to give a vantage ground to each flank. In his front the plot of ground between the three inclosures was amply adequate to the array of his own army, but narrowed so much where the French were stationed, that the interval between Tramecourt and Agincourt, where the road runs, connecting the two villages, is not more than 480 yards. Henry drew up his army much in the same form as that adopted by Edward at Cressy, which seems to have been the usual arrangement prescribed by the tactics of the day. Henry, indeed, employed a little manœuvring, which was entirely dispensed with at the battle of Cressy; his first step was to send “privily two hundred archers into a low meadow which was near to the vaunt guard of the enemies, but separated with a great ditch, commanding them there to keep themselves close till they had a token to them given, to let drive at their adversaries;” the place of ambuscade thus chosen, must have been the southern end of the inclosures of Tramecourt, which lies sufficiently in a hollow to be quite concealed from an enemy, who had not circumspection enough to examine the ground. The division which formed the van-guard of the army was composed entirely of archers, and was commanded by Edward Duke of York, a man of high courage, who there fell valiantly fighting, leaving his ill-omened name to be claimed by the rightful heirs of the crown, his nephew and his nephew’s son, men equally valiant in action, who did it no dishonor in their many wars,—wars, unhappily! *nullos habituro triumphos!* Out of Henry’s 15,000 men, 13,000 were archers, billmen, and “all sorts of other footmen; 2000 only were horsemen.” The archers were by far the most important corps, and their preservation was the principal object of Henry’s solicitude. “He feared not the puissance of his enemies, but yet he used due caution to provide that they should not, with the multitude of horsemen, break the order of his archers, in whom the force of his army consisted. For in those days the yeomen had their limbs at liberty, sith their hosen were then fastened with one point, and their jacks long and easy to shoot in, so that they might draw bows of great strength, and shoot arrows of a yard long beside the head.”

To secure them against the charges of the French cavalry, “he caused stakes bound with iron, sharp at both ends, of the length



of five or six foot, to be pitched before the archers, and each side of the footmen like a hedge, to the intent that if the barded horses ran rashly upon them, they might shortly be gored and destroyed. Certain persons also were appointed to remove the stakes, as by the moving of the archers occasion and time should require, so that the footmen were hedged about with stakes, and the horsemen stood like a bulwark between them and their enemies, without the stakes. This device of fortifying an army, was at this time first invented; but since that time they have devised caltraps, harrows, and other new engines against the force of horsemen." The "herse," or triangle, was again the figure in which this important corps was drawn up, and Henry stationed it, "by reason of his small number of people, to fill up his battle, so on the right hand of his main battle, which he himself led, that the distance betwixt them might scarce be perceived, and so in the like case was the rearward joined on the left hand, that the one might the more readily succor another in time of need." With the king's division, in which were all the strong billmen, was his brother the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Suffolk, Oxford, and others. "The Duke of Exeter, uncle to the king, led the rearward, which was mixed both with billmen and archers. The horsemen, like wings, went on every side of the battle." "When he had thus ordered his battles, he left a small company to keep his camp and carriage, which remained still in the village, and then calling his captains and soldiers about him, he made them a right glorious oration, assuring them, in conclusion, that England should never be charged with his ransom, nor any Frenchman triumph over him as a captive, for either by famous death or glorious victory would he, by God's help, win honor and fame!"

On the other side of the plain the French army were drawn up in three divisions. The first corps was composed of "eight thousand helms of knights and esquires, four thousand archers, and fifteen hundred cross-bows, which were guided by the Lord de la Bret, Constable of France, having with him the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the master of the cross-bows and other captains;" this division was supported by sixteen hundred men-at-arms as a wing on the one side, and on the other wing eight hundred men-of-arms of "elect, chosen persons." "In the middle ward were assigned as many persons, or more, as were in the foremost battle, and the charge thereof was committed to the

Dukes of Bar and Alençon, and other noblemen. In the rearward were all the other men-at-arms, guided by the Earls of Marles, Dammartin, and others." Although it is stated that the French on this occasion were not unprovided with artillery, yet we hear nothing of their performances during the action—a proof that the example of Cressy had not tended to encourage any improvement in this arm, and an inference that at Cressy the cannon were not of sufficient importance to justify their being ranked among the causes of that victory. The registers of Abbeville record that in the year of the battle of Agincourt, "1415, l'échevinage fit tailler deux mille cent soixante-onze pierres rondes ou boulets de grès pour juer de canons contre l'ennemi."

"Thus the Frenchmen being ordered under their standards and banners, made a great show; for surely, they were esteemed in number six times as many, or more, than was the whole company of the Englishmen, with waggoners, pages, and all."—"Verité est," says St. Rémy, "que les Franchois avoient ordonné les batailles entre deux petits bois l'un serrant à Agincourt, et l'autre à Tramecourt; la place estoit estroite, et très avantageuse pour les Anglois, et au contraire pour les Franchois, car les Franchois avoit esté toute la nuit à cheval, et si pleuvait." This was the first grand error committed by the French; after having had the choice of a field of battle so completely within their command, they selected this of Agincourt, and could not possibly have picked out a worse. The second error was, neglecting to reconnoitre the ground, so that the small body of English archers, secreted in the lower part of Tramecourt, remained unobserved until they discovered themselves but too manifestly by the unexpected discharge and fatal effect of their arrows.

An awful pause succeeded these preparations, and each army remained immovable in position. It formed no part of Henry's policy to commence an attack, and the overnight ardor of the French appeared to diminish considerably when the actual moment for its display had arrived. They again, whether in jest or not seems uncertain, despatched a herald to the English monarch to treat for his ransom; but the undaunted Henry replied, that in two or three hours he hoped the French would be compounding for their own ransoms, and, for his own part, he promised them his dead carcass rather as a prize, than that his living body should pay any ransom. The rejection of this overture

was construed by the French into a decisive signal for instantaneous battle. The men of war put on their helmets, and caused their trumpets to blow to battle; with such hot haste was this marshalling performed, that some of the chiefs could not wait for the arrival of their standards, and it is especially recorded of the Duke of Brabant, that he caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard—

*Ceciditque in strage suorum  
Impiger ad letum, et fortis virtute coactâ !*

The armies were now within three bow-shots, for the French had advanced a little, but still no disposition to engage was exhibited, except when any of the French horsemen who came at all forward were driven back by the English archers. "Thereupon, all things considered, it was determined that since the Frenchmen would not come forward, the king, with his army embattled, should march towards them." In front "there went an old knight, Sir Thomas Erpingham, (a man of great experience in the war,) with a warder in his hand, but when he cast up his warder all the army shouted." We gain from St. Rémy a description of the onset. "*Lors les Anglais commencèrent soudainement à marcher, en jettant un cry moult grant, dont grandement s'émervellèrent les Francois. Et quand les Anglois virent que les Francois point ne les approchoient, il marcherent vers eux tout bellement en belle ordonnance; et derechef, firent un tres grant cry, en eux arrestant et reprenant leur haleine.*" This account bears a singular resemblance to the charge of Cæsar's troops at the battle of Pharsalia. Pompey's army remained stationary, hoping the Cæsareans would be exhausted by the exertion—"Quod nobis quidem," says Cæsar, "*nullâ ratione factum à Pompeio videtur . . . nostri cum animadvertissent non concurrî à Pompejanis usu periti, ac superioribus pugnis exercitate, suâ spote cursum represserunt, et ad medium ferè spatium constiterunt, ne consumptis viribus appropinquarent.*" To this ready discipline on the part of his troops Cæsar ascribes the victory, and he justly blames a general, who, by any imprudent orders, represses the natural ardor of his troops. This was the case evidently at Agincourt, where the French army having made a partial advance in the open field, were halted, and thus displayed a species of irresolution little calculated to inspire courage.

The archers of England now began that discharge of arrows which was in the habit of carrying all before it, nor did it fail in this instance; at the same time, the body of men in the low ground of Tramecourt, observing the shout which followed the signal of the veteran Erpingham, starting from their concealment, attacked the flank of the first division of the French, under the protection of a deep ditch which rendered their position inaccessible. Nor was this manœuvre of the battle unlike another incident at Pharsalia, where Cæsar had placed six cohorts on his right wing, destined to attack Pompey's horse in flank, and admonished them that upon their behavior the success of the day would mainly depend—and so, indeed it did—the conduct of this body, and the effect of their attack, secured him the victory. Thus at Agincourt, the combined attack of the main body of archers in front, and that of the detachment suddenly opening fire on the flank of the French, threw the whole of the leading division into confusion, "so wounded the foot-men, galled the horses, and encumbered the men of arms, that the foot-men durst not go forward, the horsemen ran together in plumps without order; some overthrew such as were next them, and the horses overthrew their masters." The confusion in the enemy's line was quickly perceived, and as quickly taken advantage of by the English archers, who, dismissing their bows, and seizing their swords, axes, bills, and other hand weapons, rushed upon the French, and penetrated as far as the second corps, slaying everything in their way. Henry himself came up with his division, and the second line of the enemy were overthrown—but the battle was one of great fury. York was slain, and Suffolk, who had kept with him in his chivalry, perished also. The Duke of Gloucester, fearfully wounded, was borne down to the ground, "with his face to the sky, and his feet to the foe." The king himself bestrode the prostrate body of his brother, and displayed that personal vigor for which he was as conspicuous as he was for his dauntless spirit. D'Alençon had vowed his destruction, and actually reached him with some brave attendants, and struck the king so furious a blow upon the head, that he was almost felled to the ground, and his *bacinet*, still suspended over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, is said to bear visibly the dent of the tremendous stroke; but it was the last stroke ever struck by D'Alençon—a blow from Henry brought him to the earth, when he was instantly despatched by the king's attendants,



in spite of an effort on the part of his royal antagonist to preserve his life. Henry himself slew two of the duke's body-guard. Yet in the midst of all the confusion of the general battle and these personal encounters, Henry did not lose sight of his duty as commander-in-chief. Perceiving the shaken state of the greater part of the enemy's forces, he adopted a second manœuvre, which proved completely successful. "He ordered his horsemen to fetch a compass about, and to join with him against the rearward of the Frenchmen, in which was the greatest number of people." I conjecture this circuit must have been made round the inclosure of Agincourt. This unexpected attack appears to have completely paralyzed the enemy, who made no more attempts at resistance, but either fled the field, or yielded themselves prisoners, and victory settled on the brows of the English monarch. Henry's position for command of the left wing, brought him up to the Agincourt side of the field of battle, and having inquired the name of the neighboring chateau, and being answered that it was Agincourt, he directed that the conflict should be called the battle of Agincourt.

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus!

Had he chosen to command the right wing, his advance would have led him towards Tramecourt, and, in that case, we should, perhaps, have heard for ever of the battle of "Tramecourt," instead of "Agincourt." In the meantime, the Seigneur of Agincourt himself, together with some other ruffians less occupied in sharing the duties and dangers of their countrymen in the action, than in thinking of what plunder might be obtained in the outskirts, perceiving the unprotected state of the English baggage, entered Maisoncelles, and with 600 horsemen began despoiling the tents, breaking open chests, carrying off caskets and all valuables, and slaying such servants as made the least resistance. "But when the outcry of lackeys and boys came to the king's ears, he, doubting lest his enemies should gather together again, and begin a new field, while his army were embarrassed with numerous prisoners, and contrary to his accustomed gentleness, he commanded by sound of trumpet, that every man, upon pain of death, should incontinently slay his prisoner."

#### LETTER VI.

NOTHING but the direst necessity, the sternest and most imperious instinct of self-preservation, could have dictated this fearful order. A few moments, perhaps, and the real state of affairs might have been discovered, and the order countermanded, but in such a crisis a moment's hesitation might have compromised the safety of the whole of Henry's slender forces—they were victors where they stood, but naturally must have been somewhat exhausted, and were surrounded by confused masses of enemies, so as to be in reality ignorant whether, although masters of the field of battle, they could consider the day already won. Quickly forming, and prepared for a fresh action, they attacked a column of French under the Comte de Marne, which remained unbroken, and having defeated this body, the king sent a herald to some more of the enemy he observed still assembled, "commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or to come forward at once and give battle;" but accompanying this message with a threat that in the event of their renewing the attack no quarter would be given either to them or to such prisoners as remained in his hands. "The Frenchmen, fearing the sentence of so terrible a decree, without further delay posted out of the field, and so about four of the clock in the afternoon, the king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chaplains to sing this Psalm, 'In exitu Israel in Ægypto,' and commanding every man to kneel down on the ground at this verse, 'Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam,' which done, he caused the 'Te Deum' with certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God without boasting of his own force or any human power."

These decorous observances were in accordance with the same pious spirit which previous to the engagement had led the whole army to bend devoutly to the earth, and each man to place in his mouth a morsel of the "tawny soil" of Agincourt, in lieu of the consecrated wafer, and thus shroven and assoiled, to rush fearlessly to action.

Ten thousand French, many, indeed most of them, gentlemen of note, perished in this fatal conflict. The number of slain was augmented, doubtless, by the unfortunate slaughter of so many prisoners. The laurels of

Henry cannot with justice be deemed to have been sullied by what was in truth accidental, and originated in the misconduct of the enemy. The best contradiction to the charge of the order having been issued under the influence of a groundless apprehension, or a needless cruelty, is to be found in the fearless, generous, and humane character of the king himself, who throughout the campaign had protected not only the persons of the French, but even their private property, hanging up the Nymys and Bardolphs of the army who were convicted of plundering. Indeed so much convinced were the French that the real authors of the massacre were the cowardly bandits whose attack upon the baggage had first created the alarm, that had the dauphin lived, the Seigneur d'Agincourt and the rest of his party would undoubtedly have been led to execution; "his death was their life, and his life would have been their death."

An honorable interment was all that the slain could receive at the hands or by the permission of the victors; a sepulchral chapel was subsequently erected over the bodies of the great men who fell in this action, and this remained in a ruined state until very lately. You probably remember its being examined by Sir Alexander Woodford at the time the Guards were quartered in that vicinity. I have heard that some representation from the préfet put a stop to his researches, but this interposition does not seem to have arisen from any especial veneration for the spot; at least if any such sentiment then existed, it speedily evaporated, and with it the mortuary chapel itself, for not a vestige of it is now to be seen. With respect to the illustrious prisoners who remained in Henry's hands, and were conveyed by him to England, the lengthened captivity, and sorrows and poems of Charles Duke of Orleans, are the most remarkable. He, like another literary Duke of Orleans, four centuries later, survived a long exile in England, returning to France, not indeed to be king himself, but being father of the future monarch Louis XII.

Of the 500 English who fell at Agincourt, those of rank were extremely few; the brave Gam died nobly in the field, and his body alone received the honor of knighthood, which the soul that had left it did not remain to accept of. The remains of the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk were bouilli\*

and transported to England; the body of the duke, after a magnificent funeral service performed in St. Paul's, was deposited in a collegiate building he had founded at Fotheringay; that of the Earl of Suffolk was interred at Ewelme. All England rang with rejoicings, but amid the triumphal scenes the modest bearing of the victorious monarch was the most marked as well as the most pleasing feature.

We live in days of prolonged peace—few there are among us unable to perceive and appreciate its inestimable blessings—still fewer who would seriously contemplate any renewal of scenes of bloodshed without a revulsion of horror. We are told indeed that the sword has been a civilizer, and that crusades and military expeditions have proved beneficial to the human race, as the promoters eventually of social intercourse; and we may readily and reasonably believe that such events would not have been permitted to take place without adequate good cause. As regards the general question of warfare tending to the development of human destinies, such may be the case in barbarous countries, in Cabul, Scinde, or China, and cannot be denied even to the sanguinary conflicts which followed the French Revolution; but we will hope that Europe at least has now adopted the better and happier means of that friendly diffusion of persons and ideas, in which are discernible the real elements of the security and improvement of mankind.

Where are we to look for the benefits produced by the famous contests of the Plantagenets for the unattainable possession of France? The mere glory which attaches to these victories is an insufficient result. When it was proposed in the House of Commons in the days of Pitt to omit the lilies from the escutcheons of England, and the "D. G. Franciæ Rex" from the legend of George III.'s coinage, the minister objected at first to an attack upon a "harmless feather." The "feather"—the object of Henry's or Edward's ambition—might have been as unimportant, although not so harmless as the armorial bearings and titles transmitted to their successors. But it is not in France, the scene of all their glory, that we are able to detect anything like a real advantage purchased by their vast expenditure of blood and treasure. We are, however, in England

signification of "boil" does not quite correspond with the French "bouillir" as thus applied. In the description of the armor of the archers we have "hamettes ou capelines de cuir bouilli," which would signify tanned or pickled.

\* I would not translate this word "boiled," in spite of the authority of Sir Harris Nicholas. The English



not wholly unable both to see and to feel something which has come down to us from those times and those actions to which we may appeal for proof that all this warfare was not waged in vain. "Delirant quicquid reges, plectuntur Achivi," is the usual effect of such contests; not so exactly with the Plantagenets and the commons of England. Harry V. easily obtained his subsidies and fifteenths from a Parliament, which appeared dazzled by his success, and disposed to assist his ambitious projects, but all this time it quietly pursued its own course, little solicitous about acquisitions in France, but especially careful to preserve and extend, and assist the privileges of the English House of Commons. A few years beheld all these mighty foreign acquisitions melt away like the gifts of fairies, and all the disasters of the reign of Henry VI.

*Populumque potentem  
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextrâ.*

But in the midst of reverses abroad, and strife at home, the Parliament never lost sight of what it had gained during the days of Agincourt, and at this hour we are in the enjoyment of the plenary results, which have terminated in the establishment of a free constitution. These are matters for reflection at home—but on the fields, bravely fought and fairly won, we may willingly do justice to the merits and glories of our countrymen, which have invested the scenes with an unfading interest. It is one great charm in visiting these places, that we may with perfect confidence believe ourselves beholding, unchanged, the very scene, as far as the face of the country is concerned, which presented itself to the eyes of the actors themselves in those great events. In an open champaign country, unless plantations and houses spring up, or positive violence is done to the surface, the aspect remains unaltered by anything, but the common variations of agricultural crops. What open violence can do, we know well from what it has done upon the arena of another conflict, more desperate and important than Cressy or Agincourt; those who now visit the impressive plain of Waterloo, and were present at the action, can scarcely at first recognize the original ground; the crest of the position is gone:—"pour construire," as a French writer expresses it, "la montagne artificielle, immense cône haut de plus de cent cinquante pieds et recouvert de gazon; qui supporte le ridicule lion Belge placé là par l'ancien gou-

vernement des Pays Bas comme monument de la victoire Anglo-Prussienne du 18 Juin. Le sol, à la sommité, du plateau de Mont Saint Jean, a été baissé de près de dix pieds. L'aspect général du terrain est donc complètement changé."

Far different is the case at Cressy. Not a tree has been planted, not a house built to alter the original lineaments of the field. The opponent heights have their three or four windmills on the plateaus once occupied by the hostile armies; but even those objects are probably in keeping with the ancient scene. The intermediate valley lies quietly in its pristine state; nothing has stirred its soil except the patient plough in its annual labor. At Agincourt it is the same—no change is likely to have come over the spirit of the plain. "Henri," says St. Rémy, "sur une belle plaine de jeunes blez ordonna sa bataille;" and there I found the young wheat, "aliusque et idem," and except that it was April instead of October, there seemed nothing to destroy the illusion. I seemed to be walking over the very same corn.

The ages that have elapsed since these victories were achieved, have nearly extinguished any feelings of animosity between the rival nations, such as rankle sometimes at the recollections of more recent events. Each party now can afford to look over Cressy and Agincourt, and discuss the subject of the conflicts with impartial indifference; it must be owned a secret satisfaction comes across our minds at the thought that our countrymen remained superior in the contest; but it must be admitted that much mismanagement existed on the part of the gallant nation to whose faults these amazing victories were in a great measure owing—faults themselves on the right side—the fault of excessive and ungovernable courage, rashly and fruitlessly expended, and then quickly converted into despondency and defeat.

Victories are not so easily purchased in these days of better discipline; but it is marvellous that the compass of a single life should have been a sufficient period to embrace all the great conquests of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. I say a single life, for we may well suppose that although at the interval of sixty-nine years, there must have been men in both France and England who, on hearing of Agincourt in their old age, would have called to mind what Cressy had been in their youth. Nay, more—it is upon record that the same veteran French chief who gave the signal for advance at Agincourt, had been actually engaged at Cressy

in his early military career. I must throw myself upon your memory for his name,\* for my own will not supply me with it at this moment. Such things, however, are not unparalleled; in fact, if we believe the words put into the mouth of Aper by Tacitus, they can be surpassed. "Ipse ego," he says, "in Britannia vidi senem qui se fateretur eae pugnae interfuisse quâ Cæsarem inferentem arma Britanniae arcere litoribus et pellere aggressi sunt." Ninety-six years had passed between Cæsar's invasion, and the next under Claudius; Aper's British friend must have been, indeed, a warrior of no ordinary standing.

A single life, with such severe lessons at its commencement, ought to have been sufficient for any military man of genius to have corrected the miserable errors of his country; but we find, in innumerable minor affairs, the English retained their superiority, and their great victories were obtained with a disparity of force truly astonishing, compared with the hosts which opposed them. This inequality was even aggravated at Cressy, for the division under the king himself, amounting to nearly a third of the army, does not appear to have been engaged in the action at all—the Black Prince alone won the day.

Whiles his most mighty father on the hill  
Stood smiling; to behold his lion's whelp  
Forge in blood of French nobility.  
Oh, noble English, that could entertain,  
With half their forces, the full pride of France;  
And let the other half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action!

At Poitiers again, thrice were the massive columns of the French brought up to attack and overwhelm the handful of English under the Black Prince, thrice repulsed with slaughter, and under the influence of the third repulse, while fatigued and disheartened, they were charged in their turn, and utterly defeated. Many an historian has attempted the solution of the mysterious cause of these extraordinary defeats—evidently proceeding from something more than the mere caprice and chance of war.

Sismondi, in his "*Histoire des Français*," remarking upon the battle of Cressy, has these important observations:—

"L'infanterie de Philippe était fort inférieure en qualité à celle des Anglais. Ceux-ci

peut-être par une suite de leur hostilité contre la noblesse Normande, qui était établie et fixée chez eux, avait conservé plus d'indépendance de caractère; accoutumés à se servir sans cesse de l'arbalette, leur armes leur donnaient du courage, et la noblesse les respectait et les craignait. Les gentilhommes Français, au contraire, ne permettaient jamais à leurs serfs de faire usage d'aucune arme; ils les maintenaient dans la terreur, et l'avilissement, et ne pouvoient au besoin en faire des soldats. Ce n'étaient que les Bourgeois des villes qui formaient l'infanterie nationale leurs habitudes casanières avaient moins fortifié leurs corps que celui des paysans, et les rendaient moins propres aux fatigues de la guerre, leurs armes et leur discipline étaient pour eux des gênes accoutumées. Tout fois quand ils avoient combattu pour leur liberté ils avoient souvent montré un brillant courage. Mais sous les Valois, ils se sentaient opprimés, humiliés, et la force de corvète ne suppléait plus en eux à la faiblesse du corps. La noblesse accoutumée à mépriser les islains et l'infanterie bourgeoise, étendait le même mépris à l'infanterie étrangère que le roi avait prise à sa solde."

Without acquiescing in the whole of this passage, we may allow Sismondi to be correct in asserting that the French feudal seigneurs dared not place arms in the hands of their peasantry; a similar apprehension was expressed in our House of Lords in a recent debate on the "Army Enlistment Bill," which was denounced as likely to turn loose upon the country a number of men, formidable, as having been accustomed to the exercise of fire-arms.

Sismondi is however in error in speaking of the arbalette, or cross-bow, as the weapon to which the English were continually trained. M. Louandre also specified the arbalète, and the skill with which the English used it, as one of the causes of their success at Cressy, nor is this mistake of a trivial nature. The arbalète was considered an unfair weapon, so formidable from its force, and so dangerous from the facility with which it could be used, that the spiritual weapons of Rome were brought to act against it, and in a council of the Lateran, held in 1139, it was regularly anathematized. The French were said to regard it as a cowardly instrument, and refused to avail themselves of it. "Avec cette arme perfide," they said, "un poltron peut tuer sans risque le plus vaillant homme." They held the bow in equal detestation, as "*Ennemie de prouesse*." The sword principally was held in estimation by them, and with it

\* This was the Duke de Berry—he advised the French to an action at Agincourt—he had been in the battle of Poitiers fifty-nine years before.



the lance, and similar weapons, which required close action, and granted the palm of superiority to valor and strength alone. This fastidiousness may remind us of the objections against gunpowder, urged so feelingly by Hotspur's Dandy :

"It was a pity, so it was,  
That villanous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly."

Without perfect coincidence with these becoming sentiments, which the depravity of mankind somehow has overruled, we may say as regards the arbalète, that whether perfidious and cowardly or not, it was not the English, but the French who made use of it at Cressy and Agincourt. The strength and glory of the English lay in their long bows ; and superior skill in the use of a weapon common to all mankind is, of itself, a distinguished military merit. It was the French who, at Cressy and Agincourt, employed the cross-bow, first, with their Genoese mercenaries, and then with their own force under Rambures, a distinguished nobleman of Ponthieu, who filled the high office of "Grand maître des arbalètes."

Sir Walter Raleigh has some remarks on the English troops of that period, which appear to me particularly interesting, coming from him, whose observations are always of value, and who lived so much nearer that period than we do. I wish we had some convenient edition of the writings of this able man ; it is impossible to abridge his animated and vigorous language, therefore, prepare yourself for a pretty long quotation. He is discussing the problem started by Livy, whether the Romans could have resisted Alexander, and he takes a somewhat different view to that of the Roman historian. This leads him to a notice of the English soldiers as compared with the Roman troops under Julius Cæsar, in Gaul. "The things performed in the same country, by our common English soldiers, levied in haste from following the cart or sitting in the shop-stall."—After describing the advantages possessed by the Romans over the Gauls, he goes on to say, "What such help, or what other worldly help than the golden metal of their soldiers, had our English kings against the French ? Were not the French as well experienced in feats of war ? Yea, did they not think themselves therein our superiors ? Let us hear what a French writer saith of the inequality that was be-

tween the French and English, when their King John was ready to give the onset upon the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers:—

John had all advantages over Edward, both in number, force, show, country and conceit, (the which is commonly a consideration of no small importance in worldly affairs,) and withal the choice of all his horsemen, esteemed then the best in Europe, with the greatest and wisest captains of his whole realm,\* and what could he more ?

"I think it would trouble a Roman antiquary to find the like example in their histories. The example, I say, of a king brought prisoner to Rome by an army of 8,000, which he had surrounded with 40,000 better appointed and no less expert warriors. This, I am sure of, that neither Syphax, the Numidian, followed by a rabble of half scullions, as Livy rightly terms them, not those cowardly kings, Perseus and Gentius, are worthy patterns. All that we have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness, that I do not allege the Battle of Poitiers for lack of other good examples of the English virtue, the proof whereof hath left many hundred better marks, in all quarters of France, than ever did the valor of the Romans.

"If any man impute these victories to the long-bow, as carrying further, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French cross-bow—my answer is ready ; that in all these respects, it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superior to the musket ; yet is the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the cross-bow are of like force, when discharged by a boy or woman, as when by a strong man ; weakness or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long-bow unserviceable, more particularly, I say, that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, point blank, and so he shall perceive, that will note the circumstances of any one battle. This takes away all objection ; for when two armies are within the distance of a butt's length, one flight of arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it in general true that the long-bow reacheth further, or that it pierceth more strongly than the cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon

\* "Jean avoit tout l'avantage par dessus Edouard, le nombre, la force, le lustre, le pays, le pre-juge, (qui n'est pas communément une considération de peu d'importance aux affaires du monde,) et avec soi l'élite de sa cavallerie lors estimée la meilleur de toute sa Royaume."—*John de Serres*.

can be founded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help him? I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French historian, who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words: 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere without any stay: he forceth our guard placed upon the bridge to keep the passage,' (Jean de Serres.) Or may I cite another place of the same author, where he tells how the Bretons being invaded by Charles VIII., King of France, thought it good policy to apparel 1,500 of their own men in English cassocks, hoping that the very sight of the English red-cross would be enough to terrify the French.

"But I will not stoop to borrow of French historians, (all of which, excepting de Serres and Paulus Æmilius, report wonders of our nation,) the proposition which I first undertook to maintain, that the military virtue of the English, prevailing against all manner of difficulties, ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded, why then did not our kings finish the conquest as Cæsar had done? My answer may be (I lope without offence) that our kings were like to the race of the Æacidæ, of whom the old poet Ennius gave this note, 'Bellipotentis sunt magè quam sapientipotentis,' they were more warlike than politic. Whoso notes their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only King Henry V., the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death."

Sir Walter is unquestionably in the right; to excel in the use of arms is a legitimate and highly commendable portion of the art of war, and, of itself, a species of triumph. But to maintain a permanent superiority we must look to national characters, the "mettle of the pasture," to that indomitable persistive hardihood which will continue the birthright of the British, as long as they maintain their freedom. The mere mechanical advantages of weapons, of which any prudent people will instinctively avail themselves, is not to be put in competition with the "golden metal" of the soldier's heart; different nations have different good as well as bad qualities; the French soldier may yield to none in the activity and fury of his attack; but his British adversary surpasses him in

enduring perseverance. M. Louandre, in enumerating the causes which contributed to the victory at Cressy, but directing his eye, perhaps, to events of later occurrence, mentions as one, "la belle position militaire qu'ils avoient choisie et dans laquelle ils attendoient qu'on vint les attaquer, selon leur habitude dans tous les tems, sans en excepter le notre." This practice was not invariable, because at Agincourt the English were the assailants; it is indeed true that Henry had awaited an attack from the enemy, until his patience was exhausted, and as a general rule the assertion is probably well founded. At any rate, to take up a good military position is the first step to success, and a proof of good generalship to begin with; but if it has been the usual practice of the English, it has been so, because they have usually been the weaker party in point of numbers, and consequently prudence prescribed the adoption of such a measure.

Take an early instance,—that of Harold at Hastings,—although eager to engage, yet finding himself in presence of an enemy of three times his force, he immediately assumed the defensive; and with such tenacity did the English Saxons maintain their position, with such effect were wielded those "sævisimæ secures," the seaxes, or battle-axes, said to have been the origin of their name, that the fortune of the day appeared all but pronounced against the Norman invader. The loss of their brave leader, and the absence of any other iron-nerved chief, gifted with the patient and steady judgment that will coolly await the decisive moment, the eagle glance to espy it, and the firm resolve to give the magic word "up," were fatal. Harold's Saxons were tempted prematurely to change the defensive into the pursuit; they quitted their position and perished accordingly. But,—

What though the field be lost,  
All is not lost! the unconquerable will—  
And courage never to submit or yield.

Saxon perseverance has in the end achieved a moral victory; the institutions, the language, the spirit, and the name, have triumphed, and are carrying irresistibly the effects of their victory into the remotest corners of the globe. Contrast with this, the national character of their neighbors, the Gauls. How quietly did they acquiesce in the domination of their Frankish, or Norman masters, and hug the chains of the feudal system,—with what satisfaction did they assume and



glory in the name of Franes, although in truth it was but the badge of their subjection? not less willingly and tamely had they previously sunk into Roman subjects, "post decennalis belli mutuas clades subiegit Cæsar, societatique nostra fœderibus junxit æternis." Those ten years of desperate struggle preparatory to their fall, were indeed like their furious onset at a single battle, which, if unsuccessful, rapidly changes into disorder and despair. Such onsets have ever been terrible, and no proofs of bravery have been given by any nation surpassing those recorded of the Gauls. Cæsar himself has told us what passed under his own eyes, while he stood in admiration of the daring deeds displayed at the siege of Bourges: "Inspectantibus ipsis dignum memoriâ visum prætermittendum non existimavimus." Yet for want of the quality of patient determination, this brilliant gallantry has repeatedly been thrown away. Such is the secret of Saxon superiority, if indeed it can be called a secret which is known and acknowledged, and fears no concealment, like some patent monopoly, for it is incapable of being counterfeited—it is the genuine, inherent, inimitable characteristic of the race.

Nor are these distinguishing qualities confined to particular times, or peculiar places on the globe—look when and where you will,

and the same traits are discernible—the Gallic character is nowhere better described than in the oration of Manlius to his army, when, nearly two centuries before our era, he was preparing to attack the Gauls of Asia. He allowed the enemy all his martial virtues, somewhat deteriorated, perhaps, by contact or fusion with imbecile Asiatic tribes:—"ferox natio, pervagata bello prope orbem terrarum;" as the description proceeds, we have the exact picture of the Gaul, when his ardor has evaporated, and he begins to yield to despair;—"jam usu hoc cognitum est. Si primum impetum quem fervido ingenio et cæcâ irâ effundunt, sustinueris—labant arma—molles, ubi ira consedit, animi," &c.

The Saxon, in similarly remote times and places, has given instances of his own peculiar temperament and qualifications; and once more to recall our good old Marathonian reminiscences, whom do we find on that plain by the side of the veterans of the great Cyrus, while the rest of the enormous army of Persia was overthrown right and left of them, whom do we find alone, making a successful resistance to the Greeks, but a body of the Asiatic Sacæ—the distant, but by all accounts, the indisputable forefathers of the Saxon race?

### TRAJAN'S FORUM.—UNHAPPY MISTAKE.

ONE of the few visitors we have just now in Rome was nearly undergoing, on the 6th October, the punishment so familiar in the Christian martyrology, where it records of a saint that he was "*damnatus ad bestias*." There exists round Trajan's Pillar a deep excavation, the walls of which are perpendicular, but adorned with various fragments of antiquity; and many granite columns upheave their broken shafts through the soil, marking the site of the forum or market-place of that Emperor. For years past the people of the adjacent streets have been in the habit of getting rid of their superfluous cats and kittens by the simple process of throwing them down into the *Forum Trajani*,—a plan which saved the trouble of a

walk to the Tiber, or the cruelty of killing. But they overlooked the far more cruel result of their lingering starvation, or the interne-cine atrocity of their devouring each other. The foreign connoisseur, unconscious of a practice which all residents were aware of, contrived to let himself down into the area of Trajan's Market Place, and was forthwith beleaguered by several dozen wild, starved, and rabid cats, who tore at him in the most desperate way. His shrieks from below drew notice, and happily a ladder was found which he had scarce strength left to crawl up. The *Pallade* of the following morning "regrets to add that he turns out not to be a German."

From Tait's Magazine.

## CHARACTER OF LADY MACBETH.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

Author of the "History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," &c. &c.

FROM Shakspeare's days to our own, criticism seems to have mistaken the character of Lady Macbeth. She is supposed to be a mere fiend, untameably savage, who plays the part of tempter to her husband; or rather, sways his will like an irresistible fury, to gratify some mysterious passion, too hideous to be confounded with ordinary cruelty. That, with the play before them, persons should be able to arrive at such a conclusion, appears to me not a little strange. Everything in the poet's unparalleled creation makes against it. I admit at once that she is wicked; that in the worst crime of which human nature can be guilty—the crime of breaking into the sanctuary of life—she has participated. But a deliberate examination of all her acts and words, motives, sentiments, and feelings, will, I think, compel us to reverse our judgment, and re-admit her into the circle of the human family.

With the progress and action of the great drama in which Lady Macbeth plays her part, everybody is familiar. Almost from the cradle we have conversed and sympathized with Banquo, experienced pity and horror at the fate of Duncan, and hovered over the deep gulfs of remorse and fear which yawned beneath the Thane of Glamis and the partner of his blood-stained throne. Yet, to render our speculations intelligible, we must glance over the principal circumstances which form the ground-work of the tragedy.

Scotland, a prey to foreign invasion and civil broils, presents, when Macbeth first comes before us, the startling picture of a country overlaid with superstition and barbarism, illuminated dimly in parts by intellectual light; but, upon the whole, gloomy, frowning, and every way calculated to inspire terror. An aged king sits upon the throne, prevented by years from conforming to the practice of the times, by taking the field in

person; and his sons being too youthful and inexperienced to fill his place, he is compelled to intrust the command of his armies to fierce and ambitious kinsmen, as likely to feel contempt for his weakness, as jealousy of each other's reputation and advancement. We behold them, flushed with victory, returning at the head of their clans, over a desolate heath, towards the Court. With what thoughts their minds were pregnant may be conjectured from the effect of their interview with the weird sisters, which suggests at once the easy transition from victory to a throne, and begets, in one at least, supreme indifference respecting the path by which it was to be mounted.

There is, perhaps, in this age too little faith, for it to appreciate fully Shakspeare's supernatural agencies. Nothing limits so much as skepticism the resources of art, or the enjoyment which its creations supply. We must consent, however, to contemplate the witches from Shakspeare's point of view, if we would taste all the pleasure to be derived from this play, and behold in them unearthly intelligences gifted with prophetic powers, but inclined, by the laws of their nature, to incite to the perpetration of evil. Still, it would be unphilosophical to infer that the original idea of his crime came to Macbeth from without. He, doubtless, brought the germ along with him from the field of battle, and the intimation of the weird sisters did no more than impregnate and quicken it. Then, however, it was that he became fully conscious of his own flagitious design, and began to look it steadily in the face. He compared his youth and energy, his prowess in the field, his hardihood on the march, his influence over chiefs and clans, derived not from inert tradition, but from personal qualities, with the helpless decrepitude of the reigning king; and easily persuaded himself that any



course would be defensible, by which he could transfer the sceptre to his own vigorous hands, and thus strike terror into the enemies of Scotland, who now despised the unchivalrous inactivity of Duncan. He suddenly remembered, too, that he had a young wife in the Castle of Inverness, upon whose fair brow the golden round of sovereignty would sit gracefully. As soon, therefore, as he could escape from the bustle of public rejoicings, he disclosed to her adroitly, in a letter, his ambitious hopes and prospects, dwelling more especially on the partial fulfilment of the weird sisters' prophecy, and artfully exciting her thirst of power, that it might react afterwards upon his own.

Introduced thus, by report as it were, to this marvellous character, we almost immediately experience the fascination of her genius. Never did poet display greater art than Shakspeare in the delineation of Lady Macbeth and her husband. All her evil qualities blaze forth and burst open at once, after which the baleful fire burns more and more faintly and dimly as it retreats from us, until it is at length extinguished in space: whereas Macbeth's wickedness, weak and vacillating at first, dilates and strengthens as it proceeds, consuming and bearing down everything before it, till the moment of the final catastrophe.

It would be a strange delight that a man should reserve for himself, were he to defer the reading or seeing of "Macbeth" till his mind had acquired its maturity. He would then, perhaps, be qualified to relish the highest pleasure that mere human literature has to bestow; for, assuredly, there is nothing in ancient or in modern times which stands superior, as a work of art, to this. It constitutes the apex of Shakspeare's writings, and is to Christendom what the Olympian Zeus was to the Pagan world—the most glorious embodiment of the principle of art, to enjoy which, for the time at least, is to be happy. But we too often mar the effect which this drama is calculated to produce by premature study, or being too early present at its scenic representation. But our impatience is pardonable. It is natural to thirst for that which is most excellent; and they who have been once made alive to the enchantment of poetry, can scarcely be expected to postpone indefinitely the beholding of its most glorious visions.

What "Macbeth" is to the rest of Shakspeare's writings, and Shakspeare himself to other dramatic poets, Lady Macbeth is to the play in which she appears; that is, she is the

crowning beauty and excellence of the finest work of art in the world. Macbeth, we will suppose, has already set out for Inverness Castle, and knowing that the King, with all his principal courtiers, is at his heels, rides as fast as his horse will carry him, not simply to make preparation for a monarch's welcome, but to consult with the fair recluse, his wife, on the "bloody business" which he himself had already planned. While yet some distance from the castle, he finds irresistible weariness overtakes him, and therefore sends forward a messenger, who, being poor, has no right to consult his aching limbs, but must on at the bidding of his superior, whether able to outlive the fatigue or not.

When news of the approaching royal visit is brought by this swift messenger to the castle, Lady Macbeth, who had been brooding over the dream of sovereignty, is so startled at the announcement, that she calls the attendant who informs her of it mad. She is shocked by his abrupt entrance and message, as though the dreadful thoughts which she herself could behold in all their naked deformity, were likewise visible to him. It is only, however, the upper currents of her sympathies, running on a level with the throne, that are chilled and polluted: those lower ones through which the loftiest natures feel their kindred to common clay, were still as warm as ever. Against all pity for the good old Scottish king, who tottered between her husband and the sceptre, her breast was as hard as steel. But she could emerge from her schemes of greatness to think of the humblest of her servants' comfort.

*"Enter an Attendant."*

*"Atten.—The king comes here to-night."*

*"Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it. Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, Would have informed for preparation."*

*"Atten.—So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:*

*One of my fellows had the speed of him; Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message."*

*"Lady M. Give him tending; He brings great news."*

Now, the moment Duncan arrives at Inverness, the fates, who have hitherto stood dimly in the back-ground, come prominently forward, and are beheld, though invisible to him, swiftly weaving the web of his destiny. By the hands of his assassins he is led into the banqueting-hall; the gleam of daggers mingles with their smiles; the beautiful ruby lips which, in conformity with custom, he

appears to have pressed on entering the castle, were ere midnight to pronounce his doom. Shakspeare's imagination makes no figure at a feast. He appears to assemble his guests to an entertainment of the Barmecide, where imaginary dishes rest on unreal tables. The mental exigencies of his nature absorb the physical. Vehement passion has little appetite, and when a soul is to be violently unsphered, and sent before its time into the untravelled wastes of eternity, he experiences little inclination to descant on the excellencies of sack or venison pasty. Long before the deed is done, the gloom of murder fills the Castle of Inverness. We smell Duncan's blood through a whole act, and shudder at the dagger which haunts our fancy as palpably as it does that of Macbeth. Fain would we put the confiding old man upon his guard. The noise of the revelry offends us. If he cannot be saved, the desire still presents itself, that he should be warned for preparation, and not thrust unconsciously out of the world with all his imperfections on his head.

In dramatic poetry there is no scene superior in grandeur or depth of interest to the ninth and tenth of the first act of this play. Leaving the King with his wife in the banqueting-room, the Thane of Glamis, disquieted by the consciousness of his own projects, comes forth to think alone in an empty room in the castle. The murder, which is as yet but phantasy, seems to be pressed upon his soul by destiny. He wrestles, as it were, with his own intentions, desires, and fears—is beckoned forward by ambition, and held back by some remnant of moral sense. He sophisticates with his own understanding, sees the pathways to heaven and hell distinctly traced out before his mind's eye, the one comparatively obscure, but unsullied by crime, the other strewn with sceptres and diadems, but intermingled with blood. Clouds of perplexity fall upon him. He longs to stop the motion of the heart which he has left securely beating at his hospitable board, but apprehends the rebound of the instrument which he means to wield in the process. While in this state of vacillation, his wife approaches him like one of the Erinnyes, and by a mixture of love, scorn, and invincible mental power, totally eradicates his scruples, strips him of pity and remorse, and soars before his imagination like a fiery Nemesis commissioned to bring fate to mortals. The matchless art of this scene is indescribably absorbing. Throughout every line of Lady Macbeth's speeches, we feel that she is

a woman, that her eloquence lies in her sex, that the influence she exercises is based on innumerable acts of love and tenderness previously performed, by which she has thoroughly fascinated her husband, and made him bend to her, as with the authority of a superior nature. For evil or for good, his soul, we see, is in her hands, and experience the greatest terror at beholding her link herself with the infernal powers to urge him towards his doom and perdition.

*Macbeth.*—If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With its surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, Here only on this bank and shoal of time— We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases, We still have judgment here; that we teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust; First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking off: And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other side.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

How now, what news?

*Lady M.*—He hath almost supp'd: Why have you left the chamber?

*Macbeth.*—Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not, he has?

*Macbeth.*—We will proceed no farther in this business:

He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which should be worn now in the newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valor As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting I dare not, wait upon I would, Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macbeth.* Pr'ythee, peace:



I dare do all that may become a man :  
Who dares do more, is none.

"*Lady M.* What beast was't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

Addison prefaces his description of Sir Roger de Coverly with the remark, that as soon as we experience an interest in the fortunes of an individual, we desire to know something about his person, inquire whether he was tall or short, fair or swarthy, young or old, rich or poor. It is the same thing with a remarkable character in a play, when the poet has not been communicative on such matters. They who have seen Lady Macbeth on the stage, imagine, of course, they have seen the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare. But have they? Let them look carefully into the tragedy, and they will find that the poet has told them next to nothing on the point in question. It is the imagination of the actress that has interpreted the idea of the poet. Mrs. Siddons, swayed by a popular conception, represented Lady Macbeth as a dark woman, with black hair and eyes, and past, I believe, the flower of her youth. This idea has become traditional on the stage,\* so that even Miss Vandenhoff, notwithstanding the independent character of her genius, and her careful study of Shakspeare, in acting adopts it.

Before we proceed to witness those scenes of the tragedy, the effect of which may be to wrap our heroine in preternatural gloom, and present her like a fury to our imagination, let us look a little into the probabilities of the case. Is there any necessary connection between a dark complexion and crime? Does it appear from the history of our race that moral guilt envelopes itself in physical ugliness? Is it proved by experience that women, in the greatest bloom of their beauty, when surrounded, like a halo, by the purple light of youth; when the heart and the passions have the freshest gloss upon them; when the feelings of tenderness and voluptuousness should predominate over all others—does it appear, I say, that under these circumstances, women are too gentle to be criminal? and must we, before we can believe them capable of portentous wickedness, suppose time to have hardened their hearts while it blasted their loveliness?

I represent Lady Macbeth to myself as a beautiful fair woman, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, with large dark-blue

\* Miss O'Neil may be said to have formed one exception, since she performed Lady Macbeth in her own brown hair.

eyes, an extremely lofty forehead, and a profusion of auburn or chesnut hair. Of course, when the poet himself has purposely, as it would seem, left us in doubt, all we can do is to substitute for certainty conjecture. Absorbed by the mental qualities of his own creation, Shakspeare did not in this case, as in most others, dwell rapturously on the bodily presence of his heroine. He treats her as an incarnate intelligence, wearing, indeed, a woman's form, but depending not on female blandishments and beauty for its empire. Invested with the most consummate mental accomplishments—with eloquence, with metaphysical subtlety, with impassioned logic, above all things, with an indomitable force of will—she comes forward to reign over all around her like a queen.

But are we, nevertheless, to believe that Shakspeare, while bestowing on her all this intellectual beauty, thought she might dispense with the inferior beauties of form and youth? In my opinion, the personal loveliness of Lady Macbeth is felt throughout the play. That she was, at any rate, a young woman, with a child at the breast at the very period of the murder, seems probable from her own language. She says—

"Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief!"

an idea which could only suggest itself to a woman then giving suck. Again, from a speech of Macbeth, we may infer that she had had few children, but might reasonably expect many, because he tells her—

"Bring forth male children only."

Besides, 'tis by the love with which she has inspired her husband that she wields his passions and precipitates him towards his destiny. A Syren-like spell breathes through all her language. She seems conscious that she has but to be seen to command. People fancy her a sort of Scandinavian Hera—the companion, not of Zeus, but of the grim tyrant of Hades, her fitting consort. But nothing of all this. She is a Scottish lady—proud, ambitious, thirsting fiercely for sway—but in the heyday of prolific youth, who covertly makes allusion to the power of her own charms and the supreme value of her preference. Having exhausted all other arguments to urge Macbeth to regicide, she falls back, as her last resource, on this—that if he

appears to have pressed on entering the castle, were ere midnight to pronounce his doom. Shakspeare's imagination makes no figure at a feast. He appears to assemble his guests to an entertainment of the Barmecide, where imaginary dishes rest on unreal tables. The mental exigencies of his nature absorb the physical. Vehement passion has little appetite, and when a soul is to be violently unsphered, and sent before its time into the untravelled wastes of eternity, he experiences little inclination to descant on the excellencies of sack or venison pasty. Long before the deed is done, the gloom of murder fills the Castle of Inverness. We smell Duncan's blood through a whole act, and shudder at the dagger which haunts our fancy as palpably as it does that of Macbeth. Fain would we put the confiding old man upon his guard. The noise of the revelry offends us. If he cannot be saved, the desire still presents itself, that he should be warned for preparation, and not thrust unconsciously out of the world with all his imperfections on his head.

In dramatic poetry there is no scene superior in grandeur or depth of interest to the ninth and tenth of the first act of this play. Leaving the King with his wife in the banqueting-room, the Thane of Glamis, disquieted by the consciousness of his own projects, comes forth to think alone in an empty room in the castle. The murder, which is as yet but phantasy, seems to be pressed upon his soul by destiny. He wrestles, as it were, with his own intentions, desires, and fears—is beckoned forward by ambition, and held back by some remnant of moral sense. He sophisticates with his own understanding, sees the pathways to heaven and hell distinctly traced out before his mind's eye, the one comparatively obscure, but unsullied by crime, the other strewn with sceptres and diadems, but intermingled with blood. Clouds of perplexity fall upon him. He longs to stop the motion of the heart which he has left securely beating at his hospitable board, but apprehends the rebound of the instrument which he means to wield in the process. While in this state of vacillation, his wife approaches him like one of the Erinnyes, and by a mixture of love, scorn, and invincible mental power, totally eradicates his scruples, strips him of pity and remorse, and soars before his imagination like a fiery Nemesis commissioned to bring fate to mortals. The matchless art of this scene is indescribably absorbing. Throughout every line of Lady Macbeth's speeches, we feel that she is

a woman, that her eloquence lies in her sex, that the influence she exercises is based on innumerable acts of love and tenderness previously performed, by which she has thoroughly fascinated her husband, and made him bend to her, as with the authority of a superior nature. For evil or for good, his soul, we see, is in her hands, and experience the greatest terror at beholding her link herself with the infernal powers to urge him towards his doom and perdition.

*Macbeth.*—If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With its surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, Here only on this bank and shoal of time— We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases, We still have judgment here; that we teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust; First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking off: And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other side.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

How now, what news?

*Lady M.*—He hath almost supp'd: Why have you left the chamber?

*Macbeth.*—Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not, he has?

*Macbeth.*—We will proceed no farther in this business:

He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which should be worn now in the newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valor As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*, Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macbeth.* Pr'ythee, peace:



I dare do all that may become a man :

Who dares do more, is none.

"*Lady M.* What beast was't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

Addison prefaces his description of Sir Roger de Coverly with the remark, that as soon as we experience an interest in the fortunes of an individual, we desire to know something about his person, inquire whether he was tall or short, fair or swarthy, young or old, rich or poor. It is the same thing with a remarkable character in a play, when the poet has not been communicative on such matters. They who have seen Lady Macbeth on the stage, imagine, of course, they have seen the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare. But have they? Let them look carefully into the tragedy, and they will find that the poet has told them next to nothing on the point in question. It is the imagination of the actress that has interpreted the idea of the poet. Mrs. Siddons, swayed by a popular conception, represented Lady Macbeth as a dark woman, with black hair and eyes, and past, I believe, the flower of her youth. This idea has become traditional on the stage,\* so that even Miss Vandenhoff, notwithstanding the independent character of her genius, and her careful study of Shakspeare, in acting adopts it.

Before we proceed to witness those scenes of the tragedy, the effect of which may be to wrap our heroine in preternatural gloom, and present her like a fury to our imagination, let us look a little into the probabilities of the case. Is there any necessary connection between a dark complexion and crime? Does it appear from the history of our race that moral guilt envelopes itself in physical ugliness? Is it proved by experience that women, in the greatest bloom of their beauty, when surrounded, like a halo, by the purple light of youth; when the heart and the passions have the freshest gloss upon them; when the feelings of tenderness and voluptuousness should predominate over all others—does it appear, I say, that under these circumstances, women are too gentle to be criminal? and must we, before we can believe them capable of portentous wickedness, suppose time to have hardened their hearts while it blasted their loveliness?

I represent Lady Macbeth to myself as a beautiful fair woman, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, with large dark-blue

\* Miss O'Neil may be said to have formed one exception, since she performed Lady Macbeth in her own brown hair.

eyes, an extremely lofty forehead, and a profusion of auburn or chesnut hair. Of course, when the poet himself has purposely, as it would seem, left us in doubt, all we can do is to substitute for certainty conjecture. Absorbed by the mental qualities of his own creation, Shakspeare did not in this case, as in most others, dwell rapturously on the bodily presence of his heroine. He treats her as an incarnate intelligence, wearing, indeed, a woman's form, but depending not on female blandishments and beauty for its empire. Invested with the most consummate mental accomplishments—with eloquence, with metaphysical subtlety, with impassioned logic, above all things, with an indomitable force of will—she comes forward to reign over all around her like a queen.

But are we, nevertheless, to believe that Shakspeare, while bestowing on her all this intellectual beauty, thought she might dispense with the inferior beauties of form and youth? In my opinion, the personal loveliness of Lady Macbeth is felt throughout the play. That she was, at any rate, a young woman, with a child at the breast at the very period of the murder, seems probable from her own language. She says—

"Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief!"

an idea which could only suggest itself to a woman then giving suck. Again, from a speech of Macbeth, we may infer that she had had few children, but might reasonably expect many, because he tells her—

"Bring forth male children only."

Besides, 'tis by the love with which she has inspired her husband that she wields his passions and precipitates him towards his destiny. A Syren-like spell breathes through all her language. She seems conscious that she has but to be seen to command. People fancy her a sort of Scandinavian Hera—the companion, not of Zeus, but of the grim tyrant of Hades, her fitting consort. But nothing of all this. She is a Scottish lady—proud, ambitious, thirsting fiercely for sway—but in the heyday of prolific youth, who covertly makes allusion to the power of her own charms and the supreme value of her preference. Having exhausted all other arguments to urge Macbeth to regicide, she falls back, as her last resource, on this—that if he

faltered in his purpose, she would cast him contemptuously from her heart :—

"*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
*Such I account thy love.*"

In this, moreover, as in most other things, Shakspeare was true to nature; for, from the testimony of history, it appears that nearly all women who have been guilty of great crimes—the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, Beatrice Cenci, Johanna of Naples—have done so in the fieriest noon of youth, of which it is not difficult to discover the cause. Women are then more under the influence of the passions which blind the reason, not yet endued with strength to resist them. They feel much and reflect little; seldom can they persuade themselves to look forward to the end of life. They act as if they were immortal. From the moment they emerge from girlhood up to a certain point of time, which varies, perhaps, in each individual, the passions acquire fresh strength, so as sometimes to predominate completely over the reason. Afterwards, every year gives additional lustre to the intellect, and diminishes the force of their temperament, so that she who was the slave of feeling at a given period, in a short time becomes swayed by thought and obedient to the impulse of enlightened motives. Ambition, however, rules longer than any other passion, though it soon throws off from its eyes the scales of youth, and learns how to pursue its course with clear-sightedness; in other words, to avoid the allurements of crime.

It may, perhaps, be out of place to allude here to the ordinary statistics of guilt; but among female offenders, the proportion of those under thirty years of age to those above is as five to one. It happens too, somewhat curiously, that among the women who have infringed most daringly the laws of ethics, the most remarkable have been fair, with auburn hair and bright blue eyes. This was the case with Beatrice Cenci, whose golden hair, carefully described by the author of her life, kindled the fancy and deified the art of Guido Reni. The face of this same Beatrice may assist us in our speculations upon Lady Macbeth. It is soft and gentle, slightly languishing, because taken after she had suffered much pain; but the features are all beautifully moulded, and an inexpressible tenderness and harmony breathe over them, capable, as we should conjecture, in life, of in-

spiring a serene and almost seraphic love. Yet the scion of the house of Cenci had imbrued her hands in the blood of her father—that is, had been guilty of almost the worst conceivable crime.\*

Brinvilliers, again, who consummated her guilt with parricide, and had, besides, perpetrated so many murders that she appeared to have lived only for the destruction of others, looked, after all, so tranquil and fascinating in her loveliness, that even the clearest evidence of her guilt could scarcely suffice to establish belief in it. Her regular features, her fair and soft complexion, her golden tresses, the clear deep blue of her eyes, and the remarkable expression of tranquillity which pervaded the whole, irresistibly suggested the idea of innocence. Compared with her, nevertheless, Lady Macbeth was an angel, for she could not, to gain a kingdom, kill a stranger who looked like her father in his sleep.

That Shakspeare himself entertained generally on this subject the same opinion with me is quite clear, since he observes "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face;" and, from the whole behavior of Duncan, it is evident that he had been charmed and fascinated by the seemingly open and loving looks of his "fair and noble hostess." Had she appeared the sinister, scowling devil, sometimes presented to us on the stage, he would have shrunk from her as from a serpent. But, on the contrary, she so wins upon his confidence by her cheery and welcome countenance, that he kisses, and afterwards presents her with a diamond, to show his unusual satisfaction.

This power of mastering the internal emotions of the mind may, I grant, create in us a more startling idea of Lady Macbeth's wickedness. But, 'tis her personal beauty I am now endeavoring to prove. Lord Chesterfield, the Lycurgus of compliments, cautions his son against praising an ugly woman for her beauty, for she will know, he says, it is a falsehood, and will almost inevitably interpret it into an insult. Old Duncan would have anticipated Lord Chesterfield on this point, and been careful not to apply the expression of fair and noble hostess to a thin, swarthy, grim fury, calculated to freeze the very heart of him by her aspect. Lady Macbeth herself is careful to let us know that she was mistress of what Tacitus calls the

\* I may here remark that Shelly, in the tragedy which he has written on this subject, imitates, I might almost say copies, whole passages from Macbeth.



*jussus vultus*, or disciplined countenance, which assumes whatever meaning its owner pleases; for she bids her husband to seem the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it; and, if she had not exhibited a perfect mastery of the art she recommended, he was just in the humor to retort upon her, and bid her practise the precept she inculcated. But amidst the most mysterious and agitating scenes, when supernatural agencies were at work around her, when murder seemed to stand sentinel at every door in the palace; when fear, remorse, terror, and all other hellish passions agitated her husband's frame like an earthquake, communicating a ghastly pallor to his visage, almost shaking reason from his seat, she never for one moment suffered the anguish within to blanch the ruby on her cheek, but preserved through all changes and chances that fatal beauty which enabled her to exercise a sort of supernatural fascination on Macbeth, and on all others, apparently, whom she desired to bend to her purposes.

By attributing to her this uncommon degree of self-command, Shakspeare would create in us the idea that she was born to command others; for the empire of the will is first exercised over the faculties most under its own control, and then, by an easy transition, extends its sway to the faculties of others next in order encircling it. Nothing moves the imagination like power and fame. In its eyes all happiness centres in them. To correct this cardinal error is one of Shakspeare's chief aims in this tragedy, which would teach no worthy lesson, did it not trace, step by step, the process by which great and noble natures are gradually corrupted by the passion for supreme authority. No thought occurs more frequently in his works than this. Cardinal Wolsey, on his death-bed, compresses the whole doctrine into a few words:—

"Cromwell, I charge thee, throw away ambition;  
By this sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?"

To exhibit individuals originally evil and perverse, plunging into wickedness, is only to show that all creatures act according to their instincts. But this was not, and could not be, Shakspeare's design in *Macbeth*. What he aims at proving is this, that minds naturally full of excellent inclinations, and calculated, under ordinary circumstances, to pass with respect and honor through life, may be so tainted with the poison of ill-regulated

ambition as to degenerate and fall away into the last degree of depravity. The first speech which Lady Macbeth addresses to her husband on his return to the castle, shows her to be under the powerful influence of a feeling not uncommon in women; I mean, a passionate admiration of fame and greatness. As an obscure individual, she might have liked Macbeth well enough, but as the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, and still more as the future King of Scotland, she idolizes him. Many women merge all ideas of the man in his celebrity. What they love is not the character but the glory, and they will indulge their passion, though, like Sewall, they should be consumed by it; and indeed, that legendary person was only a type of this class of her sex, the earnest and devout worshippers of renown, who, to live in the minds and memories of men when they have become mere names, will brave every amount of suffering, and sorrow, and obloquy, and guilt. The bare idea of being overshadowed by the golden round of sovereignty transports Lady Macbeth beyond herself. All the dear relations of life dissolve in this fiery menstruum. Her imagination connects indissolubly with supreme power the idea of supreme happiness. The crown, she thinks, will bring to all her future days and nights inexpressible felicity and contentment. This notion alone would transform a young and delicate mother into a female demon, incapable, during the access of her ambition, of sympathy or pity. Like the ancient tyrant of Phææ, she might with truth have said, that she was drunk with the desire of greatness. Nor is this so uncommon a state of mind as we might at first suppose. There is something Circean in the bare conception of power, which its worshippers suppose to contain everything within itself, not merely the force necessary to sway the minds and feelings of others, but to mould the will and conscience of its possessor, to close up the sources of remorse, to arrest the stream of pity, and to send its fortunate minion blindfold, unconscious and unscared, through the dark portals of eternity. But for some such theory as this, there would be no comprehending the history of imperial guilt. Still less should we be able to enter into the idiosyncrasy of a woman like Lady Macbeth, who loved nothing but celebrity; not that which springs from good deeds, but which is conferred by the exercise of authority, by standing on the necks of millions, and crushing them into a recognition of superiority. This theory unlocks to us the secret of the fair mistress of Inver-

ness Castle, who clings round the Thane of Cawdor on his return from the wars, and by the exercise of her mischievous eloquence, urges him to persevere in his resolution to attain regal splendor, at the expense of all other things here and hereafter. Macbeth seems to have understood his wife, and to have known in what light she would receive the prediction of the weird sisters, as we conjecture from his letter, which is addressed to her ruling passion, and artfully contrived to scorch into ripeness all the seeds of evil in her character.

Many persons, in contrasting the husband and wife, attribute to Macbeth superior humanity, while they heap upon the lady all kinds of hard epithets; but does Shakspeare's picture justify this? To my mind he seems to have distinctly intended that we should arrive at a different conclusion. In his scheme of things both are equally wicked, but Macbeth, through some inherent weakness of temper, is haunted by casual accesses of remorse, while his wife, steady and consistent, keeps her mind's eye fixed upon the mark at which they both aimed without the slightest faltering. The mental idiosyncrasies of the sexes seem to have been exchanged. She has a man's intellect, he a woman's. He resolves and relents, wishes the act over, is eager to reap the fruit of it, but shrinks instinctively from its performance. She, having once determined, is deaf to all after considerations, and looks the crime steadily in the face, though her physical organization is scarcely equal to its achievement.

But how came she, with her piercing, intellectual vision, to read her husband wrong, and thus to lead astray the critics by her authority? When those we love are absent, our theory of their character is often too much idealized; our desire for their presence quells and throws into the shade all doubts of their virtue and greatness. What we love is the idol of our own minds, which we clothe with all the attributes most pleasing to our imagination. Thus Lady Macbeth, who, though when a particular occasion required it, wished her husband possessed of a remorseless cruelty, upon the whole, must have preferred in him gentleness and love—fancied, while he was still away from her, that he was too full of the milk of human kindness, and free from the wickedness that should attend ambition. But when he stands bodily before her in the Castle of Inverness, she begins to read his countenance more truly, and finds it full of a strange significance. Her skill in

physiognomy, however, enables her to detect many tokens of irresolution, but, obviously, at the same time, a fierceness, which she seeks to curb—I mean in the expression, not the feeling. The aspect of villainy was coming over him, and she fears that the hand-writing of hell would be too visible. For this reason it is that she advises the putting on of a mask, and bids him smooth his features into welcome and hospitality. She could detect the murderous frown lurking upon his brow, and fearing that others might be equally quick-sighted, bids him put on the innocent smile of the flower, and to conceal the venomous serpent that lurks under it. I have heard it objected to this character that it is unnatural, because Lady Macbeth had not mixed much with the world, whereas her husband had lived habitually amid the throng and press of men. But solitude is seldom the nurse of humanity. Stranger means enemy in more dialects than that of Rome. The secluded individual who converses with shadows, and feeds upon the banquet of thought, who views the world at too great a distance to be able to catch the features of individuals, seldom loves those who live beyond the pale of his knowledge. In his inmost theory they are scarcely realities. If mixing with mankind hardens the bad, it softens the good; while solitude almost always supplies a deleterious aliment to the mind, which cankers, corrodes, and vitiates it—brings out its fierceness like chaining up a dog, and renders it apt to fly at mankind on the first opportunity. Lady Macbeth, retired in her castle, has been dreaming of sovereignty, until she has learned to look on all individuals external to her family as mere logical entities, with which it would be lawful to deal summarily. The life which mingled not with her own life appeared to her matter of indifference. Traces of similar notions are often discernible in very harmless persons in society. Unconscious of what seeds are in them, they fearlessly lift the veil from their minds, and discover to the practised eye abysses of guilt, into which one cannot look without shuddering. Lady Macbeth was possibly a dreamer, till she received her husband's letter, which kindled her woman's blood into a fiery fluid, that scorched and withered all her better feelings in a moment. It would be wrong to regard her as an habitual fiend. In ordinary circumstances she might have been a gentle neighbor, a faithful friend, impassioned and earnest, but quite harmless, withal. It was the thought of masterdom that set all her



pernicious qualities in a blaze. Macbeth is a more ordinary villain. She is ready to share the guilt of a single great crime, in order to acquire supremacy over the whole Scottish nation; but having achieved that great object, she does not desire to persist in evil. Macbeth, under the impulse of the vulgar, dynastic feeling, is troubled by the ominous promise to Banquo's issue. Lady Macbeth consents to drain the poisoned chalice of power with him, but is less haunted with posthumous considerations. Her strong mind could invest with glory that brief space which is rounded with a sleep, people it with exciting dreams, and derive happiness from the actuality. Macbeth required, to fill up the measure of his satisfaction, some fantastical linking of his line with futurity, and is made wretched by anxiety about the fate of unbegotten kings. His lady is infinitely the nobler spirit.

With the insight we have thus obtained into Lady Macbeth's character and personal appearance, we return to the progress of that part of the tragedy in which she chiefly figures. It is a not uncommon belief, that violent disturbance in the moral world is naturally accompanied by a trouble of the elements. In the mythes of Hellas, the god of day refuses to look upon the horrid banquet of Thiestes; or, in other words, when that act of cannibalism was committed, nature canopied the world in clouds, that physical gloom might accompany the perpetration of so dire and dark a deed. Conformably with this notion, Shakspeare, on the night of the regal murder, envelopes Macbeth's castle with darkness and tempest. The imprisoned winds howl and rave among the guilty turrets. The owl hoots, and the cricket cries in the chimney. Everything sympathizes, with an imperfect consciousness, in the unearthly tragedy then going on. Hell opens upon the scene, and sheds a sulphureous vapor through the air, which, irresistibly, oppresses and agitates the mind. Following a phantom dagger, the hesitating and uncertain Thane has glided tremulously on his errand of death into the king's chamber, and his lady remains alone, with a countless multitude of contending hopes and fears preying upon her heart. Properly estimated, the longest life of prosperity would not make up for the concentrated bitterness of those few moments. The agony of a single night has been known to do the work of years, to blanch the locks and convert youth into age.

But Shakspeare, to mitigate the effects of emotions so violent, affords to Lady Macbeth

the aid of artificial excitement. She bewilders her brain with the fumes of wine, and would—with deference to the delicacy of our age be it spoken—have been more than half-drunk, but for the poignant nature of the feelings, which drinking could not altogether subdue. This may be inconsistent with the prevailing theory of poetical heroism, but it is exceedingly natural. Most perpetrators of great crimes still their nerves before the action with some kind of opiate, that produces a temporary paralysis of the conscience, during which the offender is ready to brave the thunders of heaven. Lady Macbeth tells us herself she has had recourse to this vulgar expedient:—

“That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—  
Hark!—Peace!

'Twas the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bellman  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd  
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live, or die.

“*Macbeth*—(*within*).—Who's there?—what, ho!

“*Lady M.*—Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed,  
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,  
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!”

This soliloquy seems to be misunderstood by the commentators, for want of attending to the economy of it. She obviously represents herself as having been engaged in drinking with the grooms of the bed-chamber; because she says, “that which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.” She was, in fact, so far excited, that the excitement would have been intoxication under any other circumstances. In this part of the speech she makes no allusion to the posset, which people then took on going to bed, because she had drugged that of the chamberlains, and, of course, not her own; and, therefore, could by no means say that the very thing which had made them drunk had made her bold. Nor can she be suspected of paltering with the sense of her words, because we are supposed to be overhearing her thoughts, in which there was no concealment, and could be none. We are to imagine the gentlemen to have drunk hard, and to have finished off with a rich posset, which their kind hostess took care to drug. Her drinking in

this way shows that she felt the need of artificial excitement to cheer up her spirits, which does not appear to have been the case with Macbeth. He went soberly to work, and was, therefore, more sensible to the stings of conscience after he had committed the murder.

While Lady Macbeth soliloquizes, the murder is going on. We seem to be standing with her in one of the old tapestried apartments in Inverness Castle, while her husband in a chamber hard by is cutting the throat of their royal guest. Our fancy, divided in its attention, acquires something like the power of ubiquity, or at least seems to be in two places at the same time. While listening to the words of the lady, it has followed the sanguinary Thane of Glamis stealing on tiptoe into the king's room, ghastly and trembling, as he takes the daggers from the gentlemen's pillows, in order to use them on their master. We feel that the act is going on, while Lady Macbeth, excited and agitated, listens in breathless suspense, lest the mere attempt should bring upon them by its failure the worst consequences of the accomplished crime. The owl hooting above in the turret impresses on her mind a sense of darkness, though she takes no notice of the wild wind that went howling around the castle, and as we afterwards learn committed sundry ravages. To prove her thorough approbation of the deed her husband was then engaged in doing, she discloses her determination to have done it herself, not putting much faith in his firm resolution, had not the old man resembled her father in his sleep, which suggests the idea of her being a young woman, and of her having a father living. It may seem strange that she should notice the cricket and the owl at such a moment, but it has always been observed that the inarticulate sounds which form, as it were, the voice of the night, carry a deep meaning to the minds of those who are engaged in evil. Nature seems to emerge from her universality, and to clothe herself in individual acts, to arrest the hand of the malefactor.

But nothing arrests Macbeth. The murder he undertakes he accomplishes. His guest, his kinsman, his king, he has slaughtered, and we behold him, the bloody witness on his hands, stagger into the room where his wife awaits him. It must not, in reading the following dialogue, be forgotten that Lady Macbeth is under the stupefying influence of wine, which supports her courage above its natural pitch:—

“Enter MACBETH.

“Macbeth.—I’ve done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

“Lady M.—I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did you not speak?

“Macbeth. When?

“Lady M. Now.

“Macbeth. As I descended?

“Lady M.—Ay.

“Macbeth. Hark!

Who lies i’ the second chamber?

“Lady M. Donalbain.

“Macbeth.—This is a sorry sight.

(Looking on his hands.)

“Lady M.—A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

“Macbeth.—There’s one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *Murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address’d them Again to sleep.

“Lady M.—There are two lodged together.

“Macbeth.—One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen*, the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman’s hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,

When they did say, *God bless us.*

“Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

“Macbeth.—But wherefore could I not pronounce, *Amen?*

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*

Stuck in my throat.

“Lady M. These deeds must not be thought After these ways, or it will make us mad.

“Macbeth.—Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

*Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep:*

*Sleep, that knits up the ravell’d sleeve of care,*

*The death of each day’s life, sore labor’s bath,*

*Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,*

*Chief nourisher in life’s feast.—*

“Lady M. What do you mean?

“Macbeth.—Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house;

*Glamis hath murder’d sleep; and therefore Cawdor*

*Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

“Lady M.—Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

“Macbeth. I’ll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on’t again, I dare not.

“Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: ’tis the eye of childhood,

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.”

We require the aid of a plastic and power-



ful imagination, to place ourselves in the situation of Lady Macbeth after the murder. She had for the occasion screwed up her courage to the sticking-place; but then came the reaction, the relaxing of the fibres, quivering with the consciousness of guilt—the reluctance to emerge out of congenial darkness into the chill dull light of day, the apprehension of discovery, the dread necessity of regarding all around her henceforward as enemies. Crime is a sort of terminal figure with two faces, of which the one turned towards you in the approach is full of meretricious smiles and fascination, but when you have taken the fatal step which carries you within view of the other face, you behold its every muscle distorted by misery and despair, and encircled by the writhing and hissing snakes of hell. It was with this hideous aspect that their deed now glared upon Macbeth and his wife, and they felt within their inmost soul that—

“Nor poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,  
Could medicine them again to that sweet sleep  
Which they knew yesternight.”

But there is an elasticity in human nature, and a power of endurance, which enable it, up to a certain point, to face the exigencies of its situation, whatever those may be. The fear of overwhelming evil impending, gave Lady Macbeth the power to play through her fearful part the morning after the murder. It would be expected that on hearing of the bloody business which had been that night transacted in her castle, she should display a woman's weakness, and therefore on its being told her, her nervous sensibility appears to receive a grievous blow, and she skilfully shams fainting. Shakspeare says she faints, but that it is only in appearance, and agreeably to a plan formed between her and her husband, seems clear from the circumstances. Had her fainting been real, Macbeth for many reasons would have been the first to attend to her, because in the confusion of sense attendant on her return to consciousness she might have uttered words calculated to betray their guilt, as she does afterwards while walking in her sleep before the doctor and her lady in waiting. Again, as after his peculiar fashion, if he really loved her, mere animal instinct would have impelled him to her side, to say nothing of the natural feeling of sympathy. But he knows she is acting, and therefore suffers her to be carried out by others, without paying

any particular attention to the affair, that in the eyes of those around him he may appear to be so completely smitten with the king's tragical death, as to be altogether incapable of thought or reflection.

After this, Lady Macbeth gradually recedes from the eyes of the spectator, and the play, as every one must feel, descends to a lower level. She is, in fact, the informing soul of the tragedy, and where her presence is neither seen nor felt, the poetry loses much of its grandeur and vitality. The scenes at Macduff's castle, with Malcolm in England, and even with the Witches, may be regarded as proof of this. Why Shakspeare, in the latter parts of the tragedy, should not have made more use of Lady Macbeth, is not perhaps susceptible of explanation; but that the character was not worn out, that it might have continued much longer to blaze in lurid brightness beside that of the tyrant, no one, I think, can doubt.

However, the moral of the tragedy is complete as it is, though as a help to our imagination we might have wished to be admitted more freely into the unhappy queen's confidence. All we are permitted to know is, that she underwent at intervals, if not perpetually, the lash of the furies, that she shunned society, more especially that of her own sex, though, as would from many circumstances appear, she is not repaid for these sacrifices by the entire confidence of her husband.

This we gather from what takes place in reference to the murder of Banquo, her connection with which is exceedingly peculiar. She does not know the whole scope of her husband's intention, but she evidently suspects his crime, and seems not to be unwilling he should hit the mark. Shakspeare probably experienced some difficulty in coordinating those two evil characters, and seems occasionally to have been at a loss to which of them he should attribute the greater wickedness. Both are perpetually meditating on crime, musing back in their memories to its commission, or anticipating it in fancy. Macbeth is the incarnate principle of selfishness, though affection for his wife appears sometimes to play over his rugged countenance, like lightning over a dark rock, rendering it bright, but at the same time revealing its native deformity. Egotism never before clothed itself in so fearful a form. To enable him to perform in peace the humblest functions of life, his passions would dissolve the whole fabric of nature, and introduce irremediable confusion into time and eternity.

This he expresses boldly—"But let both worlds disjoint and all things suffer, ere we will eat our meat in fear." Further than this the pestilence of selfishness could not spread its infection. Lady Macbeth is here beginning to lose her influence. She does not share all her husband's thoughts. When moody, he retires from her, finding possibly that her beauty brought him no comfort. There existed a consciousness between them which acted like the contrary of attraction. They read the record of their guilt in each other's faces.

The last scene but one in which Lady Macbeth appears to us in person is at the banquet, where she is surrounded by lords and thanes, but has no female companion or attendant. Are we from this to understand that she scorned the society of women—that ambition had so far unsexed her that she had no relish for anything but politics and intrigues of state? Nowhere, however, does she show to greater advantage than at this banquet. She beholds her husband disturbed by supernatural agencies; but her spirit never quails for an instant. Nothing daunts her. When the whole court is disturbed by the king's vagaries—when suspicion and fear look through every man's eyes—when she hears Macbeth holding discourse with an invisible substance—she preserves the unshaken serenity of her mind, and the ruby on her cheek is never blanched for an instant. She exhibits the *ne plus ultra* of self-possession—the proud dignity which springs not from place, or birth, or station, but from the individual character. She was born to rule, because superior to all around her; though crime had cast a blot on her 'scutcheon. When the guests retire, we expect to hear her chide Macbeth, but pity for his infirmities subdues her anger, and she only bids him go sleep and forget it. I may here remark that, with all Shakspeare's genius, he fails to impart life to the courtiers of Macbeth, who in this scene appear like so many automats. The king and his wife fill the scene, as it were, and throw every one who approaches them into shadow. The effect might have been more powerful had the reality of a banquet been presented to our minds. Before the murder and the spectre come in to scare away festivity, the guests seem almost deprived of the power of speech, and do not even whisper aside to each other. Some critics may defend this, or even discover perfection in it, but to me it appears a defect.

Our imagination is now left to conjecture

how it was with Lady Macbeth, what she thought, what she suffered, what she feared in time and in eternity, before her mind became completely unhinged under the dread visitation of insanity. We behold her no more on the stage as a woman; for when she appears in her night-clothes, washing the imaginary stains of blood from her hands, or bearing the taper which her senses needed not, she is little better than a corpse endued with the power of utterance.

"*Doctor*.—I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

"*Gentlewoman*.—Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, and afterwards seal it, and again return to bed: yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

"*Doctor*.—A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbrous agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

"*Gentlewoman*.—That, sir, which I will not report after her.

"*Doctor*.—You may, to me; and 'tis most fit you should.

"*Gentlewoman*.—Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

"*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

"*Doctor*.—How came she by that light?

"*Gentlewoman*.—Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

"*Doctor*.—You see, her eyes are open.

"*Gentlewoman*.—Ay, but their sense is shut.

"*Doctor*.—What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

"*Gentlewoman*.—It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

"*Lady M*.—Yet here's a spot.

"*Doctor*.—Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

"*Lady M*.—Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fy, my lord, fy! a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

"*Doctor*.—Do you mark that?

"*Lady M*.—The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

"*Doctor*.—Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

"*Gentlewoman*.—She has spoke what she



should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.

"*Lady M.*—Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

"*Doctor.*—What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

"*Gentlewoman.*—I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

"*Doctor.*—Well, well, well—

"*Gentlewoman.*—Pray God it be, sir.

"*Doctor.*—This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those who have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

"*Lady M.*—Wash your hands, put on your night-gown: look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

"*Doctor.*—Even so?

"*Lady M.*—To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the door. Come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. (*Exit Lady M.*)

"*Doctor.*—Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night; My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight; I think, but dare not speak.

"*Gentlewoman.*—Good night, good doctor. (*Exeunt.*)"

This whole scene is full of extraordinary suggestions. When Macbeth, engaged in preparations for civil strife, had ceased to be constantly by her side, her power of self-dependence would seem to have broken down immediately. She could not sleep without a light in her bedroom, and the overwrought mind put the body in motion even after the senses had yielded to the ordinary influence of sleep. I have known of a similar case, in which a lady, who had contributed to her husband's death, could never sleep without persons in the room with her. She had consequently a relay of maids, who, when her husband was away, sat up in turn at her bed-side, and these she would often terrify by waking suddenly with sharp screams, and in convulsive muscular agony. Her seducer, with whom she lived, died before her, and the interval between his death and her own was one terrific display of the power of conscience.

When Macbeth is hemmed round by enemies in his castle of Dunsinane, he is startled by a cry of women from the inner chambers. He inquires what it signifies, and is told the queen is dead; upon which, with affected

*sang-froid*, he begins to moralize, but during his speech suffers it distinctly to appear that he considers the play of life over for him. Hearing a shriek of women from the inner apartments, he asks—

"Wherefore was that cry?

"*Seyton.*—The queen, my lord, is dead.

"*Macbeth.*—She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word.—To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in his petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

Afterwards, through the intervention of Malcolm, Shakspeare insinuates that Lady Macbeth had laid violent hands on herself, and was her own executioner. Thus this impetuous and fiery spirit, once so full of hope and ambition, degenerates, under the corroding influence of remorse, into a species of idiocy, and is ultimately quenched in suicide—an instructive, but appalling lesson!

Throughout this play, more, perhaps, than in any other, not excepting even "*Hamlet*," we obtain glimpses of a philosophy which, on some future occasion, I may develop. An idea which forms one link in the chain occurs in Banquo's speech to Fleance:—

"*Banquo.*—Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven, Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

[*Giving his dagger.*]  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers! Restrain me in the cursed thoughts that nature Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword!"

Steevens has a note on the passage which indicates a finer perception than he usually displays, though he does not seem to have observed all that Shakspeare intends to express. Banquo says he is afraid to sleep, because in that state he has to struggle with those tempters of the night, mentioned again in "*Cymbeline*," which prompt him to murders, such, perhaps, as that of Duncan and Macbeth. These are the evil spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, and are gifted with the power to try men sleeping or waking, though they succeed only with those who wilfully entertain their suggestions. Milton represents Satan at the ear of Eve pouring

disturbing dreams into her soul, and Shakspeare would seem to insinuate that the same evil intelligences which assumed the shape of weird sisters on the blasted heath came invisibly to Banquo in his sleep to excite him to crime.

This leads me to make, ere I conclude, another observation. All readers must have felt, that one of the most peculiar and powerful charms of Shakspeare's poetry lies in the communication which his soul appears to be carrying on before us with the invisible world. No other writer, if we except, perhaps, Plato, seems to be so completely imbued with spirituality. He threw up the pinnacles of the material universe, till they touched the spiritual, and effected, as it were, a mingling of the two worlds. His imagery appears often to be bathed in supernatural light, and to glitter with the dew of heaven. Even natural agencies assume, at his bidding, metaphysical qualities, and claim affinity with celestial things. Nor is there in this any inconsistency with what we find elsewhere in his writings, where he throws the splendor of his genius over gross and offensive images, which, in themselves, would be revolting. In him they seem to be introduced, because they are in nature; and because he thought it perhaps no sin to speak of anything which God has made. He saw the sun shine with

impartial rays over palace and hovel, on the pure spring and on the fetid pool, and contract no pollution by the process; and he endeavored to make his fancy imitate the Titan, and range over the whole face of earth and society, without succumbing to the evil influences of either. No man's writings make us so completely feel, that the little circle in which we move in this world, is encompassed by another, invisible but not unfelt. With him, we occasionally walk out of reality into this sphere of dreams and visions, spectres and apparitions, and all that spiritual machinery by which the thoughts of some men are moulded, as it were, into greatness, and impressed with the image and superscription of God. I find, consequently, more religion in him than in a thousand homilies. His spirit, every now and then, treads the empyrean, whither also those who habitually converse with him must ascend. His mind was as limitless as the universe. He knew not what he believed, because he knew not what was possible, but had a faith as boundless as omnipotence. He felt that, in this only, it is given to man to equal his Creator, in that he can believe whatever he can do. This divine principle accordingly pervades the whole works of Shakspeare, who, of all men, past or present, is perhaps the furthest from a skeptic.

## PROCRASTINATION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If Fortune, with a smiling face,  
Strew roses in our way,  
When shall we stoop to pick them up?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But should she frown with face of care,  
And talk of coming sorrow,  
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wronged us own their faults,  
And kindly pity pray,  
When shall we listen and forgive?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,  
And warmth from memory borrow,  
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt  
Are harmed unless we pay,  
When shall we struggle to be just?  
To-day, my love, to-day.

But if *our* debtors sue for grace,  
On pain of ruin thorough,  
When shall we grant the boon they seek?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again  
Her genial smile display,  
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But if she would indulge regret,  
Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,  
When shall we weep, if weep we must?  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys  
The minutes will not stay;  
We've always time to welcome them,  
To-day, my love, to-day.  
But care, resentment, angry words,  
And unavailing sorrow,  
Come far too soon, if they appear  
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.



From the North British Review.

## MEMOIRS OF CASTLEREAGH.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquess of Londonderry.* Edited by his brother, CHARLES VANE, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., &c. London: 1848.

THE present circumstances of Ireland have attracted our attention to the documents contained in the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh." The amount of positive information, in any true sense new to the public, is far less than we had anticipated. Much, however, that had been floating about unfixed is here authenticated or disproved. A good deal that had been misrepresented is corrected, or the means of correction supplied. The activity of those who war against the established institutions of society is sustained by an untiring impulse. Those who are satisfied with things as they are, or contemplate improvements in institutions chiefly as the result of the improvement of those by whom they are administered, are impatient of the dogmatic and disputative spirit when it is disposed to disturb our enjoyments by vindications which, however well-meant, we feel to be unnecessary and intrusive—and thus the voice of assailants will for a while win an undeserved triumph. The character of Lord Castlereagh has suffered more from these causes than that of any other public man of our times. The object of Lord Londonderry's publication is, by such documents as he possesses illustrative of Lord Castlereagh's official life, to place his brother's character in a true light.

The history of the earliest period of Castlereagh's life was more frequently brought before the public in accounts of the Irish Rebellion by the families of the defeated party than in any other way, and their language was naturally colored by their feelings. When Lord Castlereagh was taunted in 1817 as the perpetrator of savage cruelties, in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, cruelties utterly alien to his nature, and which in point of actual fact, he was the chief person to terminate, Mr. Canning indignantly asked, "If the Legis-

lature has consented to bury in darkness the crimes of rebellion, is it too much that rebels, after twenty years, should forgive the crime of being forgiven?" Without imputing to Tone, and M'Nevin, and such writers, any desire to falsify the real facts of the case, and while forming our notion of the scenes in which, very much from their own accounts, it is plain that they had not the means of knowledge which would enable them to represent truly either the motives or the acts of the Government. Of the crimes of the leaders of the Irish insurrections of 1798 and 1803, we think it impossible to form an exaggerated estimate, as whatever be the real or supposed wrongs which armed resistance would redress, no wrong can be so great—no evil so hopelessly intolerable, as the disturbance of the settled order of society. A nation must be all but unanimous to justify Revolution.

The strong opposition with which the measure of a legislative union with Great Britain was regarded at the time by the weaker island, and the continued agitation for its repeal, kept alive a feeling of resentment against the chief instruments in carrying it out, and to this we owe the remarkable fact, that to this hour it is difficult to form any distinct notion of the character of Lord Castlereagh or Lord Clare. If the family of Lord Clare possess the means of bringing the history of that remarkable man before the public, or if even the few fugitive pamphlets in which his speeches, during the period in which he swayed the destinies of Ireland, were printed, could be collected and published with such notes as, after an interval of fifty years, are necessary to render them fully intelligible, something would be done for the history of the country that in a few years will be impossible. Mr. Wills in his *Lives of*

Distinguished Irishmen—Mr. Grattan in the Memoirs of his father—Mr. Madden in his Life of Emmet—and the author of "*The Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen*," in the Dublin University Magazine, have each preserved many traits of the Irish Chancellor's character. But what we want and wish are his own speeches and letters—anything actually and entirely his own. Differing with him in many things—agreeing with him perhaps in nothing, we feel in all that we have seen of him the stamp of indomitable power—a man whose image should not be lost. With respect to Lord Castlereagh, it is to be regretted that the delay of bringing his biography before the public has occasioned irreparable loss. Lord Londonderry, who himself writes a memoir of his brother prefixed to these volumes, tells us, that after a communication with Sir Walter Scott, whom he wished to engage in the task, a series of private letters, extending over twenty-five years, was confided to the care of the late Dr. Turner, bishop of Calcutta. The vessel that sailed for India with the bishop's effects was lost, and in it the letters of Lord Castlereagh, and, we presume, other materials collected to illustrate his life. His official correspondence was scarcely more fortunate. The executors of Lord Castlereagh (we call him throughout by the name by which he will be remembered in history) thought the papers might be public property, and claimed as such by the Government. For the purpose of releasing themselves from responsibility, they placed them under the control of the Court of Chancery, from which, after long delays, and what Lord Londonderry describes as "the highly honorable and straightforward conduct of Lord Palmerston," a great mass of papers, public and private, were delivered to him. "On examination of the documents," he adds, "I regret to say that I discovered many chasms and losses." In short, anything that any one for any purpose might wish concealed, is not to be found in the volumes now before us. We do not believe that a single new fact, with reference to any one concerned either in the suppression of the rebellion or the furtherance of the legislative union, is communicated. There is nothing that throws any light on the secret history of either. The correspondence is the correspondence of the Irish secretary's office, after every document of any peculiar interest has been withdrawn. Many of the letters cannot even be regarded as the letters of the persons whose names are officially attached to them. The passion of authorship must have been strong with Lord London-

derry when he undertook this voluminous compilation, which, if continued on anything like the scale on which it has been commenced, must, we should think, reach some twenty-five or thirty volumes. Four are devoted to the time of his brother's Irish Secretaryship; the two first of which (the Part now published) relate to the years 1798 and 1799.

The work opens with a biographical memoir. We omit the links which connect the Londonderry Stewarts with the kings of Scotland, and descend at once from the heights on which Lord Londonderry would place us to Robert Stewart who represented the county of Down in the Irish Parliament, and who was the first Marquess of Londonderry. Robert was twice married; first to Frances, second daughter of Lord Hertford; of this marriage Lord Castlereagh was the only surviving issue. His second wife, sister of Lord Camden, was the mother of our author.

Robert, our hero, was born in 1769. He received his early education at Armagh; and, at seventeen, was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge. He appears to have remained there but a year, or a year and a half. His tutor, writing to Lord Londonderry in 1840, describes him as remarkably successful in his college examinations. At his third half-yearly examination, the last which he passed, "he was first in the first class." After leaving college, he made the Grand Tour; and on his return, commenced political life by a successful contest against the Downshire family for the representation of the county of Down. At the hustings he gave a pledge to support Reform. This was in 1790. When, in 1793, the Catholics were admitted to the elective franchise, he said, that he thought this a sufficient Reform.

"For a few sessions he voted generally with the Opposition. However, the turbulent development of the state of Ireland rendered it necessary for him to come to more decided conclusions. Accordingly, when the system of strong measures was adopted by the Irish Administration, in order to silence rebellion by terror, or extinguish it by severity, we find Lord Castlereagh among the warmest of its supporters."—Vol. i. p. 9.

Lord Londonderry passes rapidly over his brother's public life in Ireland, leaving the documents given in his volumes to speak for themselves. When Lord Camden succeeded Earl Fitzwilliam as Viceroy, with Pelham as Chief Secretary, an incautious or intemperate speech of Pelham's in the House of Com-



mons led to his return to England in disgust, and Lord Castlereagh acted as his *locum tenens* for a while, and afterwards was himself appointed Chief Secretary, which office he filled during the important period of the Union arrangements.

It will be more convenient to follow Lord Londonderry in running over the remaining incidents of Lord Castlereagh's life, than at the moment dwelling on topics to which we must return.

When the Union was accomplished, he transferred his residence to London. Pitt's retirement delayed his appointment to office till 1802. Under Addington's Administration he was placed at the head of the Board of Control.

"When Pitt resumed the direction of affairs, Lord Castlereagh continued to preside over the Board of Control, till, in 1805, he was appointed Secretary of State for the War and Colonial Department. Party prejudices operated so strongly against him, that, on this occasion, he failed, after an expensive contest, to obtain his re-election for the county of Down."

On Pitt's death, Lord Castlereagh and his colleagues in office resigned.

"On the resignation of the Grey and Grenville Administration, in 1807, and the formation of that of Mr. Percival, Lord Castlereagh was replaced in his former situation of Minister of the War Department, in which he continued till the Walcheren Expedition, and his duel with Mr. Canning."

On the death of Percival, Lord Castlereagh became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and held the office till his death. To him, we believe, Lord Londonderry is right in ascribing the carrying out into perfect effect the policy of assisting the Spanish people when they rose for the purpose of asserting their national independence. To Lord Castlereagh is also due the selection of the Great General by whom the European war was brought to so glorious a termination. Lord Londonderry discusses at considerable length Lord Castlereagh's diplomatic movements at Chatillon, and afterwards at Paris and Vienna. That the arrangements entered into by the Congress should have preserved peace so long among the principal European powers is no slight evidence of the good faith of the parties to the contract, and, above all, tells favorably for England and her representative, who was in the proud position of arbiter between contending nations.

"In the year 1821, on the decease of his father, Lord Castlereagh became Marquess of Londonderry. The political horizon had at this time become overcast. A Congress was to be held at Vienna and Verona on the affairs of Spain; the insurrection of Greece had also rendered the position of England between Russia and the Porte very ticklish and difficult: and the continuance of disturbances in Ireland excited uneasiness. Under these circumstances the strong mind of Lord Londonderry, harassed by Parliamentary warfare, and worn out by incessant toil, began to break down."

Lord Castlereagh's attention to business was unremitting. He himself wrote the draft of every despatch from the Foreign Office. Towards the end of the session, his health manifestly declined. It had been arranged that he should represent England at a Congress to be held at Vienna on the affairs of Spain; and laborious as was the duty which this involved, he looked forward to change of scene and occupation as likely to afford relief and recreation. There was over his mind a haunting feeling of some coming illness. He had been suffering from gout at the close of the session, and apprehended the increase of the disease, if not speedily arrested, as likely to interrupt public business, and interfere with the King's visit to Scotland, and his own attendance at Congress. Medicines were administered for the purpose of lowering the system, but they brought on depression of spirits and nervous fever. His handwriting, in general remarkable for its neatness, was so changed a few days before his death, that the official documents which he wrote or subscribed were scarce legible to those best acquainted with the character of his hand. Still, the thought of his mind being affected did not occur to any one till it was observed, at the same cabinet council, by the King and the Duke of Wellington. The King wrote to Lord Liverpool on the subject. The Duke communicated with Lord Castlereagh's physician. This was on Saturday. The physician ordered him to the country, and followed him thither the next day. "Early on Monday morning, he was hastily summoned to Lord Londonderry, who was in his dressing-room, but before he could reach it, his patient had committed the fatal act, and life was almost immediately extinct."

Our biographer, before tracing the private character of his brother, calls us for a moment to dwell on that of his father, who appears to have been an estimable country gentleman, living on his own estate, dealing reasonably with his tenants, and assisting the

poor in seasons of distress—practising virtues which endeared him to the persons among whom he resided, but which are not, we trust, so rare in Ireland as to distinguish him from a thousand others. His example is described as operating on his son—our Lord Castlereagh—the second Marquess. Some improvements in the town of Castlereagh from which his title is taken, are described as Lord Castlereagh's work. He assisted in building a Roman Catholic chapel there, and he built one at Strangford. He is described by Lord Londonderry as a munificent patron of letters. He aided the Belfast Academy with his countenance and his money, and wrote papers in its praise in a magazine called the Belfast Athenæum. He helped Bunting to bring out his collection of "Irish Melodies;" and what surprises us very much, "the translations from Carolan [in Bunting's Melodies] were moulded into their present shape by his masterly hand."

"He was the means of establishing in Dublin a 'Gaelic Society,' the object of which was to encourage writers in the ancient Erse, and translations from scarce works in verse and prose. This Society went on well for some time; and a volume of their proceedings was printed, highly creditable to all who had contributed towards it. Theophilus O'Hannegan was the secretary, a man who was quite a genius, and a scholar of unrivalled attainments, but who possessed not an atom of discretion. The removal of Lord Castlereagh to England withdrew his attention from this local institution, and it was in consequence discontinued. The last service he rendered it was releasing poor O'Hannegan from the Sheriff's, where he was confined for a considerable debt."

"A munificent patron of letters." We are not quite disposed to assent to this praise, though we are glad that Lord Londonderry has recorded it. It shows ludicrously enough what great men mean when they speak of rewarding letters. Lord Londonderry thinks his brother's patronage of men of genius one of his great claims on the admiration of the public, and he produces as a proof of it that he encourages writers in the ancient Erse, and releases from the sheriff a writer whom he admires. O'Hannegan may have been a fitting object of charity, and to have paid his debts may have proved Lord Castlereagh's consideration for his creditors—for the poor fellow does not seem to have got anything for himself. That this should be solemnly recorded as a proof of a British minister's patronage of genius is too bad.

The following details of his personal habits are worth preserving :—

"In his house he was never heard to murmur at anything, nor was he ever known to speak in a harsh or hasty manner to any of his servants, whom he had not changed for years. He was of abstemious habits, often tasting of but few dishes, and taking moderately of wine. He generally dressed himself without assistance. When in the country, and without company, he always retired early to his library, where he usually remained two or three hours, and retired to bed without supper. His usual hour for rising was seven in the winter, and in summer, five in the morning, never omitting to walk before breakfast when the weather admitted of it. He was fond of planting, pruning, and grafting with his own hands, and his parterre of native and exotic flowers at Cray-farm was choice, though not extensive.

"Political despatches, which daily arrived, were disposed of by him with the utmost order, exactness, and regularity, and his visitors scarcely missed his company while he attended to them. At public worship he was a regular attendant, and had prayers read in his family once every day, sometimes in the morning, but oftener in the evening. Field sports he abandoned long before his death; but he had a kennel of pointers and greyhounds. His ear for music was excellent, and though an indifferent player on the violoncello, he would often sit down and take part in a concerto, and join in any music that was going on.

"He was very tenacious of all his early friendships. The Earl of Bristol and the late Mr. Holford were the most dear to him. His mind was much fixed on putting upon record the history of the Union, and the events which immediately preceded it—in fact, of his own administration in Ireland. It was a project which I know he had very much at heart, and it was often talked of to some gentlemen of reputation as men of letters in Ireland. One of these, a particular friend of Lord Castlereagh's, declined the undertaking, because he could not conscientiously, and as he thought satisfactorily execute it in the sense of the minister—and yet their friendship continued uninterrupted.

"In stature he was nearly six feet high, and his manners were perfect, his features commanding. His appearance, when full-dressed, was particularly graceful; and at the coronation of George the Fourth he was remarked for the graceful dignity of his mien and manner, which, as I have heard it more than once observed, might well have caused him, when in the robes of the Garter, to be mistaken for the Sovereign. Although a courtier, yet in private life no man could be less assuming, and his affability at once dissipated that timidity which intercourse with high rank sometimes produces."

An exceedingly interesting part of Lord Londonderry's work is that in which he replies to Lord Brougham's account of Lord Castlereagh in his "*Statesmen* of the reign of George the Third." Among the many infelicitous sketches in that very amusing book perhaps that which is of least value is that



of Lord Castlereagh. By him Castlereagh is represented as a man of the meanest powers, of the most vulgar and arrogant pretensions. The passages which Moore and Byron have hitched into rhyme as specimens of his oratory are put forward with all the gravity of a witness. We suppose there was ground enough for such jokes, and the ground being once laid jokes enough would be perpetrated; but Lord Castlereagh was, on the whole, a graceful and effective speaker; and it is to be remembered that the task of inculpation is always an easy one, and even where the means of defence are most perfect there must be often reasons for silence that can scarcely be fittingly assigned, and that this often places a Cabinet Minister in a situation of such perplexity that it may be even a dexterous escape from worse dangers to expose himself to the arrows of the witlings. In Brougham's sketch there is one important acknowledgment—that all the personal imputations of cruelty against Lord Castlereagh in Ireland were mere calumny. Lord Londonderry has published a number of very interesting letters, to show the estimate in which Lord Castlereagh was held by the greatest men of his time. We wish we could abridge these letters, but so much depends on the very words in which they are written, that could even the facts recorded be preserved, the impression which they leave of the affection with which this great statesman was regarded by his friends would be lost.

In one letter of Lord Wellesley, he dwells on the aid given by Lord Castlereagh to sustain him in his Indian policy, and refers to his despatches from India in support of this statement.

"But I must add," he says, "one circumstance which does not appear in these despatches. During the whole of my administration he never interfered in the slightest degree in the vast patronage of our Indian empire, and he took especial care to signify this determination to the expectants by whom he was surrounded and to me. In his published despatches many examples occur of great abilities and statesman-like views, and they are all written in a style more worthy of imitation than of censure.

"From the year 1812 I had no intercourse with your brother until the close of the year 1821, when I was called to undertake the arduous charge of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On that occasion I had repeated private interviews with your brother, whose sentiments on the subject of Ireland were of the most liberal description, most favorable to all the just views and interests of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and most practically beneficial to the general welfare, happiness, and prosperi-

ty of Ireland. He was thoroughly conversant with every circumstance relating to Irish affairs, and he was most sincerely and faithfully attached to the cause of Ireland."

Sir Walter Scott and Alison are quoted, and each expresses that high admiration of Lord Castlereagh which will soon become the fixed conviction of all sober-judging men, of whatever party. A sentence of Croker's describes him well:—

"Of Lord Londonderry [Castlereagh] Mr. Wilberforce seemed at first to have formed a very low, and we need not add, a very erroneous opinion; but when his Lordship's situation became more prominent, and his character better defined, that polished benevolence, that high and calm sense of honor, that consummate address, that inflexible firmness, and that profound and yet unostentatious sagacity, won the respect and confidence of Wilberforce, as they did of reluctant senates at home, and of suspicious cabinets abroad."

A letter of Lord Ripon's—too long for us to quote—gives a very striking proof of Lord Castlereagh's presence of mind and instant decision, in a case of considerable difficulty. To his insisting on reinforcing Blücher after his first march to Paris, with two corps of Russians and Prussians, belonging to Bernadotte's army, without a communication with Bernadotte, Lord Ripon attributes the success of the battle of Laon. The difficulty was regarded as insurmountable. "He was at the council when the matter was discussed. The moment he understood that militarily speaking, the proposed plan was indispensable to success, he took his line. He stated that, in that case, the plan *must* be adopted, and the necessary orders *immediately* given; that England had a right to expect that her allies would not be deterred from a decisive course by any such difficulties as had been urged; and he boldly took upon himself the responsibility of any consequences as regarded the Crown Prince of Sweden. His advice prevailed; Blücher's army was reinforced in time; the battle of Laon was fought successfully; and no further efforts of Buonaparte could oppose the march of the Allies on Paris, and their triumphant occupation of that city."

How he was appreciated by his colleagues in the Cabinet, we learn from a letter of Sir Charles Wetherall:—

"I remember as well as yesterday meeting Eldon the morning when the despatches came over giving an account of the battle of Laon. I met him in the passage near the Chancellor of the Exchequer's house in

Downing Street, going into the Park. We walked together through the Park; he was in the highest spirits, and said, 'I have been in the Foreign Office, on purpose to read over the Despatches at my leisure.' He then said, with the energy which you will recollect he used when his mind was intent on any idea, '*We are indebted to Castlereagh for everything.* I verily believe that *no man* in England, but Castlereagh, could have done what he has.'"

We cannot omit the words of Sir Robert Peel:—"I doubt whether any public man, (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington,) within the last half century, possessed the combination of qualities, intellectual and moral, which would have enabled him to effect, under the same circumstances, what Lord Londonderry did effect in regard to the union with Ireland, and to the great political transactions of 1813, 1814, and 1815. To do these things required a rare union of high and generous feelings, courteous and prepossessing manners, a warm heart, and a cool head, great temper, great industry, great fortitude, great courage—moral and personal—that command and influence which makes other men willing instruments, and all these qualities combined with disdain for low objects of ambition, and with spotless integrity."

The great measure of Lord Castlereagh, and that on which his fame with posterity will chiefly rest, is the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Of that great measure the advantages are not yet fully felt. It was impossible, absolutely impossible, when the independence of the Irish Parliament was established, and the Constitution of 1782 obtained, that the alternative, of union with England or absolute separation, could be avoided. The inconvenient *fiction* of an Irish Parliament was attended with difficulties enough. The *reality* was a thing utterly unmanageable. Till 1782, the conclave called a Parliament bore as near a resemblance to the Parliament at Westminster as did the Parliaments of Rouen or Gascony. The members of what was called the House of Commons being once elected, or more often nominated, sate for the life of the monarch. They had no power of originating any measure, and could do little more than delay fiatting the orders of England. Once in two years the Lord-Lieutenant went over to Ireland, resided for a few months at the Castle; struggled, often in vain, to give a few places and pensions among his friends, and disappeared. The sittings of the Parliament were also biennial: the King's business, as they

called the management of Ireland, was farmed out to some great families, who divided among themselves the whole patronage of the kingdom; who intercepted from the people every good which they could not render profitable to themselves, and who, like other agents, did all they could to render it impossible that their employers should be able to dispense with their services, or even learn the principles on which their administration was conducted. If there ever was a system requiring entire change, it was that by which Ireland was ruled. It was impossible that it should be allowed to continue, and its extinction was at the same moment the object of two parties earnestly at work, each to realize its own project of improvement—each seeking as much as possible to conceal its ultimate purpose, the one contemplating the union of the kingdoms, the other their entire separation. Had the first more distinctly made their object known, it is not impossible that it might have more perfectly succeeded; for a reform in Parliament was, we believe, in the first period of their association, the limit of the objects which Addis Emmet, and the others who acted with him, had in view. This and the measure of Catholic emancipation would have been shown as more attainable by means of the union of the Legislatures than by any other course. The desperate one of civil war was certainly not contemplated when the Society of United Irishmen was first formed.

The theory of Ireland's legislative independence was likely to have produced singular inconvenience, when, on George the Third's illness, different views were taken by the two Legislatures on the question of the regency, and this incident almost compelled the more powerful nation to save herself from the recurrence of an embarrassment which went to the very root of the monarchical principle. The thought of a legislative union had been long familiar to thinking minds. The Irish Privy Council, in 1676, and the Irish House of Lords, in the reign of Anne, proposed an incorporate union of the Legislatures as the only means of improving the commerce of Ireland. Sir William Petty saw it in the same light. "There are," says he, "three legislative powers, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, which, instead of uniting together, do often cross upon each other's trade, not only as if they were foreigners to each other, but sometimes as enemies."

"I have always," said the late Duke of Richmond to the volunteers, when asked for his



advice on the subject of constitutional reform, "I have always thought it for the interest of the two islands to be incorporated and form one and the same kingdom, with the same Legislature, meeting sometimes in Ireland as well as England." In 1785, Mr. Foster, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, said, in the Irish House of Commons, "Things cannot remain as they are. Commercial jealousy is roused, and it will increase with two independent Legislatures. Without an united interest in commerce, in a commercial empire, political union will receive many shocks, and *separation of interest* must threaten *separation of connection*, which every honest Irishman must shudder to look to as a possible event." "Mr. Grattan declared, even after the boasted settlement of 1782, that the Legislature of Ireland neither possessed the substance nor the shadow of independence; and on the 26th of February, 1790, he asked, 'What has our renewed constitution as yet produced? A place bill? No. A pension bill? No. Any great or good measure? No. But a city police bill—a press bill—a riot act—great increase of pensions—fourteen new places for Members of Parliament, and a most notorious and corrupt sale of peerages.'"\*

In the very first letter of the Castlereagh Papers, Lord Camden—within two years after sent over as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland—writes to Lord Castlereagh, then (it was 1793) of unfixed politics, and one of what Horace Walpole calls "the flying squadron of patriots," in the following words:—"I have no conception in these times, when rights are pushed to the utmost extremity, and reform knows no bounds, of giving to any nation, and less to one of the description of yours, whose characteristic is certainly not moderation, the sort of latitude which the questions about to take place in Ireland will give them. I inherit, and, upon consideration, am clearly of my father's opinion, that Ireland must be our province if she will not be persuaded to a union, and if she would, she ought and would enjoy reciprocal benefits with this country. This is my opinion; but in the present state of your politics there, it would be dangerous to maintain that opinion or to act in consequence of it." The non-existence of an Irish Parliament, in any true sense, is well described by the author of a pamphlet, entitled, "*The Game's Up*," published in Dublin a few months ago:—

"Ireland NEVER had a Parliament; no, not

even in 1782; no, not even in 1792. It is one of the monster delusions of the day to dream that Ireland ever had a Parliament, in the sense in which the party now uses the word. It possessed a council, selected exclusively from an ascendant minority, and on which England conferred greater or less powers of legislation from time to time. The very circumstance of England having previous to its extinction enlarged those powers, is evidence of its having the power of diminishing or annihilating them; and this is not a Parliament. I, for my part, look upon the whole 'carriage of the Union' as a solemn mockery, got up to conceal the fact, which was, that the British Parliament willed the extinction of the local legislature, and preferred having its own consent to openly exercising the power it possessed. The pompous declaration of this Irish Council, that 'none but the king, Lords, and Commons of Ireland had power to make laws for Ireland,' was of as much significance as the 'for ever' so frequently adopted in solemn acts of legislation, and as frequently violated. The Irish 'Parliament' was a council, introduced by the English into a conquered country, for certain limited purposes, and extinguishable at pleasure. Of what avail was the declaration of independence of the Irish Parliament by the British, if it was independent already? And if it was not, was not the independence resumable, notwithstanding the formal 'for ever'?

"No—a PARLIAMENT—a self-existing, paramount, constitutional council of the nation never existed in Ireland;—or, if it did, it was the *magnum concilium* we have heard of lately. If it did, it never could have had its powers limited or enlarged by another council, once they were settled; it never could have annihilated itself, or been annihilated, except by the conquest of the nation. We were, up to 1800, a colony, not a kingdom; and as such our true 'Constitution' lay within the Constitution of the parent State. The fatal mistake was allowing the country to be mistaken in its true position. This was policy, but it is an exploded and a past policy; and we are now, since the Union, for the first time, a free portion of a free empire.

"Ireland prospered under her parliament,' (so called.) So it did to a certain extent, for its agricultural produce, imperfectly developed as such resources were, obtained the advantage of a high market in war time,—and the industry of the North was as conspicuous as it is now. Dublin was a brilliant city; though facts show that the beggary and destitution of the operative classes were

\* Martin's Ireland before and after the Union.

frequently as appalling as they have ever been since.

"But facts again show that, with the exception of the 'west end' world of Dublin, Ireland has continued to advance since the Union, in spite of the systematic discouragement to fair experiment which an unceasing agitation has afforded. The spread of statistical information has, happily, rendered this demonstrable, so I shall not now take the trouble to enter into details. It has advanced, though the termination of the Continental war reduced the prices of agricultural produce so largely as in many cases to throw the farmer helplessly into the power of the landlord—or the demagogue. It has advanced (and this is the strangest fact of all) through the period of local famine and monetary difficulty; advanced, I mean, in every particular not *directly* affected by the famine and the state of the money-market."\*

There are sufficiently obvious reasons why the populace of a dissolute city should be easily excited into strong feeling against a measure which would remove from it the concourse of wealthy residents and strangers that the seat of the Legislature must bring together. The classes that live by directly ministering to their wants were in Dublin injuriously affected, and through such people it was always easy to get up a *row* when the alarm of an intended union was suggested to their imaginations. In Walpole's Memoirs of George II. a scene of this kind is described, that seems to have been serious enough. A union with England was a favorite object with Lord Hillsborough: he had hinted such a wish a year or two before in the Parliament of England, and being now in Ireland,† let drop expressions of the same tendency. This was no sooner divulged than Dublin was in a flame. The mob grew outrageous, and assembled at the door of the House of Commons. Mr. Rigby went forth and assured them there was no foundation for their jealousy; but *his* word they would not take. Ponsonby, the Speaker, was at last obliged to go out and pacify them; and Mr. Rigby declared, in the House, that if a bill of union was brought in he would vote against it. The tumult then subsided; but Rigby‡ soon after moving that the Lord-Lieutenant might on an emergency, such as an invasion, summon the Parliament to meet without an intervention of forty days, the former suspicions revived,

and a dangerous riot ensued.\* Rigby's own account of the matter describes both Houses of Parliament attacked by an "unruly, drunken, barbarous mob. The pretence put into their mouths," he says, "is a union with Great Britain, and an abolition of Parliaments here. They are of the very lowest, and scum of the people; desperate by nature, and made more so by drams. The being a member of either House of Parliament was the crime; and they tendered oaths indiscriminately to all, to swear that they were true to their country; and the taking such oaths did not satisfy the more."† Lord Inchiquin, who came up from the country to oppose the rumored Union, was assailed. The mob pulled off his periwig, and put the oath to him. He had an impediment in his speech, and stuttered. They cried, "D—— you, do you hesitate?" "But hearing that his name was O'Bryen their rage was turned into acclamations."‡ Mr. Rowley, a Privy Councillor, was dragged the length of a street, and narrowly escaped being thrown into the river. Mr. Morres, a King's Counsel, was "stripped of his very shirt, and beat and bruised." Warden Flood, the Attorney-General, was wounded in his chariot, and made his escape into the College. The excitement seems to have continued some days, as Rigby says, "I have heard that I have been a principal object of their aversion; but I have never failed going to Parliament and from it in my own chariot, and have never met with insult or blow from them, though I have observed unpleasant countenances." They killed the horses of several obnoxious persons; they pulled the Bishop of Killala out of his coach, and the Lord Chancellor. They proceeded to the House of Lords, where they committed the grossest indecencies; placed an old woman on the throne, and sent pipes and tobacco for her; they next went to the House of Commons, and ordered the clerk to bring them the journals to burn.§

We have been led away by Walpole's gossiping from our main subject. The object of a Legislative Union between the countries was the subject of speculation with many of the most sound-minded men in both countries. Their anxiety was that the Irish legislature should not be the mere machinery in the hands of England, to register laws dictated to it, often against the commercial interests of Ireland, and in all cases wounding to

\* The Game's Up, pp. 36–38.

† December, 1759.

‡ Chief secretary to the Duke of Bedford.

\* Walpole, Memoirs of George II., vol. ii. p. 401.

† Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 469.

‡ Walpole.

§ Walpole.



its pride. They felt, that even this was better than the subservience to the factious borough interest which dealt with the country as if it was the private estate of the individual undertakers by whom it was managed. The ambitious hope of participating with England in Imperial Legislation was faintly and feebly expressed. It was too good a thing almost to dare to wish for. In the early part of the last century, the matter was often suggested, always with the feeling that England would oppose it. The case of the Union with Scotland, while it was not unlikely to force the matter on public attention, was in some important circumstances so dissimilar, as rather to embarrass the question. The King of England is by the law and Constitution King of Ireland. It is one of his inseparable titles. In Scotland the case was, at the time of its Union with England, not only different, but directly the reverse. The Scottish Act of Settlement had not made any provision for the devolution of the Crown on the extinction of the issue of Anne. And, in 1704, an act was passed by the Scottish Parliament, providing that the same person should not be King of Scotland and England. To this the royal assent had been given with great reluctance. This rendered the introduction of the exiled branch of the Stuarts not only a legal thing in Scotland, but was almost to be regarded as a declaration of war between the kingdoms. The necessity of that Union to the peace, nay, to the existence of the empire, was likely to be felt by many, who, as no danger of the kind existed in Ireland, would refuse in the latter case to be swayed by a deceptive analogy.

The first demi-official paper in these volumes which mentions the Union, is dated September 26, 1798, and communicates to Lord Castlereagh the substance of the leading articles, among which are,—

“Protestant establishment to be secured; Catholics to be eligible to all offices, but query as to their sitting in Parliament?”

“Arrangements to get rid of tithes, not to be one of the Articles, but to be immediately settled. This should be accompanied with a suitable provision for a reasonable number of Catholic clergy.”

We do not, perhaps, appreciate all the difficulties with which this great measure was accompanied, and we are perhaps wrong in thinking that every privilege that has been since given to the Catholics might have been more conveniently given then. We disbelieve in the propriety of either then or now endowing their clergy. On the 16th of Octo-

ber, 1798, we have a letter from Lord Clare to Lord Castlereagh, who had gone to England, and varied the measure injuriously; at least so the letter would seem to prove; but the strength of the borough interests is to be considered, and perhaps all that could be done under the existing circumstances was done. The letter is from London:—“I have seen Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Portland, who seem to feel very sensibly the critical situation of our damnable country, and that the Union alone can save it. I should have hoped that what has passed would have opened the eyes of every man in England to the insanity of their past conduct, with respect to the Papists of Ireland; but I can very plainly perceive that they were as full of their Popish projects as ever. I trust, and I hope I am not deceived, that they are fairly inclined to give them up, and to bring the measure forward unencumbered with the doctrine of Emancipation. \* \* \* Mr. Pitt is fully sensible of the necessity of establishing some control over the Popish clergy, which he thinks will be best effected by allowing very moderate stipends to them, and allowing every priest to take a license from the Crown, for performing ecclesiastical functions, on pain of perpetual banishment if he shall officiate without it.”

Of the State Papers printed by Lord Londonderry, one of the best—but it was printed long ago in America—is the Memoir of the state prisoners O'Connor, M'Nevin, and Thomas Addis Emmet. Verdicts for high treason had been obtained against two of the United Irishmen—Byrne and Bond. Efforts were made to save them, and negotiations were commenced between the state prisoners, confined on the same or similar charges, and the Government. The Government wished to have distinct acknowledgments of their guilt from themselves, and wished to have the opportunity of making public the whole conspiracy, without betraying the sources of their information. The prisoners felt they were communicating no more than the Government already knew, and they proposed, among the conditions, that they should not be asked to criminate individuals. O'Connor, Sampson, and some other of the principal persons involved in the conspiracy, refused signing these conditions. The law officers thought the information not worth the price of interfering with the execution of the law. They feared juries would refuse finding verdicts, if the Crown pardoned. The reasonings of lawyers are more apt to satisfy themselves than others; and arguments which

they felt to be conclusive, did not altogether satisfy the Lord-Lieutenant. The opinion of the law-advisers was, however—to use the language of the document before us—given “peremptorily and unanimously,” and Byrne was executed.

The next day was that named for the execution of Bond. The prisoners, who had before Byrne’s execution refused their signatures, became alarmed, and new terms were proposed to the Government. In the first document, perpetual exile was proposed as the condition of life being spared. In the next, to guard against the danger of their passing immediately into an enemy’s country, the time of their departure, and the place of their exile, was left to the discretion of Government. Bond was respited. The conditions were fulfilled; but as far as Bond’s life was the object, that object could scarcely have been said to be gained, for he died soon after in prison.

It would appear that Lord Londonderry is not aware of the Memoir having been before published. A copy printed at New York is before us as we write, and enables us to correct some strange blunders made by Lord Londonderry’s printer, or more probably by whoever transcribed the manuscript for the press. Misprints that reduce a passage to mere nonsense do but little comparative harm. Here are errors that vary the sense of the passage into the direct opposite of what the writers said. In the second paragraph, we find these words:—“Denying the whole existence of the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin, we may safely aver,” &c. Reading this in Lord Londonderry, we fairly confess we did not know what to make of it, when we fortunately remembered our old American book, and found that the word printed “denying” ought to be “during.” It was startling enough to find these gentlemen denying the existence of the Society, the organization of which they were engaged in explaining. We know nothing at all like it, except the denial, every now and then, of the existence of ribondmen in Ireland, at the very time that every newspaper brought us accounts of convictions for the crime.

The Memoir was felt by the Government to be a defence of the prisoners, and could not be used for the purpose for which it was intended. The prisoners then suggested that as a committee was sitting to inquire into the causes of the rebellion, they ought to be examined before it; and that in this form Government might obtain the information they wished in a way it could be unobjectionably used. This course was adopted.

The account which the Memoir gives of the United Irishmen, or of the Union, as it was in that day called, is worth diligent study. Their communication to Government appears to have been entirely faithful, and wholly unreserved. The pleading is throughout an able and manly one; and not a little was lost to the country, when imperative necessity (and we think the necessity was imperative, and that the case admitted of no doubt) demanded the banishment of such men. The original institution of United Irishmen, formed towards the close of the year 1791, was not only ostensibly but really confined to the objects it professed—Reform in Parliament, and Catholic Emancipation. These in our day are harmless sounds, but in Ireland in that day, when three-fourths of the Commons House of Parliament were the direct nominees of the borough interest, and when the word Emancipation conjured up a thousand fears, it is impossible to describe the violence with which the first publication of the test of the United Irishmen was assailed. This violence was met by expressions of equal violence, and by endeavoring to promote the meeting of a convention to aid in effecting Reform. The difficulties in the way of Reform led to the discussion of Republicanism. While the minds of men were fermenting with these thoughts, the Society was forcibly dissolved in 1794.

It attributed its being thus dissolved to its own fault, in the openness of its discussions and the publicity of its proceedings, and in 1795 a new Society for the same object—but a *secret* Society—was formed. In their test or *text*, as Lord Londonderry generally prints it, a clause of secrecy was introduced. For the *engagement* which their predecessors required, they substituted an oath. In 1796 an Act passed punishing with death the administering of unlawful oaths. “But death,” says the Memoir, “had ceased to alarm men who began to think it was to be encountered in their country’s cause. The statute remained an absolute dead letter, and the members of the body augmented beyond belief.” The numbers of the Union were increased beyond their wishes by other causes. Wherever Orange lodges sprang up, the Catholics got alarmed, and joined the United system. This was opposed to the wishes of the leaders, for it introduced religious acrimony. In some cases the system reconciled and absorbed into itself conflicting parties, and the Government was deceived, not suspecting the cause of the dangerous tranquillity. In the Memoir, it is



denied with indignation that they ever in any case encouraged assassination. They argue this anxiously, as answering some evidence to the contrary. It was considered by them with horror on account of its criminality, and with personal dread, because it would render ferocious the minds of men in whose hands their lives were placed. Their numbers were not less than five hundred thousand. The authors of the Memoir had not been members of the earlier Association. The Society, at the time they became connected with it, was conducted on principles of the strictest secrecy. The organization of the system was admirably adapted for its purposes. No treachery could endanger the safety of many persons—no espionage could detect the entire or even large part of what was doing; and those in the actual direction of affairs were concealed from the knowledge of all but a very few. As we understand the constitution of the Association of 1795, it was this:—A Society is formed in some one district by ballot, a single black bean excluding. When any such Society amounts to thirty-six members, it splits into two; so that eighteen is the number constituting each integral. Each integral was represented by two of its members and its secretary in a baronial committee.\* These representatives were chosen by ballot every three months. No new integral could act till regularly constituted, and the secretary of an integral already constituted was the proper person to apply for, and the nearest baronial committee to give authority to form a new Society, to consist of not more than thirty-five members. When the number of societies in a barony amounted to eight, a second baronial committee was formed; county committees were formed by each baronial committee sending two delegates. Provincial committees were formed by delegates from baronials sending three delegates each, and in all cases the choice was by ballot, and the appointment was but for three months. National committees were also contemplated in this extensive arrangement, and were to be formed by each provincial committee sending five delegates. The names of the committee men, in every case, were known only to those who elected them.

We have done what we can to render intelligible the system of organization which united vast bodies of the Irish, of every rank but the highest, together. Our authority is that of Addis Emmet, writing in America long after the

Irish Rebellion. The plan was not his, for he did not join the confederacy till 1796,† when it had existed in full operation for at least a year. It was not Tone's, for Tone, who may be called the founder of the society of 1791, did not join that of 1795 till on the eve of his departure for America, when he found it in full operation. Describing the organization, Emmet says:—

“Whoever reflects on this constitution for a moment, will perceive that it was prepared with most important views. It formed a gradually extending representative system, founded on universal suffrage and frequent elections. It was fitted to a barony, county, or province, while the organization was confined within these limits. But if the whole nation adopted the system, it furnished a national Government.”

Nothing can be conceived more simple—nothing more perfect than such an arrangement. Examine it, and the constitutions of the most carefully devised systems of society seem beside it clumsy, inartificial contrivances—while this, the work of a few humble men, brooding over their real or imagined grievances or both, seems almost like the machinery of one of those philosophical romance-epics, perfect, because having no other existence than in some solitary dreamer's fancy. “Curiosity,” says Emmet, “will ask what manner of men they were that dared harbor such comprehensive and nearly visionary ideas? They were almost invariably farmers, manufacturers, and shopkeepers, the representatives of men certainly not superior to themselves.” The persons called the leaders would to a man have been contented with Parliamentary Reform, and between them and the oligarchy that ruled Ireland there was always room for a compromise. The evidence of the state prisoners establishes this. The despair of obtaining this object drove them into the consideration of republicanism, which the examples of America and France naturally suggested, and which was debated among them as one, and but as one, of

† Emmett dates his admission into the society in 1796. *Memoir and Examination* before secret committee. A strange scene occurring before 1795, might lead us to give it an earlier date. Defending a prisoner charged with administering the United Irishman's oath, then a capital offence, he read aloud the oath from his brief with great solemnity, and then addressed the court in the following terms: “My Lords, here in the presence of this crowded auditory—in the presence of the being that sees, and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal, here my Lords, I, myself, in the presence of God, declare I take the oath.”—*Madden's United Irishmen*, second series, vol. ii p. 22.

\* The counties in Ireland are subdivided into baronies.

the substitutes for the existing order of things. No mistake can be greater than that a few restless spirits,—that a few men finding no sufficient employment in the ordinary occupations of professional life, were the creators of the fervid and pervading passions that at that period inflamed and frenzied the whole island. The passions were those of the people themselves; they did not require the fanings of idle rhetoric to force them into a blaze. It was not in the spirit of hopelessness and despair that these humble men acted; it was in the spirit of impatient and eager hope. It was not as in our day a miserable parody, in which vain men simulated feelings, and like the bulls in Borrowdale, were driven mad by the echo of their own bellowings. The Emmets and Sheereses found the system formed. They were admitted into it doubtfully and late. The system began with the lower classes. "As the united Irish system ascended into the upper ranks, it engulfed into it numbers who afterwards appeared as leaders."\*

While the organization consisted but of individual societies, interconnected as we have described, and while there was no master spirit "to wield that fierce democracy," they were yet bold enough to send a person to France to ascertain the possibility of obtaining aid from the giant republic. This led to an important addition to their original constitution. A provincial committee for Ulster had been organized, and some inconvenience was felt from the arrangement, that the provincial committees were by the constitution of the Society to meet but once a month. This led to the formation of a body not originally contemplated—THE EXECUTIVE. The Executive in the intervals between the sittings of the Provincial Committee were to *execute* what had been ordered—to report its own proceedings—it was to be a watch on the Government, and to call extra meetings of the Provincial Committee when necessary. Its connection was but with the committee that appointed it, and its members were wholly unknown to the general body of the Society. Of the Executive it was the habit never to have more than one of them to do business with any one—and if possible their transactions were with but one person. While the secrecy that was observed by so many persons under such strong temptations to betray their associates is certainly a wonderful thing, yet in point of fact, the system was so skilfully contrived that till a military organization was

engrafted on the original constitution of the Society, each of the ordinary members knew little more than the names of the persons who composed his own integral, a number seldom more than eighteen, never more than thirty-five.

We are weary of the miserable narrative of revolts, which, at whatever period you examine the history of Ireland, it presents. The Irish oligarchy, ruling in the name of England, sustained by England on the supposition of their being the sole security for the connection between the two countries, while their whole effort was to prevent any large measure of policy which must have the effect of taking the country out of their hands, had rendered the name of England odious. The United Irishmen, with all their machinery, could have little chance of doing more than upsetting a constitution. The evils under which the country was undeniably suffering, were many of them of a kind which any rational combination of their strength with that of either of the great parties in the Legislature, might have vastly alleviated. To take Ireland out of the hands of the borough proprietors was the one thing most to be desired—most to be struggled for. This was to be best and most effectually done by the union with England. But the persons whose names were most prominent among the United Irishmen, were persons who seem to have had no fixed plans whatever for the future; and from their sheer inability to suggest, or to execute any plan of government, their country must, in the very moment of their success, have fallen into the hands of France, to be, no doubt, rendered to England on any cessation of hostilities between those nations. Thus an utter anarchy must have been its fate. The vision of a bloodless revolution which was before the minds of some of the best of those enthusiasts, was also before the minds of the Dantons and Robespierres. Tone expresses some such feeling in his journals; yet though he was the cleverest and the best of them, it is plain that he was, from the first, dazzled with the military dress, and was—in his heart of hearts—a military coxcomb, returning in the character and garb of a French general to effect a *bloodless* revolution! Grattan's account of Addis Emmet is no doubt a picture of the individual; but the individual was the type of a number, whose name is Legion:—

"He set up his own crude notions as settled rules; and his plan was founded, not on practice, but on his own imagination. It was full of wildness. There were to be three hundred elections

\* Emmet.



every year, all going on at the same time; and every man was to possess a right to vote. The whole country was thus to be placed in a state of tumult and agitation—all in conflagration—like three hundred windmills in motion all at once. This, too, in a country, one-third of whose population were so destitute that they were exempted from paying hearth-money tax in consequence of their poverty. Emmet forgot that elections and representatives are a work of art—he considered them as one of the operations of nature.

"When he went to America he thought his political life at an end; but it was only just beginning. Had Government intended to have rendered him harmless they should have kept him at home, where he would have staid, a tarnished lawyer, with little business; but sent to America, he found means to annoy England, and do there what he never could have done in his own country."\*

The documents in Lord Londonderry's book prove, what however was known before, that the English Government were, from the first, acquainted with all the negotiations of the rebels for aid from France. When M'Nevin was examined before the secret committees of the Lords and Commons, he found that they were not only in possession of all that he could communicate, but that a copy of his very memoir, which he had laid before the French Government as to the state of Ireland, was in the hands of the committee. Tone mentions, that when Hoche's expedition was leaving Brest, a proclamation was printed, to be distributed in Ireland on their landing. A large sum of money was offered to the printer for a copy. He communicated with Tone, who had copies printed with *Portugal* instead of *Ireland*, and the English were thus deceived. A more singular circumstance is, that the French having sent over a messenger to announce their coming, a second message, which was believed to be authentic, arrived, saying that the intent of invasion was deferred to the following spring. The second message so entirely deceived the rebel leaders, that when the French came, no preparations were made for them. No explanation of the second message is suggested. In the *Life of Curran* by his son, we are told that the French Directory, when Tone was urging the invasion of Ireland, were greatly influenced to adopt the measure, by being told that two-thirds of the sailors in the British service were Irish. He adds an anecdote which is strikingly well told:—

"Soon after the question of an expedition to

Ireland had been left to the decision of Carnot, Clarke, and Hoche, they named an evening to meet Tone at the palace of the Luxembourg. Tone arrived at the appointed hour, eight o'clock. He was ushered into a splendid apartment. Shortly after, the Director and the generals made their appearance. They bowed coldly, but civilly, to Tone, and almost immediately retired without apology or explanation through a door opposite to that by which they had entered. Tone was a good deal struck by so unexpected a reception; but his surprise increased when ten o'clock arrived without the appearance of a message of any kind from those on whom all his hopes seemed to depend. The clock struck eleven, twelve, one—all was still in the palace; the steps of the sentinels, on their posts without, alone interrupted the dead silence that prevailed within. Tone paced the room in considerable anxiety; not even a servant had entered of whom to inquire his way out, or if the Director and the generals had retired. About two o'clock, the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open; Carnot, Clarke, and Hoche entered; their countenances brightened; and the coldness and reserve, so observable at eight o'clock, had vanished. Clarke advanced quickly to Tone, and taking him cordially by the hand, said: '*Citizen! I congratulate you; we go to Ireland.*' The others did the same; and having fixed the time to meet again, the persons engaged in this remarkable transaction separated."

At some future time we hope to give some account of the circumstances of Irish society which led to the Rebellion of 1798. Its causes were, we think, more deeply seated than was felt by any of the prominent actors in the scene. At the moment there are difficulties in treating this subject, which will in all probability have passed away before we next have the opportunity of addressing the public. The solution which has been so often repeated that it has become almost an article of faith with some—that the Government fomented the rebellion to facilitate their carrying the Legislative Union, is a supposition too insulting to our common nature to be for a moment thought of, and the whole evidence of facts utterly and entirely disproves it.

Lord Londonderry ought to have accompanied some of the documents which he publishes with fuller explanations than we find. Several refer to inclosed papers, which are not printed—are not probably in his possession, but the want of which leaves what he prints of about as much value as the envelope of a lost letter.

Is it worth while to state, that while looking through some of the publications connected with the subject of Ireland during

\* *Grattan's Life*, vol. iv. p. 360.

\* *Curran's Life of Curran*, vol. ii. p. 20:

Lord Castlereagh's administration, we find writers of high reputation, in their anxiety to make out that kind of inconsistency which is most damaging to the reputation of a public man, between his professions at one period and his acts at another, confuse him with his father? Dr. Madden, and the author of the History of the Civil Wars in Ireland, published in Constable's Miscellany—an excellent summary of the Irish annals of some seven hundred years—have fallen into this mistake, and represent him as moving resolutions in conventions of Irish volunteers when he was but twelve or thirteen years of age. He is, we think, most unjustly accused of having violated faith with the state prisoners of 1798, by their detention in prison for some years after the rebellion was suppressed. They were in prison at the time of the treaty; and by express conditions with them the time of their removal was to be at the discretion of Government. That, surely, to all ordinary understanding, implies the right of continuing their imprisonment till such time as with safety to the state they could be discharged. The American representative had expressed anxiety that they should not be sent there, and there must have been, in a time of war, extreme difficulty as to their proper disposal.

There were those in Ireland at the time who would have made short work of the matter, and disposed of the prisoners on the principle acted on in the town of Tunis, in Africa the torrid, and recorded in the Anti-Jacobin Lyrics:—

"No story half so shocking,  
By kitchen fire or laundry,  
Was ever heard tell  
As that which befell  
The great *Jean Bon St. André*.

"Poor John was a gallant captain,  
In battles much delighting;  
He fled full soon,  
On the first of June,  
But he bade the rest keep fighting.

"To Paris then returning,  
Recovered from his panic,  
He translated the plan  
Of Paine's Rights of Man  
Into language *Mauritanic*.

"He went to teach at Tunis,  
Where as consul he was settled,  
Among other things,  
That the people are kings,  
Whereat the *Dey* was nettled.

"He formed a club of brothers,  
And moved some resolutions.  
'Ho! ho!' says the Dey,  
'So this is the way  
The French make revolutions.'

"The Dey then gave his orders,  
In Arabic and Persian,  
'Let no more be said,  
But bring me his head:  
These clubs are my aversion.'

"The consul quoted Wickefort,  
And Puffendorf and Grotius,  
And proved from Vattel,  
Exceedingly well,  
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

"'Twould have moved a Christian's bowels  
To hear the doubts he stated;  
But the Moors, they did  
As they were bid,  
And strangled him while he prated."

There was more than one occasion, in which men ordinarily in their sober senses thought to have acted on this precedent. In the *Pieces of Irish History*, published in America by Emmet, it is said that when they published a denial of the truth of some extracts from the report of the secret committee, a distinguished member of the Irish House of Commons proposed that the agreement with them should be regarded as at an end, and that they should be then tried, and if found guilty, as they necessarily must, be executed. Another had before this suggested, but this was, we believe, before the negotiations between them and Government, that military executions should have a retrospective operation, and that the state prisoners should be summarily disposed of. "Lord Castlereagh, with becoming dignity and humanity, vehemently discountenanced so shocking a proposal."\*

We cannot award any very high praise to the work as far as it has gone, and we trust that the future volumes may be more carefully put together. The book is not without a certain kind of value, and if it be not quite as much in the hands of students of history as a letter of Mr. Alison's predicts, it yet ought to have a place—a high place—in the public libraries.

\* Life of Curran, vol. ii. p. 44.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## CHARLES THE FIFTH, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

HIS VISITS TO ENGLAND,—HIS RETREAT TO A MONASTERY,—AND DEATH.

BY CHIRURGUS.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity."

THERE is perhaps no period within historical record more interesting than the first half of the sixteenth century: whether we regard the events that occurred or the characters which performed their parts in them, there is ample food afforded for reflection. It was then that the voice of Luther rang like a trumpet-blast throughout Europe, breaking up the fountains of the political and religious deeps, and summoning to his standard the advocates for reformation in the Catholic Church. The learned Erasmus and profound Melancthon flourished in Germany. Francis I., of magnificent memory, reigned in France. In England Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, and a host of other interesting historical characters then lived; our Elizabeth was in the bloom of her youth, and the bard of Avon about that time first drew breath.

But there was another star in the bright constellation then shining, who was conspicuous above all others for the grandeur of his position, the magnitude of his enterprises, the talent with which they were conducted, and the success by which, for a long series of years, they were attended. The name of the Emperor Charles V. has, moreover, been handed down in the annals of the Protestant faith as one of the most formidable, as well as unflinching opponents with whom that faith had at its dawn to contend. The close of the career of that prince was not less remarkable than the most brilliant occurrences of his life; and it is our intention to devote this paper to a consideration of the concluding events, prefacing them by some curious par-

ticulars of two visits paid by him to this country.

The death of the Emperor Maximilian having left the imperial throne of Germany vacant, two candidates presented themselves for the honor of filling it. Of these, one was Francis I. King of France, who had already gained reputation for valor and chivalric bearing in the battle-field, since so celebrated for another desperate fight,—the field of Marignano. The other candidate was Charles V. King of Spain. A significant incident had already proved this prince to be of no ordinary mould. At a grand tournament held at Valladolid, Charles entered the lists, though barely in his eighteenth year, and broke three lances against his master of the horse. This feat was loudly applauded; but the youthful knight, whilst he gracefully made his acknowledgments, pointed significantly to the motto "*Nondum*," (not yet,) on his shield; indicating that he aspired to higher and nobler deeds.

By a majority of the Germanic States, Charles was chosen Emperor to the great chagrin of Francis, who from that hour regarded his rival with feelings of bitter enmity. The coronation of Charles was celebrated with great pomp at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 22d of October, 1520.

Francis and Charles, whilst they entertained feelings of hostility against each other, were very desirous of courting the friendship and support of Henry VIII., the youthful King of England. Francis spared neither flattery, presents, nor promises to secure the good offices of Wolsey, then in the height of

his power; and authorized him to arrange the formalities of a solemn meeting between the Courts of England and France. Charles regarded these proceedings with a jealous eye, and determined to have an interview with Henry previous to his visit to France. It was intended to have been a surprise, but Henry was informed of it by Wolsey, who was secretly intriguing with both the rivals. Accordingly, when Henry was at Canterbury making preparations for his visit to France, "Newes\* were brought to the King, that Charles his nephue, elected Emperour of Almanie, would shortlie depart out of Spaine by sea, and come by England to go to Acon, or Aix, (a citie of fame and renowne in Germanie, for the ancient residence and sepulchre of Charlemagne,) where he received the first crowne. Wherefore the King hearing of this determination of the Emperour, caused great provisions to be made at everie haven for the receiving of his well-beloved nephue and friend; and dailie provisions were made on all sides for these noble meetings of so high princes; and especialie the Queene of England and the Ladie Dowager of France made great cost on the apparell of their ladies and gentlewomen \* \*."

Henry and his Court left Greenwich on the 21st of May, and reached Canterbury on the 25th—a rate of travelling rather different from that of the present day. "On the morrow after," says the old chronicle, "the Emperour being on the sea, returninge out of Spaine, arrived with all his navie of ships roiall on the coast of Kent, direct to the port of Hieth, the said daie by noon, where he was saluted by the vice-admiral of England, Sir William Fitzwilliam, with six of the King's great ships well furnished, which laie for the safe gard of passage betwixt Cals and Dover. Towards evening the Emperour departed from his ships and entered into his bote, and coming towards lande, was met and received of the Lord Cardinall of Yorke with such reverence as to so noble a prince appertaineth.

"Thus landed the Emperour Charles the Fifth at Dover, under his cloth of estate of the Blacke Eagle, all spread on rich cloth of gold. He had with him manie noble men, and manie faire ladies of his bloud. When he was come on land, the lord cardinall conducted him to the Castell of Dover, which was prepared for him in the most roiall manner. In the morning the King rode with all hast to the Castell of Dover to welcome the Emperour, and entering into the castell,

alighted; of whose coming the Emperour having knowledge, came out of his chamber and met him on the staires, where either of them embraced other in most loving manner, and then the King brought the Emperour to his chamber. On Whitsuntide, earlie in the morning, they tooke their horses and rode to the citie of Canterburie, the more to keepe solemne the feast of Pentecost, but speciallie to see the Queene of England, his aunt, was the Emperour his intent, of whom, ye may be sure, he was most joiefullie received and welcomed. Thus the Emperour and his retinue, both of lords and ladies, kept their Whitsuntide with the King and Queene of England in the citie of Canterburie with all joie and solace.\* The Emperour yet himself seemed not so much to delight in pastime and pleasure, but that, in respect of his youthful yeares, there appeared in him a great shew of gravitie; for they could by no means bring him to dance amongst the residue of the princes, but onelie was contented to be a looker on: peradventure the sight of the Lady Mary troubled him, whom he had sometime loved, and yet, through fortune's evill hap, might not have her to wife.†

On the 31st of May the Emperor took his departure from England, and on the same day Henry VIII. crossed from Dover to Calais on his way to that memorable interview with Francis I. immortalized as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Two years after this, another visit was paid by Charles to the British monarch, the particulars of which are even more interesting than the preceding. Henry, at all times fond of display, found in Wolsey a most able coadjutor; and in the present instance their efforts were combined to receive the Emperor on a scale of surpassing magnificence. The old chroniclers love to dwell on these scenes, and the particulars they have handed down to us are full of interest as portraying the manners and customs of the age.

\* The hall of the archiepiscopal palace at Canterbury "was of such a vast amplitude, that once, in the year 1519, it was graced with the presence of the Emperor Charles V. and King Henry VIII. at the same time; together with his royal consort Queen Katherine, whom (being the said emperor's aunt) he came to England to visit. This hall then contained these most royal persons, and all their numerous attendants, wherein they adjusted matters of state between them, exercised their triumphs, and feasted together in a most splendid manner, at the incredible cost and expenses of Warham, then archbishop"—*Strype, Life of Parker*, vol. i. p. 347.

† The Lady Mary here spoken of was the Queen-dowager of France, who was very celebrated for her beauty.

\* Holinshed's Chronicles, vol. ii. p. 853.



"King Henry, hearing that the Emperor would come to Callice, so to pass into England as he went into Spain, appointed the Lord Marquis Dorset to go to Callice, there to receive him, and the cardinal to receive him at Dover. The cardinal, taking his journey thither on the 10th of May (1552) rode through London, accompanied with two earls, six-and-thirty knights, and an hundred gentlemen, eight bishops, ten abbots, thirty chaplains all in velvet and satin, and yeomen seven hundred. The five-and-twentieth of May being Sunday, the Marquis Dorset, with the Bishop of Chichester, the Lord de la Ware, and divers others, at the water of Graveling received the Emperor, and with all honor brought him to Callice, where he was received with procession by the Lord Berners, lieutenant of the town. On Monday he took shipping at Callice, and landed at Dover; where the cardinal, with three hundred lords, knights, and gentlemen, received him, and in great state brought him to the castle, where he was lodged. On Wednesday, being Ascension Even, the King came to Dover, and there, with great joy and gladness, the Emperor and he met. On Friday in the afternoon they departed from Dover, and came that night to Canterbury, and from thence next day to Greenwich. Here, to honor the Emperor's presence, royal justs and tournaments were appointed, where the King, the Earl of Devonshire, and ten aids, kept the place against the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis Dorset, and other ten aids on their part."\* The city of London seems to have displayed its wonted hospitality on this occasion, and the chroniclers give the particulars with equal care and satisfaction,—“In this maiours yere (Sir John Milborne), and the fowertene of the Kyng, the Fridaie before Penthecoste, that is to saie the sixe daie of June, Charles the fifte, Emperour, was honourably received into the citee of London of the maiour, aldermenne, and comunalte, our Souernaige Lorde accompanying hym. And from London he went to Windsore, and sat in the stal of the garter, and from thens went to Hampton, and sailed ower the sea into Spaine.”† Another account contains other particulars, which are interesting as illustrating the pride of Wolsey,—“The Emperour was lodged at the black fryers, and all his lords in the new palace of Bridewell. On Whitsunday the King and

the Emperour rode to the cathedral church of St. Paul, where the cardinal sung mass, and had his traverse and his cupboard. Before mass, two barons gave him water, and after the gospel two earls, and at the last lavatory two dukes, which pride the Spaniards much disdained.”\* The worthy lord mayor and aldermen seem to have been so enchanted with the affability of their imperial and royal guests, that they determined to commemorate the visit by an inscription, worded in most courtier-like terms of flattery. We learn that—“In such golden bonds of love Charles and Henry seemed linked, as in London this sentence was set up in the Guildhall, over the door of the Council Chamber, where it still remaineth :—

“Carolus, Henricus vivant, defensor uterque,  
Henricus fidei, Carolus ecclesiae.”†

The events of a few years converted this compliment into a satire. Henry, the “*defensor fidei*,” became its bitterest enemy, and the love of the sovereigns was converted into gall.

We have thus seen Charles at the brightest period of his life, when in full bodily vigor and health, and rejoicing in all the energy and hope of youth. Years rolled on; fortune favored him in a wondrous manner. He was at once the bulwark of the Catholic faith and terror of the Protestants. His rival, Francis, had succumbed to his arms at Pavia, and had languished for years in a humiliating captivity. His enterprises had succeeded; and he was generally regarded as the greatest, the most prosperous, and perhaps the most envied prince in Christendom. But the tide turned, and we must pass over those bright pages of his history, and open one which displays him in a different character, and under altered circumstances.

Charles had enjoyed upwards of thirty years of prosperity; but in 1552 he drank deeply of the cup of misfortune, and a series of events occurred which ultimately led to his retirement from the world. At this period the German Protestant church was in a state of great alarm. The Emperor seemed determined at all hazards to compel observance of the decrees of the Council of Trent in his dominions—decrees which struck at the root of the reformed church.

In furtherance of this design, Charles had already commenced hostilities against Magde-

\* A Chronicle of the Kings of England, by Sir Richard Baker, Knt., fol. Lond. 1674.

† The Chronicle of Fabian, black letter, imprinted at London, 1559. See also The Chronicle of John Hardyng, black letter.

\* A Chronicle of the Kings of England, by Sir R. Baker, fol. Lond. 1674.

† Speed's History of Great Britain, fol. 1632.

burg, and general consternation reigned amongst the followers of Luther. But the designs of Charles met with a check from a quarter whence it was least expected, and a storm burst upon him with a suddenness and fury for a time overwhelming. Maurice, Elector of Saxony, was a bold ambitious man, and regarded with alarm the proceedings of Charles against the Protestants; but he owed him ill-will from another cause: his father-in-law, the Landgrave of Hesse, had been detained prisoner by Charles through a fraudulent interpretation of a treaty, and Maurice had endeavored unsuccessfully to obtain his release. It is true that Maurice was bound to Charles by heavy ties of gratitude, but this he overlooked, and proceeded with great caution and secrecy to organize a bold and extensive conspiracy against his benefactor; repeated warnings of the contemplated treachery reached Charles, but he and his minister, Granvella, treated them with contempt.

Great, therefore, was the consternation of the Emperor when he suddenly found himself involved in hostilities with the majority of the German princes, supported by the King of France, at the head of a powerful army. The machinations of Maurice had accomplished this, and Charles awoke from a dream of profound security on the brink of an awful precipice. Maurice had already invaded Franconia, and his forces were augmented by the troops of the Landgrave of Hesse, and those of the Margrave Albert, who was also detained in captivity by Charles. The strong castle of Ehrenberg was taken through the treachery of a shepherd, and Maurice pushed on with all speed for Inspruck, in the hope of surprising Charles, and making him prisoner. Everything promised to crown this design with success, but happily for Charles a mutiny broke out amongst Maurice's troops, which delayed his march a whole day. Most fortunate was this delay for Charles. Intelligence of the approaching danger reached him late in the evening, and notwithstanding that a dreadful thunder-storm raged, and that he was suffering from a severe attack of gout, he placed himself in a litter, and hurried from Inspruck. Such was the emergency, that the captive Elector of Saxony, Ferdinand the brother of the Emperor, and the rest of his suite, fled in the utmost confusion, many on foot, and ill provided against the inclemency of the weather. They made their way by torchlight through the steep and intricate passes of the Tyrol, and in this miserable plight, the once all-powerful monarch arrived

at Trent, where he snatched a few hours' repose; but, like Napoleon after Waterloo, harassed by repeated alarms, he quickly resumed his flight, by dreadful roads, to Villach, in Carinthia.

Here the fugitive monarch, feeling the mockery of retaining the Elector in longer captivity, gave him his liberty. Alas! what a contrast Charles' condition now presented, to the field of Lochau, when the Elector first bowed his knee before him! Then was he in pride every inch an Emperor; vigorous in body and haughty in spirit, the conqueror treated the misfortunes of his captive with insult; he addressed him with reproaches, and spurned him with contempt. Since then five years have rolled away, and we see that proud man broken in spirit and racked with pain, fleeing before Maurice, the man he had delighted to honor,—a homeless fugitive, without money, without friends, without the ordinary comforts of life. *His* hour had come, and the pangs of mortification must be increased tenfold by the recollection of his ungenerous conduct towards that prince to whom he now gives liberty because he can no longer retain him a prisoner.

*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Early in 1552, when Charles was in his fifty-third year, there were ambassadors from England at the court of the Emperor at Brussels, and we are made acquainted, through their despatches, with the state of the Emperor's health. We find that in March "The Emperor remained very sickly, and in more likelihood to die than to live. In case of whose mortality and departure, the council instructed the ambassadors that it was the King's pleasure that they should use such words of lamentation as might seem fit."\*

At this time it began to be bruited abroad that the intellects of the Emperor were affected, for "The Emperor's own condition was now in April such that he kept himself close, and gave no audience to any man nor was seen abroad. The reason whereof was thought to be that the despite of his ill successes had bred in him a melancholy humor, not much differing from a frenzy."† Again, in May we learn that "Touching the estate of the Emperor's person, the ambassadors sent word to the lords of the council that they could by no means learn assuredly how it was with him; for it was kept so that there was no man came abroad that was able di-

\* Strype, *Memorials Ecclesiastical*, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 8.

† *Op. cit.* p. 81.



rectly to say the Emperor is in this or that case."\* He continued in this state of profound melancholy during the whole of May, and early in June the report is, "The Emperor still continued indisposed, so that no access of the English ambassadors could be permitted to him."† However, the interview was now not far distant, for we are informed that "The 8th of June was the day the King's ambassadors had their long-expected audience of the Emperor.‡ \* \* \* They were brought into his privy chamber. There they found him sitting in a chair, with his feet on a stool, looking very pale, weak, lean, and feeble; howbeit nothing so ill as they before believed of him: for his eyes were lively enough, and his speech sensible, so that the ambassadors could not tell what to judge of him; for he had escaped so many perils of sickness, that though his color and flesh were gone, yet he might, they said, endure awhile. Yet to judge him by their sight, they said that he appeared to them a man of a short time of continuance."

"Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
Soon change the form that best we know,  
For deadly fear can time outgo,  
And blanch at once the hair.  
Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
And want can quench the eyes' bright grace,  
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace  
More deeply than despair!"

Thus it was with Charles; a canker was gnawing at his heart, and eating the green leaves from off the tree of life. Bodily suffering and disease had done much, but mortification, blasted hopes, and disappointed ambition had done more. The combination of these causes had wrought vast changes in his once vigorous mind and powerful frame, and the wreck was total.

A treaty concluded at Passau having relieved the Emperor from the hostilities of the Elector Maurice, he determined to turn his arms, so soon as he was in a condition to make war, against Henry II., then King of France; and one of his first acts was to invest Metz. Though ill with a violent fit of the gout, and so infirm that he was obliged to be carried in a litter, Charles often appeared amongst his soldiers that he might animate them with his presence. But it was all in vain; the utmost efforts of the besiegers were unable to make impression upon the garrison, and the fire of the besieged, together with disease, famine, and the inclemency of the

weather, destroyed thirty thousand of his troops. Under these disastrous circumstances, the Emperor abruptly raised the siege, exclaiming, "Fortune, I now perceive, like other fine ladies, chooses to confer her favors on young men, and forsake those who are in the decline of life."

A religious peace was concluded at Augsburg on the 26th of September, 1555, by which the free exercise of their religion was guaranteed to Protestants throughout the whole of Germany, with possession of all the revenues hitherto received from the ecclesiastical institutions. This was peculiarly offensive to the Emperor, for it absolutely blasted those hopes which he had eagerly cherished during his whole reign, of seeing once more a single and undivided church. Thus, at the time that his mind was enfeebled, and his body worn down by disease, were his sufferings aggravated by the pangs of mortified vanity and bitter disappointment. The fabric his whole life had been spent in erecting was crumbling to pieces before his eyes,—those ambitious schemes, to the realization of which he had fondly looked for years, had been rudely demolished. France, that country which he hated with all the steadfastness of Castilian hatred, was now in the ascendant, and daily increasing in European influence. His armies had been annihilated, his exchequer exhausted, and there did not even remain to him the consolation of being beloved by his people.

Under these afflicting circumstances, and conscious of his increasing bodily infirmities, he resolved to put in execution a project he had long contemplated, namely, to abdicate his throne in favor of his son Philip,\* and to pass the remainder of his life in religious retirement. There can be little doubt that the scheme of withdrawing from the world had occupied the thoughts of Charles for a long period before he was enabled to carry it into execution. Sandoval informs us that "Father

\* Charles was not the first King of Spain who resigned the sceptre for religious seclusion. Alfonso IV., surnamed "El Monge," (the Monk,) in 930 abdicated the throne of Asturias and Leon, and retired to the monastery of Sahagun. He was succeeded by his brother Ramiro II. Scarcely had Ramiro settled himself on the throne, before Alfonso, growing sick of a monastic life, reclaimed his throne, and proceeded with an army to enforce his claim. He was, however, defeated by Ramiro, and compelled to surrender. With a barbarity common in those days, his eyes were put out with hot irons, and he was again consigned to a monastery. Ramiro himself abdicated some time before his death in favor of his son Ordonez, and assuming a penitential garb, passed the rest of his days in monastic solitude.

James, (former confessor to the Emperor,) several years before his majesty withdrew, told the prior he knew he would leave the world could he do it with a safe conscience. The Emperor himself further declared, that, had his health permitted, his design was to be a lay-brother or one of the meanest servants of the monastery." He further subsequently declared to the Prior of Guadalupe that "whilst the Empress was living they had agreed that she should retire to a nunnery, and he to a monastery; but that she dying, he could not perform it sooner without leaving all Christendom exposed to inevitable ruin." Another objection was the tender age of his son, whom he could not think of loading with the government of so many kingdoms until he had arrived at a mature age; Philip had now reached his twenty-eighth year, and had displayed a decided capacity for the important duties about to be imposed upon him.

Thus relieved from the scruples which had prevented the performance of his resolution, Charles proceeded without further delay to carry it into execution. He first summoned Philip from England, where he was leading an uncomfortable life in consequence of the peevish temper of his wife, our Queen Mary. Charles then assembled the States at Brussels on the 25th of October, 1555, with all the pomp required by the importance of the transaction, and seated himself for the last time in the chair of state, having on one side his son Philip, on the other side his sister the Queen of Hungary, attended by a splendid retinue of grandees and princes.

The President of the Council of Flanders explained in a few words the Emperor's intention in convening this extraordinary meeting. He then read the instrument of resignation, which being concluded, Charles rose from his seat amidst a breathless silence, and, leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, (being unable to stand without support,) he addressed his audience with dignity mingled with sadness. He recapitulated the chief events of his life, from the seventeenth year of his age, alluding to the great deeds which had been performed in his time and by his arms. He then proceeded to state the reasons which induced him to perform the act they were that day called together to witness; that now his health was broken, his vigor exhausted, and his growing infirmities warned him to retire; that he gave them in his place a prince in the prime of life, and accustomed to govern; that he earnestly implored their forgiveness if he had committed any material error

in government, and that in retirement the remembrance of their fidelity and attachment would be his sweetest consolation. He then turned to his son Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, and addressed him in a touching speech, concluding with these words, "If the time should ever come when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give mine to you."

During these addresses the whole audience were melted into tears, and, at the conclusion, Charles sank back into his chair ready to faint with exhaustion. A few weeks after this transaction Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, resigned to his son the crown of Spain and all their territories, reserving only for himself an annual pension of 100,000 crowns.

Charles had fixed the place of his retreat at the monastery of St. Justus, in Estremadura in Spain. It was situated in a lovely valley watered by a running brook, and surrounded by hills clothed with lofty trees. Towards the end of August, 1556, he set out for Zuitberg, in Zealand, where a large fleet of Spanish, English, and Flemish vessels were assembled. On the 17th of September he set sail and reached Laredo, in Biscay, on the eleventh day. It is stated by a contemporary historian\* that, although the voyage was most prosperous, there arose such a heavy storm on the very night after he landed, that the ship he had sailed in foundered. As soon as he set foot on the Spanish shore he fell prostrate, and kissing the earth, exclaimed, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind."

From Laredo he proceeded to Burgos, borne in a litter, and suffering exquisite pain; he then pursued his course to Valladolid, where he took a final leave of his two sisters. Having now severed his last earthly ties, he considered himself thenceforth dead to the world. From Valladolid he continued on his way to Placentia, and thence to his humble retreat at St. Justus.

From an expression in one of the reports sent home by the English ambassadors, it was evidently considered that the Emperor's intellects were unsettled; indeed, there is little doubt that towards the latter part of his life he was not altogether of sound mind. The great bodily suffering he had endured, the

---

\* Sandoval.



bitter disappointments he had experienced, and the absolute cessation of activity rendered necessary by his infirmities, would, doubtless, tend to such a result. When a man after many years of activity and excitement is suddenly and wholly withdrawn from it, serious consequences ensue: the stimulus has become necessary, and its sudden withdrawal is hurtful. The attention under such circumstances becomes strongly and continually directed inwards; the mind preys upon itself; it dwells on its own movements and its own feelings until the importance of each is exaggerated, and the result is self-reproach, gloom, and despondency. The mind ceases to respond to its usual emotions, and the reason becomes impaired. Worldly business and salutary occupations are despised or regarded with indifference,—the whole attention is yielded up to the feelings,—the process of self-examination becomes the business of life,—the mental views become distorted, and clouds of gloom settle heavily on the spirit.

Some months before his resignation, Charles had sent an architect to add accommodation for him to the monastery of St. Justus; but it only consisted of six small rooms, four in the form of friar's cells, with naked walls, the other two were hung with old black cloth. There was but one chair, and that "so decayed, that it would not have yielded half-a-crown if it were to be sold." His habit was very poor and always black. In this humble retreat did Charles bury his grandeur, his ambition, with all those vast projects which for half a century had kept Europe in a ferment. His time was almost entirely occupied in devotion; the only exercise he took was in some gardens he had caused to be made, terminated by a small hermitage. He only kept a small gelding and an old mule, and was frequently unable to ride on account of a swimming in his head. When confined to his apartment, he employed his hours of leisure in making curious works of mechanism. Charles had always taken great delight in mechanics, and in order that he might indulge this taste in his retreat, he engaged Turriano, one of the most ingenious artists of the age, to accompany him thither. With him he labored in forming models of the most useful machines, as well as in making experiments with regard to their respective powers, and it was not seldom that the ideas of the monarch assisted or perfected the inventions of the artist. He relieved his mind at intervals with slighter and more fantastic works of mechanism, in fashioning puppets

which, by the structure of internal springs, mimicked the gestures and actions of men, to the astonishment of the ignorant monks, who beholding movements which they could not comprehend, sometimes distrusted their own senses, and sometimes suspected Charles and Turriano of being in compact with invisible powers. He was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go alike, he is said to have exclaimed, "Behold, not even two watches, the work of my own hands, can I bring to agree with each other according to a law; and yet, fool that I was, I thought that I should be able to govern like the works of a watch so many nations, all living under a different sky, in different climes, and speaking different languages!"

During the first year of his retreat his health and spirits were decidedly benefited; tranquillity seemed returning to his mind, and his bodily ailments troubled him less: but this calm was fallacious, and only a prelude to a darker storm. About six months before his death, the gout returned with increased severity: from this attack his mind never rallied, nor was his constitution in a condition to withstand the shock. Henceforward we have a gloomy picture of superstition and mental terror. Viewing his spiritual condition with horror, he endeavored to appease the anger of the Almighty by inflicting upon himself the most rigid abstinence, the heaviest penances, and severest flagellations. After his death the scourge of cords he used was found stiff and dyed with blood. He debarred himself all his former innocent amusements; his whole time was passed between religious exercises and acts of penance. But even the severest of these fell short of the requirements of his fevered imagination; he determined to expiate his sins by such an act as had never before been attempted,—an act the product of a wild and distempered mind. It was nothing less than to celebrate his own obsequies before his death!

Charles ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery, and every preparation to be made for a funeral. The grave was dug, the coffin made, and Charles was clothed in the habiliments of the grave. In slow and solemn procession did the monks and his domestics wend their way through the cloisters and into the chapel, a dim light being cast on the scene from the black tapers which each carried; after them followed

Charles in his shroud. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined with agonizing earnestness in the prayers which were offered up for the repose of his soul, mingling his tears with those shed by his attendants, as if they were celebrating a real funeral—the event which was soon to follow cast its shadow upon them! At length he was solemnly laid in his coffin, and the offices for the dead being concluded, the ceremony was closed by the coffin being sprinkled with holy-water in the usual form. Then all the attendants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut, and Charles left to his own meditations.

What a moral is to be drawn from this scene! What a lesson for the ambitious, the vain, the worldly-minded! Oh! ye who imagine that unalloyed happiness is to be found in the palaces of kings—who believe that the occupants of thrones bask in the sunshine of perpetual spring—think upon this! The most eloquent discourse of the orator, the utmost effort of the painter's skill must fall far short of the stern reality of the scene before us. There, wrapped in the garments of the dead, in the damp and foul atmosphere of the grave, resting upon the dust which has once been animated with life, surrounded by the mouldering remains of frail mortality, lies Charles! but a short time since owning the titles of King of Castile, Leon, Grenada, Arragon, Navarre, the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, &c.; Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Brabant, Styria, Carinthia, &c.; Count of Flanders, Burgundy and Hainault, Prince of Swabia, Count of Friesland, &c. &c. &c.

There he lies, not a cold, inanimate corpse, but a living, breathing, conscious mortal. What thoughts, what reflections must have passed through his mind during that sad hour; how absolutely he must have felt the nothingness of life, the emptiness of grandeur, the vanity of ambition, the fallacy of human expectations; doubtless the words of the Preacher presented themselves to his mind—"Then I looked on all the works my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

After some time spent in meditation, Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire.

The fatigue attendant upon this ceremony, the chill of the tomb, and the impression

made on his mind by the image of death—combined to bring on an ague, and in a short time the rehearsal was succeeded by the real performance. On the day after the scene we have described, Charles was seized with an intermittent fever; the particulars are thus given by Sandoval:—"The gout had left him for several days, and changed into an ague of another nature than what he used to have before, for the cold fit lasted twice as long as the hot; whereupon he was twice blooded, which, instead of lessening, increased it to such a degree that one fit overtook another, and thus he grew weaker; and though he took care of his bodily health, following the physician's prescriptions, yet he was much more solicitous for the concerns of his soul, confessing often, and making his last will and testament. Being near his end, he received the blessed sacrament, and desired the extreme unction might be given him, which was done at night; and the prior thinking the ceremony, as it was used to the friars, was too tedious to him, he being in some agony—all the penitential psalms, litany, and prayers being to be read—he bid Lewis Quexada, who was at the bed's head, ask him whether he should have the ceremony at length, or shortened, and he answered, 'they should oil him like a friar,' which was done accordingly, the Emperor answering to all the psalms, verse for verse, as the friars did, and then he seemed to be somewhat better. The next day he received the blessed sacrament again, with great devotion, saying 'Thou remainest in me, may I remain in Thee.' That night, after he had received the second time, he grew worse, and about two of the clock the next morning, when all were very still, he said, 'It is now time, give me that candle and crucifix,' and though he was so spent that four men could with difficulty stir him in his bed, he turned upon his side as readily as if he had ailed nothing; then, taking the crucifix in one hand and the candle in the other, he continued awhile looking on the crucifix, without speaking a word, and then, in a voice so loud that it could be heard in the other rooms, he said, 'Oh! Jesus—,' and so gave up the ghost to his Redeemer on the 21st of September, 1558."\*

Charles had left directions that his body should not be embalmed; it was therefore at-

\* There is a singular resemblance in the circumstances of the illness of Charles V. to that which was fatal to Oliver Cromwell, who died September 3, 1658. The particulars of the death of Cromwell are narrated in an article in the "Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine" for May, 1848.



tired in the shroud in which he had so recently appeared, and laid in a coffin of lead, which was again inclosed in one of chesnut, covered with black velvet; the funeral procession again wended its way to the chapel, and the remains of the once great Emperor were laid beneath the high altar. They were doomed to be speedily disturbed, however, for two days after the Corregidor of Placentia came to demand the body, and although he was prevailed on, after much entreaty, to leave it where it was, he insisted on the coffin's being opened, in order that he might see the face. The features had undergone but little alteration, and the spectators gazed upon them for the last time, with mingled awe and sorrow.

Thus died, in the fifty-ninth year of his age and forty-third of his reign, the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In his youth, and before he was bowed down by illness, he was a

noble and manly figure, full of majesty and dignity. His countenance was extremely pale, his eyes blue, his hair auburn. His aspect was grave, and a smile but rarely appeared upon his face.

We have thus placed before our readers a brief sketch of some of the prominent features in the career of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, a career not only interesting but in the highest degree suggestive and instructive. We have viewed him surrounded by all the pomp of royalty and attributes of power; we have accompanied him through sad reverses; we have followed him to his retreat; we have traced the prostration of his mind and body, have witnessed the extinction of the spark of life, and seen his remains consigned to the silent tomb.

"En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!  
Exempta sit curis, viator,  
Terra sit illa levis, precare!"

---

## THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL.

THIS highly esteemed evangelical minister, now a seceder from the Church of England, is maternally descended from an ancient Scotch family in Kincardineshire, and is, besides, paternally related to the noble house of Hamilton, as will be seen by the following genealogical sketch: The lands of Middleton in Kincardineshire were in possession of the family of Middleton so early as 1094. In 1660, John Middleton was created Earl of Middleton; but the title was forfeited by the second Earl, Charles, in 1695. From him descended Robert Middleton, who married Helen, daughter of Charles Dundas, son of Sir James Dundas, of Arniston, by whom he had two sons. Charles, his second son, born in 1726, entered the royal navy at an early age; and while commander of a 20 gun ship in the West Indies, by his courage and assiduity, took and destroyed a number of French privateers, and afforded such effectual

protection to trade and commerce, that the House of Assembly at Barbadoes voted him their thanks and a valuable sword. In 1758, he was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain; in 1774, Controller of the navy. In 1781, he was created a Baronet, with remainder to his son-in-law, Gerard Noel-Noel. In 1784, he was elected Member for Rochester; in 1787, promoted to the rank of rear-Admiral; in 1795, to that of vice-Admiral; in 1805, Admiral of the red-squadron of His Majesty's fleet; and in the same year he became First Lord of the Admiralty, a Member of the Privy Council, and a Peer of the realm, by the title of Baron Barham, with remainder to his only child Diana, wife of Sir Gerard Noel-Noel, great-grandson of the fourth Duke of Hamilton. The fruits of this marriage were a family of eighteen children, of whom the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothsley Noel was the sixteenth.—*Wills.*

From Tait's Magazine.

## DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Corrected and Enlarged, with additional Notes, Illustrative and Explanatory.* Edited by RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE.

No study is more interesting or important than the study of man. It may be pursued through a variety of means. We may observe his manners, tastes and habits; we may listen to his conversation, and mark the influence he endeavors to exercise over the minds of other men. All these may serve as indications of character, but the means by which we may most surely arrive at the truth is the perusal of the thoughts of the secret pages of the mind. Every other medium may prove false; this alone is unerring.

It is seldom, however, that an individual will allow us to read his soul, or trace his actions to their motive. We must, in general, be content with watching the changing and deceptive surface of events, while the steady undercurrent flows on, concealed from the curious gaze. When, therefore, it is possible to unlock the secret depositories of thought, and reveal the hidden springs of action, the privilege must be considered as eminently valuable, and the more so when we are permitted to investigate the motives of such men as Samuel Pepys, who enjoyed high offices, and fulfilled their duties with distinguished ability, if not with the most scrupulous conscience, and who exerted considerable influence over the affairs of the period. His diary is valuable as depicting to us many of the most important characters of the times. Its author has bequeathed us the records of his heart, the very reflection of his energetic mind; and his quaint but happy narrative clears up numerous disputed points, throws light into many of the dark corners of history, and lays bare the hidden substratum of events which gave birth to, and supported, the visible progress of the nation. We are introduced to the public characters of his time, divested of those deceptive trappings which led their contemporaries and biographers to view them, not as they were, but as

they wished the world to think them. For this, and many other reasons, is the diary valuable; and among the numerous claims it possesses to the attention of the public, is the graphic yet simple language in which the able but simple-minded Clerk of the Acts relates his extraordinary experience.

Born during one of the most eventful periods of our history, educated in the spirit of the times, and thrown by the accidents of fortune into the very centre of political movement, no man could have been better fitted than Samuel Pepys to present us with a faithful picture of the Court, of public opinion, and of the state of society as it existed in his age. Our diarist, while delineating other men, paints also himself, and by mingling the description of his conduct as a public servant with that of his domestic eccentricities, convinces us of his sincerity. We know he is writing the truth, for he never flatters himself nor others, but exhibits, with his abilities, his success, and his virtues, his faults and failings, his follies and his foibles, with the same degree of frankness. Certainly the diary was never intended by him for publication—of this we have undoubted testimony. Indeed, were such not the fact, its value would be immensely diminished in our eyes; and instead of ranking, as it now does, among the most curious and interesting works which the present century has produced, it would dwindle down in our esteem to a mere lively fiction.

Samuel Pepys was born on the 23d of February, 1632, whether at Brampton, a small country town, or in London, is a disputed point. The first germs of that varied knowledge which afterwards contributed to carry him so successfully through the world, were planted in his mind at Huntingdon. Thence he was removed to St. Paul's school, and thence to Trinity College, Cambridge.



The early years of his life are enveloped in obscurity. A large portion of them seem to have been passed under the roof of a noble relative, Sir Edward Montague, though what situation he filled in this family is not determined. Indeed, until the commencement of the present diary we can find no authentic account of his life. He began to write it shortly after he was appointed as clerk in some office of the Exchequer, connected with the pay of the army; and we propose accompanying him through some portions at least of his experience, and touching on a few of the curious passages of his life.

Pepys introduces himself to us on the 1st of January, 1659, in a garret in Ale Yard, with his wife and servant, living in frugal style; yet, in spite of his humble position, not without influence in high quarters. For a considerable time we find him engaged in public business, an account of which he sets down with scrupulous accuracy, occasionally pausing to describe the good dinners he enjoyed, and the little inconveniences he suffered, in his daily walks to and from the office. This portion of the diary, in addition to its intrinsic value as a record of affairs during the period of the Restoration, is curious in the extreme, when regarded as a picture of the times—a representation of manners and habits which would clash strangely with modern notions of civilization. Pepys describes how he came home with his wife one evening through the Park, when a poor woman offered to race her for a pot of ale, and, moreover, won the wager. Numerous instances of this sort occur; and in every page we discover testimony of the immense alteration which has since taken place in the topography as well as the state of society in the metropolis. We find mention of a little water-brook which traversed the Strand, and found its outlet in the Thames; and of numerous other facts which attest the change that has since come over the aspect of London. But, perhaps, the most engrossing feature in this portion of the diary, is the extraordinary excitement which appears to have prevailed throughout society with regard to the movements of General Monk. For a long time his intentions were hidden in uncertainty; but when it at length became publicly known that he had declared for the King, London appears to have been frenzied with joy. From one end to the other the city was red with the blaze of bonfires, and the incessant chime of bells attested the general feeling. The King's health, hitherto interdicted, was drank in the public streets; and when a rumor went

abroad that some one would rise up in the House of Commons and protest against the restoration of Charles Stuart, a damp fell upon men's minds, which was only dissipated by the assurance that no such protest would be permitted. All the incidents connected with these important movements are related with faithful minuteness. We trace events from their very roots, and see how they branch and give birth to others, which ramify through the whole complicated scheme of public affairs. Taking himself as the centre of the narrative, Pepys describes a wide circle, and makes us intimately acquainted with all who came within its range. The diary is a history both of persons and opinions.

Following the humble clerk in his progress, we find him writing with a steady hand for his own advancement, making friends in every quarter, and conciliating those whom he fancied to be hostilely inclined. It was at once perceived by his friends that he would rise to power and influence, and those who could not hope to step before him, pushed him on, trusting that from his elevation he might lend a helping hand to them. By whatever means, however, the conclusion was brought about, certain it is that, on the 22d of March, 1660, we find Pepys, after passing through much trouble, and smoothing down, by his ability and industry, countless obstacles, receiving his warrant as secretary to the two generals of the fleet. "Strange," he says, alluding to the venality of those around him, "how people do now promise me anything—one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine, or a gun, and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a service. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby."

Embarking on board Sir E. Montague's ship, Samuel Pepys accompanied the expedition sent to bring Charles II. to England. During the many negotiations which attended this movement, our diarist was continually surrounded by those who trusted to profit by his friendship. Each sought to win his regard. One sent him a piece of gold, another a vessel of wine, another some costly ornaments, another assailed his ears with adulation, another courted his friendship by promises, while others endeavored to secure it by unblushing bribery. Nowhere, however, do we find Pepys occupying himself with his own affairs to the prejudice of his duties as a public servant. He pursues his functions with unwearying vigor, writing and reading memorials, receiving deputations, holding counsel with the naval authorities, and de-

spatching an infinite variety of business. His advice appears to have been sought, and often acted upon, by the most distinguished individuals. He was employed to draw up a very important vote relative to the decision of a council of war, and expressing that which was most favorable to the monarchy. Pepys thus describes its reception:—

“He that can fancy a fleet like ours, in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud ‘*Vive le roi!*’ echoed from one ship’s company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it.”

On the 14th of May the expedition arrived at its destination, and on the 23d the King embarked amid, as Pepys expresses, an infinite and confused shooting of guns. His Majesty entertained the officers during the homeward passage with the account of his adventures, perils and escapes, and, finally, on the 29th of May, entered Whitehall in triumph. We find this passage of English history thus described in a quaint but curious and rare book very nearly out of print:—

“And it came to pass on the 29th day of the fifth month, which is called May, that the King was conducted in great state to his palace at Whitehall, and all the people shouted, saying, ‘Long live the King!’”\*

The secretary to the two generals is now again in London, where we find him alternately devoting his time and attention to business and pleasure, new suits, and choice dinners. Flattery and bribes attend him incessantly. Now he finds, on returning home from his office, that a packet of chocolate (a rarity then) has been left for him, now five pounds are slipped into his hand, now a silver case is presented to his wife, and now a case of costly liquors comes unorderly to his door. About this time it was thought fit in influential quarters that Pepys should be rewarded for his services during the expedition to Holland, and a place was sought for him. The situation of Clerk of the Acts was an important one, and numerous were those who aspired to its dignity and emolument. It was hinted that Pepys was to fill it, and the rumor caused great excitement among those who aspired to the post. One individual offered him £500 to desist from it. “I pray God

direct me what to do herein,” says our diarist. But he appears soon to have made up his mind; for on the 20th of June he received the warrant, and his altered position now begins to show itself in a more profuse style of living, in more costly clothes, and greater indulgence of his tastes, at all times eccentric and extravagant. Yet Pepys, though holding a very important civil post, receiving a handsome salary, and mingling in noble society, loved to busy himself with the most homely domestic arrangements, and found amusement in the most trifling incidents. In one page he describes how he caused his servant girl to wash the wainscot of his parlor, and how this afforded him great sport; and in the next relates the entertainment he derived from seeing a gentleman fall into a kennel in the Poultry.

The Duke of Gloucester died early in September, 1660, and caused a great gap at Court. His funeral was celebrated with some pomp, though Pepys, while making much account of the mourning he purchased for himself and his wife, describes little of the ceremony; preferring to ramble on to an account of his drinking wine at the Hope Tavern, eating 200 walnuts, and receiving a barrel of samphire from a friend. Appointed one of the justices of peace for Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and Southampton, he confesses, with ingenuous frankness, that though mightily pleased with this honor, he is wholly ignorant of the attendant duties.\*

Pepys was, of course, attached to royalty, and accordingly we find him writing and speaking of King Charles with the utmost respect, paying deference to his slightest wish, rejoicing at the punishment of his enemies, and exerting himself vigorously in his service; but, when describing a visit to Sir W. Batten’s house, he lets out the fact that in his earlier years he was a furious enemy of king and crown. Speaking of his meeting with an old schoolfellow, “a deadly drinker,” as he terms him, he says: “I was much afraid he would remember the words I said on the day when the King was beheaded—that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be, ‘The memory of the wicked shall rot.’” However, the Clerk of the Acts sufficiently proves, that if he once entertained ideas inimical to royalty, he abandoned them as he grew older, and we find him as staunch and loyal a subject as even a king could wish.

\* “The Chronicles of the Kings of England, by Nathan Ben D. Saddi, a Servant of God, of the House of Israel.”

\* How strangely the following sentence sounds in these days:—“I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never drank before.”



Yet, though courtly in his predilections, he is as homely and domestic as the most humble tradesman. Some strange points of his character show themselves in the following extract:—

"My father and I discoursed seriously about my sister's coming to live with me; and yet I am much afraid of her ill nature. I told her plainly, my mind was to have her come *not as a sister but as a servant*; which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy.

\* \* \* Found my wife making of pies and tarts to try the oven with, but not knowing the nature of it, did heat it too hot, and so a little overbake our things; but knows how to do better another time.

"15th (Nov).—To Sir W. Batten's to dinner, he having a couple of servants married to-day, and as there was a number of merchants and others of good quality, on purpose after dinner to make an offering, which, after dinner we did, and I did give ten shillings, and no more, though I believe most of them did give more, and did believe that I did so too.

"21st.—At night to my violin (the first time I have played on it in this house) in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbors come forth into the yard to hear me."

In the beginning of the year 1661 we find Pepys occupying a handsome house belonging to the navy, and furnished with considerable luxury. His income increases gradually, and he finds himself enabled to indulge in expensive pleasures, and to lavish great sums upon dress and good living. Although burthened with an immense amount of business, and having continual calls made upon his time, he is yet able to walk about and amuse himself in society and at the theatre as often as his inclination turned that way. On the 3d of January he mentions, that he for the first time saw women acting on the stage. Previously it was the custom for boys or young men of effeminate appearance to play the female parts; and one Kinaston is spoken of as appearing in three different characters. Another curious trait of the manners of the period is given, where he says, that being seated in a dark place at the theatre, a lady spat upon him by mistake, "but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady I was not troubled at all."

The King's coronation, which took place on the 23d of April, afforded Pepys a day of extreme enjoyment, for he seems ever to be delighted with gilded show and pageant, with feasting and public demonstrations of joy. Standing on the summit of a lofty building, he describes the aspect of the city at

night, the rejoicing of the dense multitudes, the thronged streets, and the bonfires which surrounded London with a light like a glory. The merry-making and drinking which concluded the day somewhat unsettled his head, but we, nevertheless, find him at the proper hour in his office. He received a message from his uncle a few days after, begging that he would send down to a poor man, named Perkins, a miller, whose mill the wind had destroyed, an old fiddle, "for he hath nothing now to live by but fiddling, and he must needs have it by Whitsuntide to play to the country girls: but it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to buy him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one."

Pepys gained the confidence, if not the friendship, of most of those with whom he was associated. The secrets of state were no secrets to him. That which was a mystery to the popular eye was revealed to his favored gaze; and intrigue, and cautious diplomacy, were often regulated by his advice. About the beginning of July, 1661, his attention was somewhat distracted by the news of his uncle's severe illness. He was not well known to the old man, and could not nourish much affection for him; but he entertained great expectations from him, and was, consequently, glad in some respects, though sorry in others, when the intelligence of his dissolution arrived. A special messenger woke him in the morning with the news, and before midnight he was at Brampton, where his father and numerous relatives were assembled. The body lay in the hall, but already gave forth unpleasant evidences of decomposition. "I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night," says Pepys, who then went to bed, greedy, as he confesses, to see the will. In this he was somewhat disappointed. His uncle had left him but little, though on his father's death he was promised the reversion of a large property. However, his uncle's death made some additions to his wealth, and he appears upon the whole to have been well contented with the result. A strange love of the theatre now took possession of his mind, at which he was much troubled, for it broke upon his business and wasted his time. The fascination was too great for him to resist; he was continually either at the opera or the playhouse, and satiety seems not to have diminished his taste for dramatic representations. When we consider how often we meet him in the theatre, in the parks, among gay company, at convivial parties, it seems marvellous how he was

enabled to carry through so vast an amount of public business. Had he applied himself more assiduously to his duties, he might have brought more honor upon himself; as it was, he was pre-eminent for his industry and diligence among the idle *employées* of an administration, energetic enough for ordinary times, but not sufficiently vigorous to press through the portentous multitude of affairs which thronged upon the country in those eventful years.

On the 30th of September an event occurred, which our diarist relates in an exceedingly amusing manner. The French and Spanish ambassadors, on the occasion of the entrance of a Swedish envoy, were to appear in public, and traverse a portion of the city in their carriages. A quarrel concerning precedence arose, and assumed a serious aspect. Threatening intimations were exchanged, and warnings given by each party to the other, that, unless they yielded the point with good grace, it should be carried by force of arms. The thing was made public, and London looked forward with interest to the day.

The conduct of the authorities on this occasion forms a singular illustration of the state of civilization then existing. At present the constabulary force, in case such an affair arose, would merely receive orders to keep the peace, and all attempts at disturbance would be quelled with little or no difficulty. It was different in 1661. The King expressed a desire that the quarrel might be allowed to take whatever course it would, and that no measures should be adopted to prevent a collision. His wish was strictly acted upon, and multitudes thronged out to see the result. The respective embassies presented the appearance of fortresses whence hostile forces were about to emerge. The Spanish coach, with chain harness, and surrounded by fifty soldiers with naked swords, first moved along the streets. Its guards were silent, and bore determination in their faces. The French came out, trooping with shouts and clamor round their carriage, and in a few minutes the public thoroughfare was the scene of a desperate conflict. The Spaniards fought resolutely, and, notwithstanding that they were without fire-arms, and were exposed to the shots of their opponents, succeeded in killing a good many, and eventually carried their position and drove their ambassador's coach on before that of the French minister could be stirred, for they had cut up the harness and stabbed the horses. Immense excitement prevailed in the city, but nothing more came of the affair.

Samuel Pepys commences his diary for 1662, by relating how, on waking on the morning of the first of January, he hit his wife a blow in the face with his elbow. Yet the reader must by no means infer from this that the work is occupied in the narration of trivialities, for such trifling incidents as these are only links in the chain which makes us acquainted with so much that is curious and interesting, that we confess to being at a loss what passages to select as most remarkable. This much may unhesitatingly be said of the diary, that, for novelty of detail, interest, liveliness, embodiment of character, and the delineation of events, it far surpasses any work of fiction we ever remember to have read. This is high praise. The creations of the mind may be wrought up to any pitch—they may be painted in the brightest colors, worked into the most startling and exciting combinations; the narration of facts must confine itself within the channel of history, and that admits of no embellishment—but the very truth and simplicity of the diary constitute one of its most powerful charms. To follow Pepys through his whole experience, through a tenth or twentieth portion of it, would be impossible in the limits to which we are confined, and we therefore pass over, with regret, large portions of the journal, that we may not exhaust our space too early. Though the Dutch war did not break out until some considerable period after, England, in the middle of the year 1662, began to be clouded by dusky shrouds of apprehension; the public mind felt strong presentiments of coming hostilities, and ominous precautions woke our dockyards and arsenals into brisk activity. Pepys was engaged more deeply than ever in public transactions. The navy authorities were ordered to fit and equip twenty vessels for an emergency, and every dockyard rang with the notes of preparation. The state of the country was, however, by no means such as to render a bursting of the bonds of European peace at all desirable, or even safe, and alarm and apprehension appear to have weighed upon many minds besides those whose private interest lay in the preservation of tranquillity.

It was about this time that Pepys conceived the idea, then a very unusual one, of studying the rules of arithmetic, his ignorance of which was a great obstacle to the progress of business. We find him working hard at the multiplication table, and engaged with a teacher, after office-hours, in mastering the more difficult portions of the study. In this, as in everything else, our diarist made rapid pro-



gress, and soon acquired sufficient knowledge of it to enable him to reckon with considerable facility. The study of figures did not, however, occupy so much of his time as to prevent him from pursuing his inclinations whenever he wished to take a little pleasure. Seldom did he spend an entire day at the office. Sunday afforded him a rare period of relaxation. He, however, almost invariably went to church:—

“3d (Lord’s Day.) Up early, and, with Capt. Cook, to the dockyard; a fine walk and fine weather. Commissioner Pett came to us, and took us to his house, and showed us his garden and fine things, and did give us a fine breakfast of bread and butter, and sweatmeats, and other things with great choice, and strong drinks, with which I could not avoyde making my head ache, though I drank but little. By and by, to church, by coach, with the commissioner, and had a dull sermon; a full church, and had some pretty women in it, among others, Beek Allre, who was a bride’s-maid to a new-married couple that came to church to-day, and, which was pretty strange, sat in a pew hung with mourning for a mother of the bride’s, which, we think, should have been taken down. After dinner, the commissioner and I to his house, and had syllabub, and saved his claret, which came short of what I expected; but there was fine models of ships in it, indeed, wherewith I could not judge of. Amongst other things, Pett told me how despicable a thing it is to be a hangman in Poland, although it be a place of credit; and that, in his time, there was some repairs to be made of the gallows there, which was very fine, of stone; but nobody could be got to mend it till the burgomaster, or mayor of the town, with all the companies of those trades which were necessary to be used about those repairs, did go in their habits, with flags, in solemn procession, to the place, and there the burgomaster did give the first blow with his hammer upon the wooden work, and the rest of the masters of the companies upon the works belonging to their trades, that so workmen might not be ashamed to be employed upon doing of the gallows work.”

With such little facts as these Pepys interlards his diary, and renders it curious as well as amusing. But weightier matters of state now chiefly occupied his mind. The foreign relations of the country were every day becoming more complicated, and Holland was fast verging towards a war. Yet, with all the rumors that were afloat, with all the anxiety with which the public mind was filled, the author of the diary relates how, one night, being overtaken with darkness while in a boat, he passed up the Thames, and hailed every vessel as he rowed by, but for a considerable time received no answer from either mer-

chantman or man-of-war, all apparently being buried in sleep. He says, and probably with much truth, that had an enemy been enabled to ascend so high, they might have committed incredible damage in the river, and struck a severe blow in the very heart of London, ere the aroused population could have hurried to its defence. Petty plots and factions now disturbed the city, party spirit agitated the councils of state, and altogether the condition of the country was ill-calculated to stand the shock of war. The navy, however, had, partly through the results of Pepys’ measures, risen to great efficiency, and promised to interpose a formidable bulwark between the shores of this island and the assaults of a foreign invader. While the actual condition of society, therefore, was such as to render war a hazardous undertaking, the fleets of England could be calculated on with more than ordinary confidence.

Pepys sums up an account of his worldly condition at this period as follows:—

“Strange to see, having mind to revert to its former practice of loving plays and wine, but this night I have again bound myself to Christmas next. I have also made up, this evening, my monthly balance, and find that I am worth about £680, for which the Lord God be praised. My condition at present is this:—I have long been building, and my house, to my great content, is now almost done. My Lord Sandwich has lately been in the country, and very civil to my wife, and hath himself spent some pains in drawing a plot of some alterations in our house there, which I shall follow as I get money. As for the office, my late industry hath been such as I have become as high in reputation as any man there, and good hold I have of Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Cartret, which I am resolved, and it is necessary for me, to maintain by all fair means.”

Pleased with the appearance of a new lace hatband, Pepys resolves that for the future his great expense shall be hatbands; and this he expresses in so simple, and withal, solemn a manner, as to make us smile, while the next sentence hurries us to affairs of national importance. Rising in favor with his noble friends, those whom he felt it his interest to please, resented, as an almost necessary consequence, the jealousy of certain other individuals who made it their business to watch his actions and, when possible, thwart his designs. Seldom, however, did their machinations result in success, for the Clerk of the Acts was too securely fixed in Court favor to be easily upset. Some remains of a great treasure which, it was said, lay concealed in the earth, beneath the vaults of the Tower,

set him, with various others, at the task of searching for it, and he complains grievously that he allowed himself to be made a fool of, though during the prosecution of the enterprise, he was among the most enthusiastic, dining on a barrel-head in a cellar, and working with the pickaxe with immense energy. The affairs of Tangier began about this time to attract a considerable share of public attention, and with the preparation for the war, which in the eyes of statesmen was then deemed inevitable, fully occupied the national mind. Pepys, on account of these affairs, was looked upon by the Government with still greater favor, and consequently his patronage was still more sought. Those who could not hope to secure it by the usual acts of friendship, endeavored to buy the favor they could not otherwise win:—

“W. Warren comes to my door, and left a letter and a box for me, and went his way. His letter mentions giving me and my wife a pair of gloves; but opening the box, we found a pair of plain gloves for my hand, and a fair state-dish of silver, and cup, with my arms ready cut upon them, worth I believe about £18, which is a very noble present, and the best I ever had yet. So, after some contentful talk with my wife, she to bed, and I to rest.

“Mr. Cole sent me five couple of ducks.”

Yet, though those who sought to obtain situations under him were profuse in their promises of diligence when appointed to their new posts, Pepys had much reason to be disappointed with the conduct of his colleagues and those who labored under his direction; for he complains bitterly of the apathy and indolence of the men whose duty it was at that crisis to exert their utmost energies in the public service. Heavy debts weighed upon the navy, and the revenues of the country were far from being adequate to their immediate liquidation. The expenses of Tangier, too, hung like a dead weight upon the executive, and contributed annually to exhaust the national purse. In addition to these sources of discomfort, many others sprang out of the factious spirit of the times, numerous quarrels agitated the Court, and the middle orders followed in the wake of the corrupted aristocracy, an aristocracy which then had better not have been than have been as it was—not as it is now, a proud thing for the country to boast of—but a pleasure-seeking class, living solely for itself, and careless of the welfare of the nation. Many efforts were made to arrange and regulate the balance of public affairs; and had there been a few more such

men as Pepys, the attempt would doubtless have resulted in no small degree of success. As it was, perplexities thickened upon the empire. However, he performed his share, and the country owed him its gratitude, though certainly he contrived all the while to work well for his own advancement also. He seems not so much to have coveted high station as great wealth, though dignity, the pomp of place, and the pride of power were not without their attractions in his eyes.

We must, however, linger but little with political matters. The private life of Pepys is perhaps more interesting, and to that we shall chiefly confine ourselves. He continued to amass wealth with great facility; some of it he stored up in his house, or lent at interest, to provide, as it were, for the winter of his life, and another portion he expended in fitting up and furnishing his house, of which he seemed exceedingly fond, and in increasing his own wardrobe and that of his wife, for of scarcely anything did he make more account than of costly apparel. He comprehended the value of making friends, and was, moreover, partial to convivial society, so that we continually find him at home surrounded by a numerous company who relished his wit, his ready conversation, and his overflowing jocularly, at the same time that they enjoyed his hospitality—hospitality which was profuse and cordial, but the expense of which he nevertheless calculated, and perhaps sometimes regretted. He seems to have been happy enough at this period of his life; and even when death struck a blow at his family and took a victim from it, the event makes little impression on his mind. But when, on Christmas day, his wife, whether by design or chance, began to inquire of him what she should do in case of his sudden decease, he for a moment was thrown into a serious train of thought, and resolves to make a will, that in case of such an event she should not be left unprovided for. At this time he was not more than thirty years of age, though from his manner of writing, his high position, his influence at Court, and in the councils of state, and every other circumstance, the reader will doubtless be impressed with the idea of a man considerably older.

Lord Sandwich, who hitherto had been very intimate with Pepys, and shown great favor to him, now appeared to retreat into dignified reserve, and evince evident symptoms of having experienced offence. Our diarist appears greatly troubled at this fact, and turns over in his mind every imaginable reason for the sudden change. He forms



several projects for again installing himself in his favor, and proposes to invite him to a grand dinner, but checks himself with the idea that it would involve an expense of £12, a serious sum in those days. Formerly Lord Sandwich had always shown much civility to the wife of the Clerk of the Acts; but now his demeanor was changed. For this Pepys cannot account, though after the lapse of a week or two he sets his mind at ease, with the conviction that the regretted coolness existed only in his fancy. We discover, in this portion of the diary, that the hard-worked *employée* is not totally destitute of literary abilities:—

“This evening I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which, under the title of ‘Love a Cheate,’ ten years ago I began at Cambridge, and, reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein in that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.”

Sir W. Warren, whom we have before introduced to our readers as having presented Pepys with a pair of gloves and a silver dish and cup, again meets our eye under the same circumstances. Dining at the Sun Tavern with Pepys, he slipped a paper into his hand, containing, as he said, a pair of gloves for his wife, and continued the conversation without interruption. Arrived at his own house, the Clerk of the Acts was at much pains to get his wife out of the room, without telling her directly to go, that he might examine the packet, which was weighty, and seemed to contain more than a pair of gloves. At length he succeeded in being left alone, and found that he had been presented with forty pieces of gold, a circumstance which gladdened his heart so much that he lost his appetite:—

“I was at great loss what to do, whether to tell my wife of it or no, for fear of making her think me to be in a better condition, or in a better way of getting money, than yet I was.”

The expectation which had for so long a period grown upon the nation that a war with Holland was approaching, now appeared to be near its fulfilment. As the commercial relations of the two countries became gradually more and more complicated, so did it become more and more evident that no amicable settlement could be arrived at. Offences had multiplied on either hand, and the provocatives to hostility continued to ripen and grow fiercer with time. To the already formidable array of causes for quarrel was added the element of popular superstition.

The plague had lately devastated the towns of Holland; ominous fires had been seen to burn in the sky over Amsterdam, and the peasants in the provinces saw with terror the birth of numerous portentous phenomena. The time was come, it was said, when England owed it to herself to assert her power, and vindicate her honor, and it was only left for her to strike a decisive blow. A warlike tone diffused itself over the whole face of society here at home, and every addition made to the national armament was hailed with satisfaction. On their part, the Dutch occupied themselves in concentrating their naval force, and taking up advantageous positions on the high seas. Pepys breaks off in his narrative of these affairs to speak of the following incident:—

“Not being very well, I went betimes to bed. About eleven o’clock, knowing what money I have in the house, and hearing a noise, I began to sweat worse and worse, till I melted almost to water. I rang, and could not, in half an hour, make either of the wenches hear—and this made me fear the more, lest they might be gagged; and then I began to think that there was some design in a stone being flung at the window over our stairs this evening, by which the thieves meant to try what looking there would be after them, and know our company. These thoughts and fears I had, and do hence apprehend the fears of all such men that are covetous, and have much money by them. At last Jane came, and then I understand ‘it was only the dog wants a lodging, and so made a noise.’”

At length the Dutch war burst forth. The tumult of battles disturbed the European seas, and the whole attention of the country was riveted upon the result. It speedily appeared that the navies of Holland, though bravely manned and well appointed, were no match for those of England; and joyful acclamations shook our towns and cities as the news of each succeeding victory arrived. Pepys became now of more importance than ever; his services were more valuable, and more fully recognized by the higher authorities. This he chiefly valued inasmuch as it led to the increase of his worldly wealth, and the better appreciation of his talents by the public. On the 31st of December, 1664, while the Dutch quarrel was agitating with unusual vigor, and the plague was growing at Amsterdam, he calculates his wealth and finds himself to possess £1,349, having spent £420, and laid up £540, during the course of that year. His family then consisted of his wife, for whom he seems to have entertained much affection, though he had an odd fashion of

showing it; Mercer, her maid; the chambermaid, Besse; the cookmaid, Jane; a little girl, and Tom Edwards, a boy whom he took from the King's chapel. "As pretty and loving a family I have as any man in England," says he with infinite complacency, "and I am in good esteem with everybody, I think."

He seems to have been in continual alarm lest his house should be robbed, and gives us an account of many nights passed by him in sleepless anxiety, when every sound—the sighing of the wind, the running of a mouse—was construed in his mind to be the noise of robbers. One evening, having lingered until a late hour at his office to finish a matter of business, he received a message from home to the effect that he was wanted, as his wife had heard strange sounds about the house, such as men walking over the leads. The store of money which lay treasured in his chamber instantly raised his fears, and he immediately repaired home, when his alarm was strengthened by the appearance of some suspicious persons lurking in a dark entry. All night he lay breathless with terror, and trembling at every sound, and relieved by the break of dawn only to experience still greater fears when the evening came round again. However, no attempts at robbery were made, and the only real danger he seems to have run was that of being burnt out of house and home by the carelessness of his maid-servant, who allowed a candle to burn all night on the floor close to her bed-hangings.

One fact seems now to lighten his heart to an inexpressible degree. Lord Sandwich became as cordial as was his wont, and came to dine with Pepys, addressing his wife with much familiarity, and assuming all the manners of a hearty friend. A sad and serious national calamity, however, threw a damp upon his spirits. The "London," a magnificent vessel, with an armament of eighty brass guns, and manned with a chosen crew, blew up while passing the Nore, and sunk, a shattered wreck. Twenty-five souls were all that survived the catastrophe, which filled the city at the time with a general gloom. But nothing appears equal to the task of dispelling that jovial spirit which supported Pepys under the most melancholy circumstances. The lightest breath of pleasure or profit served to dissipate the heaviest cloud of gloom that ever hung upon his soul; and while the public mind was filled with misgiving and apprehension, he pursues his joyous course, happy in his home, his wife, his wealth,

his consequence, and all the other blessings which fortune had showered upon him. Numerous circumstances combined about this time to raise Pepys in his own estimation, as well as that of the numerous individuals who watched his every action, and hoped or feared as fortune appeared favorable or contrary to him. The King himself held a long conversation with him, asked his opinion on various naval matters, and spoke to him in a familiar manner. The Duke of Albemarle, too, walked alone with him in his garden, expressing great approbation of his measures, and calling him the right hand of the navy, and saying that nothing could be done without him; "at which," says he, "I am not a little proud."

There is an old proverb which says that good fortune is the sure presage of ill-luck. In a limited sense, this was true in the case of Pepys. He was disturbed from his complacent dreams by the reflection that, while extending the power and efficiency of the navy, he had also lavished sums of money for which he was in no way inclined to be called to account. Not that he had dishonestly appropriated these sums, but that occasionally he had not been careful enough in their disbursement, and had been guilty in some instances of reckless profusion:—

"27th April, (1665.) Creed dined with me; and, after dinner, walked in the garden, he telling me that my Lord Treasurer now begins to be scrupulous, and will want to know what became of the £26,000 saved by my Lord Peterborough, before he parts with any more money, which puts us into new doubts and me into a great fear that all my cake will be dough still."

His frequent absence from the office, too, began to be noticed, and he feared that it would incur for him the displeasure of his superiors in power. Walking in the Park one afternoon, he saw the King, and immediately hurried away lest he should be observed, for he knew that there were those who, having the King's ear, and jealous of his attentions to the new favorite, would not fail to turn these trifling circumstances to the disadvantage of one of whose successes they were jealous.

The long-expected plague, which had appeared for a considerable period to hang as a threatening cloud over the metropolis, now began to show itself in London, and daily was the number of those doors increased on which the red cross attested the presence of death. A gloom was shed over the city, and all its inhabitants seemed to feel that the pestilence had only showed itself, prepara-



tory to spreading through the whole population. The dead-carts began to creak along almost deserted streets, and wagons and coaches filled the highways which led from the metropolis, burthened with those whom terror had driven to seek refuge in the country. Seventeen or eighteen hundred perished every week. Friends shunned each other's presence; the father feared the son, the son feared the father—every one fearing that communication brought death along with it. In the last week of August, 1665, the mortality of London increased to 7,000, and in the first week of September it rose to nearly 9,000. The inhabitants knew not what to do—where to seek safety. Thousands would have fled but possessed not the means; thousands had not the energy to fly, and thousands fell victims to the disease almost ere they were aware of its approach. It seemed as if a curse had fallen on the city. Men issued from their homes in vigorous health, and died ere they reached their destination. To-day a family was complete, and to-morrow perhaps most of its members were carried forth to their graves. The social meeting was dispersed by a whisper of the plague, and the few passengers in the streets went out of their way to avoid meeting the cart that conveyed the victims to their unconsecrated graves. Nearly every one holding a public office fled the town, and left the affairs of the nation to be ruled by chance, or by ignorant and inexperienced deputies. This was peculiarly unfortunate in times so anxious and important, and it was then that Pepys enjoyed the opportunity of affording an evidence of his unflinching and fearless character. He remained at his post as a true soldier remains under his standard when his companions have either fallen or fled, and exerted his utmost energies to support the heavy burthen of business which pressed upon his department of the public service. He, however, sent his family to Greenwich, whither he himself also repaired as soon as the calls of business had been satisfied. The Dutch were on the English coast, and threatened a descent upon Margate. Pepys was resolved that for no fault of his should his country lose a particle of its honor, and he applied himself with vigor to the task of regulating the affairs of the English navy; and his steady application counterbalanced many of the evils which would otherwise have resulted from the absence or negligence of the other officials. And all this while the plague was devastating the city, death striking down hundreds of human beings every day; and

all the bells of London tolled in dismal chime, the dull echoes never ceasing to sound in the ears of those who feared every moment to be seized with the frightful disease.\*

"Mr. Marr tells me how a maid-servant of Mr. John Wright's, who lives thereabouts, falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her, who being once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window and run away. The nurse coming and knocking, and having received no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so, who and his lady were in great strait what to do to get her buried; at last, resolved to go to Burntwood, hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not: so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which they did, and they got one of the pest-coaches and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Broune, with his friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtain drawn close. The latter being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, thrust his head out of his own into her coach to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in as ill dress, who stunk mightily, which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they came up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright that nearly cost him his life, but he is now well again."

We perceive that our limits are rapidly drawing in; we must, therefore, with whatever regret we may do so, pass on rapidly through the diary, and leave unnoticed numerous interesting and curious passages. The plague grew upon the city; the river was deserted, and the silent and melancholy streets were covered with grass. In the beginning of October, however, the bills of mortality decreased, and this fact, together with the intelligence of several victories over the Dutch, contributed to shed a little light upon the general gloom which hung upon the public mind. But this was but a temporary respite, for the disease recovered strength and continued to rage with greater fury than ever; and so the year 1665 ended, and left Pepys in a better condition than he ever was

\* The pestilence is thus spoken of in the curious work from which we have already quoted:—"But the anger of the Lord was kindled against the King and against the people of England, and he smote the land with a dreadful pestilence, insomuch that there died in one year upwards of sixty and seven thousand persons."

before. He had succeeded Mr. Pary as commissioner for the affairs of Tangier, and had, moreover, been nominated to the post of surveyor of the victualling department. His savings had increased from £1300 to £4400. One fact, however, troubled him. Lord Sandwich had fallen in the estimation of the Court, and was sent as ambassador to Spain, and the Duke of Albemarle had not risen in popularity. The pestilence now began to weaken, and the weekly average of deaths sank to a comparatively insignificant amount. London resumed by slow degrees its wonted aspect, and to his great joy Pepys was enabled to establish his family again in town, and to resume his usual manner of living.

Of his domestic life, Pepys allows us from time to time to catch many detached glimpses, which, however, are too scattered and slight to allow us to form any very accurate idea of his manner and mode of life at home. He appears to have been, after a fashion, fond of his wife, though he never allowed her to express an opinion contrary to his own, or to transact any affairs to which he was not privy. For instance, read the following:—

"12th. I and my wife to her closet, to examine her kitchen accounts, and then I took occasion to fall out with her for her buying a broad-laced handkerchief and a pinner, without my leave. For this we both began to be angry, and so continued till bed.

"13th. Up, without being friends with my wife, nor yet great enemies, being both quiet and silent."

We find them, however, soon reconciled. We find him one day recording the fact, that she was out of temper on account of his having checked her with some abruptness, for telling long stories in the coach. "She do find with reason," he says, "that in the company of Pierce, Knipp, and other women that I love, that I do not value or mind her as I ought." Nevertheless, his private life appears to have been chequered with few crosses, and he seems to glide on, borne by a smooth current, enjoying a happy and prosperous existence.

The Dutch fleets, about the middle of the year 1666, met with some important reverses, being on several occasions driven to flight by the efforts of the English commanders. But a sudden alarm spread through London upon the news that a great armament, fitted out by Holland, was about to advance upon our coasts, and recover the ground lost in their recent defeats. However, good preparations were made to meet this attack, and some-

thing of the spirit of enthusiasm at last warmed the heart of London. When, however, an engagement at length took place, although the result showed a victory on the English side, yet the success was not so great as to warrant any triumph, and the country was disappointed of its hopes.

We now approach the great catastrophe which struck London, ere it had recovered from the weakening effects of the plague. On the 2d of August, 1666, Pepys was awakened from his sleep, at three o'clock in the morning, by one of his maid-servants, who told him that a great fire had broken out in the city. Rising and looking forth from the window, he saw a mighty flame appearing in the direction of Mark-Lane, and, as it then seemed to him, retreating rather than advancing to his quarter. He then retired to rest again, and at seven o'clock again looked out. The blaze had now reached Fish Street, and was making rapid progress towards London Bridge. Dressing, and walking out, he repaired to the scene of conflagration, and then, for the first time, understood its serious nature. Thousands of people thronged the streets, the inhabitants of the houses were flinging their goods either into the street or into the river, or into the barges that lay ready at hand. The poor clung to their homes until they were scorched by the flames, and multitudes of pigeons, unwilling to leave the houses, circled about them, or fluttered at the windows until they dropped amid the burning mass. All the city was in a tumult. The plague was a silent enemy; it came stealthily, and did its noiseless work, exerting a sickening influence on the minds of the people; but the fire continued its progress, sending forth a loud and prolonged roar. The crowds were wild with fear and excitement. The calamity was as sudden as it was alarming.

As yet none had proposed any measures of safety; none had thought of the possibility of arresting the flames; all alike seemed paralyzed with horror. The mayor of the city wept like a child; and when a command was sent to him, at the suggestion of Pepys, that he should pull the houses down, and thus endeavor to stop the fire, he cried, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."

Carts laden with furniture, sick persons carried away in their beds, thousands of half-clothed men, women, and children, pale with fear, and scarcely knowing whither to turn,



filled the streets, some going one way, some another; others rushing wildly, with no object in view save that of escaping with life from the mighty calamity. Pepys now began to occupy himself for the public safety. He went amidst the crowds, directed the efforts of those employed to pull the houses down, encouraged them, assisted them, and labored like a hero wherever he found an opportunity. The scene which presented itself to his view is vividly described:

"We went as near to the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were nearly burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true, for houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire—three or four, nay five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside over against the Three Cranes, and there staid until it was dark almost, and there saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker and darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples and between churches and houses as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a line up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire, and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the crackling of houses at their ruine."

While working for the public safety, Pepys did not neglect his own stores of gold, and those which were under his charge at the office; but conveyed them, with many valuable papers and much plate, that same night by moonlight to a deep cellar. The next day, he, with several of his friends, busied themselves in digging holes in the garden, where they deposited their wines, with some Parmesan cheeses, and numerous articles of value. But his chief employment during the continuance of the fire consisted in endeavoring to check its progress, and prevent it from extending its ravages to those quarters of the city as yet uninjured. Through his efforts, together with those of the men who took a pride in following his honorable example, it was at length subdued, and by slow degrees died away for lack of food. The city, however, presented a wretched appearance. It looked like an extinguished furnace, and huge clouds of damp smoke rose up from the blackened masses of buildings. St. Paul's stood a shattered ruin, and numerous other public edifices formed its companions in the general scene of destruction. Those, however, who, during the continuance of the fire,

had been too startled, too alarmed, too irrelative to adopt any precautionary measures, now when the devastation had been accomplished, applied their energies to the task of renovation, and a new city began to rise from the ashes of the old.

Compliments and panegyries crowded upon Pepys. His society was courted, his conversation sought, and every mark of admiration bestowed on him. But these empty honors, though they flattered his vanity, would not have brought much satisfaction to his mind, had they not been accompanied by a continued, though gradual increase of his worldly wealth. At the end of 1666, he finds himself worth £6,200, more than he had hoped for. Himself and his family were in the perfect enjoyment of health, and he moreover luxuriated in the pleasure, great as it was to him, of taking his meals off silver plates. Public affairs, however, were in not so prosperous a condition, and there were even those who prophesied the immediate and entire ruin of the kingdom—"from which," says Pepys "God deliver us!"

Of the following year we cannot pause to make much mention. One curious fact is spoken of as far on as March, when Pepys says he saw the smoke issuing from some cellars that had not been uncovered since the fire. Towards the middle of the year, the city began to grow into shape again, streets were marked out, and the work of renovation was carried on with some vigor. At the close of the year he lost his mother, whose last words were, "God bless my poor Sam!"—words which affected him to tears. Another incident which he mentions as important is a fierce quarrel between himself and Sir W. Penn. "My heart," he says, "is as full of spite as it could hold; but God forgive both me and him!"

And here, until the publication of the remaining volumes, we take leave of Pepys. We have pursued his career from his humble clerkship in the Exchequer to the period when he held one of the most honorable posts in that department. Our readers will have perceived that he was a man of eccentric character, and they will also have observed that the times in which he lived were well calculated to allow a man of his energy and ability to distinguish himself above his peers. While we owe to Pepys a debt of gratitude for the rare and curious information he has bequeathed to us, for the graphic and well-colored pictures which he has presented us of the times and the men among whom he lived, we cannot help regretting the weakness that led him to the commission of

actions which history cannot record otherwise than with blame. But he has written his own character, his own praises, and also his own condemnation. We see him as he was. He has given us a faithful reflection of his mind, and the praise of sincerity is due to him. Those, therefore, who wish to acquire a just idea of him and his period will do well to consult the volume before us. With regard to the form in which this diary has been laid before the public, we shall only remark, that for the care, ability, and judgment with which

its highly gifted editor, Lord Braybrooke, has performed his task, our thanks—the thanks of all who read the work—are due to him. Nothing can be more admirable than the introduction and notes, which have transformed the rough diaries of Samuel Pepys into one large and consecutive, and clear and comprehensive narrative. Pepys has been fortunate in his editor, and Lord Braybrooke's valuable services will, without doubt, be appreciated in the literary world.

## THE COFFEE-HOUSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

FOREIGNERS remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head quarters. There were houses near St. James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent

Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved* ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen—earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers, from Venice and from Amsterdam, greeted each other, and Popish coffee-houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.—*Macaulay's History.*



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## BRITISH INDIA.

- 1.—“*Mill's History of British India.*” Edited, and now completed, by HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, M.A., F.R.S. 9 Vols. London: Madden. 1848.
- 2.—“*The Life of Lord Clive.*” By the REV. G. R. GLEIG. London: Murray. 1848.

IN a paper on the early history of India, published some time ago in this magazine, we commenced our observations by referring to the indifference exhibited by the home public to all topics connected with our Asiatic empire; and we did so, as we then stated, not because the circumstance was either striking or anomalous, but for the better reason of its practical importance. “We could,” as we then expressed ourselves, “little hope for any marked improvement in the social condition of the natives of India, until the people of these countries had such an acquaintance with it, as that a public opinion could be formed on the subject, and was known to exist.” “It was only,” we added, “to such pressure from without that the difficulties which attend the promotion of Christianity in India—the main sanitary provision for all its ills, spiritual, moral, and even industrial—would ever give way, and that one of the first steps towards the formation of this public opinion, was the diffusion of some knowledge of the history and statistics of the country.” In humble aid of this object we then took up our pen, and with like purpose we now resume it. In regard to the fact of ignorance of, and apathy to, Indian interests, we find our views corroborated by what we believe we are entitled to call the highest authority on such a point, the *Times* newspaper, which, in a leading article of two years’ later date—that is, on the 14th of June, 1847, dwells on the circumstance as a woeful truth, and cites the saying of “one of our most accomplished writers and speakers, at this moment a member of her Majesty’s cabinet,” whom most of our readers will easily recognize as the able and eloquent Mr. Macaulay; and who “avowed his conviction that not one in ten of our most highly-educated gentlemen had the faintest conception of those incidents of British Indian history,

which would correspond with the victories of Alfred, or the landing of the Conqueror, in our domestic annals.”

We gladly admit that since the appearance of our previous paper, this insensibility to Asiatic interests has been a good deal lessened. This is partly an effect, and one which we anticipated, of the rapid, regular, and frequent communication by what is miscalled the “overland passage,” which passes over no land except the hand’s-breadth at Suez. This acknowledged improvement must, however, be most of all ascribed to the felt jeopardy to which our Indian empire was exposed by the unexpected aggression of the Sikhs. That taught us for, perhaps, the first time, deeply to appreciate the value of our imperial colony, and our views of interest were blended with nobler feelings in the triumphs which followed. Although India is immeasurably the most important of all our great dependencies, there is not another in regard to which we have an equal tendency to indifference. The philosophy of the cause of this appears to be, that it is the only one with which we are not nationally identified by colonization. Every Englishman who goes there hopes to return; nobody loves to live there; none settle; no one regards it as his home. Hence the lack of personal interest in the country; and hence, again, the general coldness of which we have been complaining. The duties of all in office are performed faithfully and well; but they are performed as duties, and such sympathy as strangers feel is, like their connection with the soil, temporary. We notice the defect, not for the purpose of disparaging our government of India, which is, beyond all question, the best its nations have ever known—one which gives them that great element of social happiness, security of person and of property, and what

we are disposed to regard as of almost equal importance, immunity from agitation. We notice the defect, not, we say, for the purpose of underrating the horrors of anarchy and terrors of misrule, from which our government has saved the people of India; or of depreciating the higher degree of civilization which it has been, to a great extent, the means of introducing; but for the purpose of showing that to compensate for a defect which appears to be inherent in the nature of our connection with India, we are bound the more carefully to consult her interests, and, as a means towards this, to make them more known, in various forms, through the press. Interest and pride seem alone to link us to India—interest in its rich resources—pride in the honors we have won there. We long to be united to that country by a holier tie—by that good feeling which must arise from well-directed efforts to improve the condition and raise the character of its many peoples. Our humble sphere is, to aid in making these known, and our first step an attempt to outline their history.

The India trade was, from the earliest period, looked on in the West as the most magnificent of all commercial objects; and each European nation, as it rose in maritime importance, aspired to a participation in its golden fruits. It is characteristic of the genius of Alfred, justly named the Great, that he endeavored to direct the attention of our merchants to that line of traffic. He, as we are told by William of Malmesbury, sent in the year 883, Sigheleus, Bishop of Sherburne, to India, under the pretext of making offerings at the shrine of St. Thomas, and the monk adds, that at the date of his chronicle, some of the commodities which the bishop brought back were to be seen in the church at Sherburne. The crusades, in later periods, made us somewhat better acquainted with the usages and productions of the East; but it was not until about the period of the Reformation, when, and much owing to that event, we were becoming a manufacturing people, that the expanding spirit of commercial enterprise began to exhibit itself in vigorous efforts to extend our trade, and then intercourse with India became our first object. The earliest of these attempts was the voyage of Robert Thorne, in the reign of Henry VIII., in the year 1527, to discover a north-west passage to India. Then followed the fatal voyage of Sir Hugh Willoughby, who, with all his crew, perished on the coast of Lapland. This voyage was in search of a north-east passage, and was made in the reign of Edward

VI., in whose time, and that of Elizabeth, others of a like character were repeatedly undertaken by such well-known navigators as the Cabots, Frobisher, Davis, Hudson; some to seek out a north-west, others a north-east passage to India. These intrepid mariners failed in finding for their country the short track to the gold of Cathay, or to the diamond mines of Golconda; but they taught her a better service, in rendering her sons hardy and accomplished seamen. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, by Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, and the actual voyage made to India, by Vasca de Gamo, in 1498, revealed the long sought for course. We have, in our former paper, noticed the steps by which the Portuguese and the Dutch, availing themselves of this discovery, established their connection with the East. It was not until Drake's circumnavigation voyage that our English merchants directed their attention to the course to India by the Cape. Drake, who had passed that promontory in fair weather, disrobed it of the terrors with which it had been invested by the Portuguese and Dutch; and his voyage, which had given new impulse to the enterprise of our traders, was soon followed by an incident well calculated to stimulate their desire for gain—we mean the capture of some Portuguese Indiamen with immense treasure, and with papers affording information of greater value. Besides the details thus made known, there had been a good deal of knowledge on the subject of the Indian trade, collected by an association called the Levant Company, which had been for some years established, and which conveyed goods from Aleppo and Bagdad, and thence by the Tigris to Ormus, on the Persian Gulf. This company succeeded in opening a very extensive intercourse with India; but the expenses of the transit were so great that the returns were not very lucrative. Encouraged by the hope of larger profits, and prompted, as we have said, by the spirit of maritime enterprise, vessels were fitted out, and voyages made to India, some by government vessels, and some by vessels fitted out by individuals. They in all cases partook of a piratical character, and their gains were usually enormous. Still the hazards were found to be too great for private capital, and an application, in consequence of this, having been made to Queen Elizabeth, she, in December, 1600, granted to the petitioning merchants a charter, erecting them into a corporation, under the title of "The Governors and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East



Indies." This charter gave them the privilege of exclusive trade; but the crown reserved to itself the right of resuming its grant, after a three years' notice. The early intercourse of the company was with the Indian islands, and their chief station was at Bantam, in Java. They subsequently found it advantageous to open a trade with the continent of India, which was first attempted at Surat, in 1609. The Portuguese, who were at that time in possession of the trade there, showed every disposition to oppose them; but they quailed before the determination of Sir Henry Middleton, who commanded the company's ships. Our merchants soon made some character with the native traders, and gained no little influence with the nabobs and princes of the country.

On the 11th January, 1612, they obtained from the Emperor Jehanghire a firman, authorizing them to hold establishments in certain places along the shores of his kingdom. Pursuant to this, they, in the course of that year, built a factory at Surat, and thus made their final settlement on the continent of India. This was in the reign of James I., who, about the same period, sent out Sir Thomas Roe as his ambassador to the court of the Great Mogul. This mission supplies us with a most interesting account of the emperor, his court and country, but was not attended with any political advantages. Soon after this an incident occurred, which led our merchants to abandon their connection with the Eastern Archipelago, and to direct all their attention to the trade with continental India. The naval power of the Portuguese was declining, and with it their influence in the East, but the Dutch were our active and powerful competitors. They were deeply jealous of our endeavors to share with them the lucrative trade of the Spice Islands, and evinced this feeling in an act which will for ever stain their annals—known as the massacre of Amboyna. They had in that island a strong fort, garrisoned with two hundred men, and there were eighteen Englishmen residing in the town engaged in trade. These they arrested altogether, with some few Japanese and one Portuguese, on the ground that they had conspired to seize the fort. The statement of the charge exhibits the improbability of its truth, and this is further heightened by the nature of what they called their evidence. Their first information was from one of their own Japanese soldiers, and obtained by the application of torture. They then put all the prisoners to the rack. At first each of them denied any knowledge of such

a plot, but the torture being again applied, they of course confessed all that their accusers wanted. When released from pain, they repeated their denial of the charge, but being tortured anew, were compelled to reconfess it. Nine of the English, including their captain, were put to death, their heads being cut off by a scimitar. They all declared their innocence in the most solemn manner. Nine Japanese and one Portuguese shared their fate, while the remaining Englishmen were pardoned.

The account of this cruel proceeding excited, as might be expected, the greatest indignation in England, and to increase it, the court of directors had a picture prepared, copied and circulated, representing the horrors of the scene. It was not, however, the interest of our government to go to war on the occasion, and negotiations were commenced, which were protracted from 1623, the period of the transaction, until about 1654, in the time of Cromwell, when an adjustment took place. The immediate result was, however, what the Dutch no doubt anticipated—the abandonment of our intercourse with the Indian Archipelago. Our merchants felt that they had neither forces nor forts enough to protect a trade, and thus was this guilty act long attended with all the advantages which its originators had contemplated.

Mill, whose prejudices often mar his work, assumes at times an air of impartiality, which is sadly misplaced. He endeavors on this occasion to excuse the Dutch, by suggesting that, biassed by self-interest, they may have believed their rivals guilty. The fanciful assumption of motives may palliate any crime; but unhappily this is not the only proceeding which taints the colonial conduct of the Dutch. On the contrary, it is only characteristic of their selfish and cruel policy in the East.

Partly in consequence of the loss of trade which ensued directly on this catastrophe, and partly from the large expense incurred by their contests with the Portuguese, the East India Company became at this time a good deal embarrassed; and it was while their finances were thus deranged, that a circumstance took place, which led to their settlement in Bengal, and subsequently proved the main source of their prosperity.

A physician, named Boughton, having been called on to attend the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehaun, in a dangerous illness, was so fortunate as to cure her, and, in consequence, gained her father's good will. With generous feeling, he availed himself of this to

advance the interests of his countrymen, and obtained for them the privilege of carrying on a free trade. The same gentleman was equally successful at the court of the Nabob of Bengal, from whom he procured, in 1636, permission for the company's servants to erect a factory at Hoogley, on the so-named branch of the Ganges. Much about the same time a fort was erected at Madraspatam, on the Coromandel coast, where we had for some time previously had depots. This new station was named Fort St. George; and thus have we traced the commencements of our three presidencies, on the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, and in Bengal. But the state of affairs in England precluded the company from availing themselves of these opening prospects, and during the civil wars their existence, as a corporation, was in peril.

The India trade was in fact thrown open, for the five years which preceded 1657, the date at which Cromwell renewed the privileges of the company. The effects of this free trade are very differently stated in works of the period; but the nearest guess we can make at the truth leads us to think that our merchants offered India goods at low prices, and extended their sales to almost every part of Europe, underselling the Dutch even in Amsterdam. In confirmation of this last fact, Sir John Malcolm cites a passage in the "Letters of Thurloe," Cromwell's secretary, to the effect that the merchants of Amsterdam, "having heard that the Lord Protector would dissolve the East India Company at London, and declare the navigation and commerce to the Indies to be free and open, were greatly alarmed, as they considered such a measure would be ruinous to their own East India Company."\*

The prospects of our own East India Company became more encouraging under Charles II. and his brother James. The former renewed and extended their privileges, and made over to them the island of Bombay, which he had received as part of the portion of his queen, the Infanta of Portugal. James added the important prerogatives of levying troops, holding courts-martial, and coining money. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, that these high powers were sometimes abused—that merchants with such prerogatives were too eager for gain—that factors, living in what was felt, from its distance, to be a new world, forgot their responsibility. In 1665, Sir Edward Winter, governor of Madras, being superseded for undue prac-

tices, had the boldness to imprison the person who was sent out to succeed him, and actually held the government until 1686, when, by the special direction of the king, he resigned it. Sir John Child seized thirteen large ships at Surat, the property of merchants there, and sailed with his plunder to Bombay, of which he was then governor. It appears, indeed, that this was effected with the knowledge of a sub-committee of the directors at home; but if this circumstance diminishes the audacity of the act, it exhibits the morals of the company as of no very elevated order. Quite in agreement with this view are the sentiments of the chief director, as expressed in a letter to one who was appointed a judge in India. "I expect," says that autocratic trader, "that my will and orders shall be your rule, and not the laws of England, which are a heap of nonsense compiled by a number of country gentlemen, who hardly know how to govern their own families, much less the regulating companies and foreign commerce. Having now the power of condemning the company's enemies, or such as shall be deemed so, particularly those that shall question the company's power over all the British subjects in India, I expect my orders from time to time shall be obeyed and received as statute laws."

It was not, as our readers will easily believe, by conduct and principles such as these, that the East India Company advanced in power, but in despite of them. They incurred the dislike and the hostile feelings of the native princes, and Arungzebe threatened to raze their factories to the ground. He seized Surat, sent a fleet to attack Bombay, and at the same time assailed them in other points. The servants of the company made the most abject submission, and the Emperor, only looking on them as traders, and conceiving their commerce to be of some importance to his subjects, forgave them. The enemies from whom the company had most to dread at this time were the merchants of their own country who interfered with their monopoly, and were known by the name of "Interlopers." Their profits were doubtless larger than those of the company, and they became so influential at home, that when, in 1698, the charter of the East India Company was brought under the consideration of Parliament, they actually obtained for themselves the exclusive right of trading with the East. This they acquired by offering to the government an advance on better terms than those proposed by the company. But the latter soon after got a new confirmation of their

\* Malcolm's India, vol. i., p. 19, n.



grant; and thus the nation had at the same time two East India Companies, each with privileges alike exclusive, granted by the crown and confirmed by the legislature, and both expending their gains in corrupting parliament, not only by purchasing seats, but also by directly bribing members of the lords and commons. Wearied by such expensive struggles, they at length combined their stock, under the charter given to the old company, on the 5th September, 1698, and assumed the name under which they have ever since remained incorporated—"The United Company of Merchants Trading to the East Indies." The privileges of the united corporation were confirmed and extended by an act of parliament, in 1708, and the general tranquillity which, a few years afterward, ensued on the peace of Utrecht, was favorable to their interests.

It was a little previously to these last dates that the company seems for the first time to have raised their views from trade to territory. In 1689 they write out to their agents that revenue is for the future to engage their attention, as much as traffic; that they wish to be "a nation in India," and they cite with approval the example of the Dutch, who they say wrote to their governors ten paragraphs about tribute for every one which concerned commerce. But as yet their views in this respect were of the humblest character; they only extended to the acquisition of territory by purchase, and in this manner they became possessed of some districts on the Coromandel coasts, where they built Fort St. David; and the Nabob of Bengal, desiring to replenish his exchequer, in order to enable him to sustain a war, the company succeeded in buying from him the zemindarships of certain towns and districts, amongst which was that of Calcutta, where they erected Fort William, and which was, in 1707, declared to be the seat of a presidency.

From the peace of Utrecht until the recommencement of hostilities in Europe, embracing a period of more than thirty years, the company advanced in commercial prosperity. The date of the war which then took place between England and France, 1744, is a cardinal era in the history of our Asiatic realm; but before we attempt any narrative of its events, we must glance at the relations of the latter power with the East.

In the reign of Louis XIV., and the year 1664, Colbert founded a French East India Company; their capital was £625,000; their charter, pursuant to the views of the

age, was a monopoly, with what were even at that time singular encouragements. They were to have not only an immunity from all taxes for fifty years, but the government bound itself to make good to them any loss they might sustain within the first ten. Their commencing efforts were made in Madagascar, but their settlement was ill-chosen and unsuccessful. They afterwards, with better fortune, took possession of the islands of Ceane and Mascarenhas, and gave them respectively the names of Mauritius and Bourbon. In 1668 they established a factory at Surat, and after failing in other places, they formed a station at Pondicherry. This place, which was well fortified, became the centre of the French trade in India, and they acquired some territory around it. When, in 1744, Walpole was driven from power, and war took place between England and France, the French conceived the idea of destroying our settlements in India, and of extending their own influence. They had at this time some agents there of distinguished ability. One was M. de Labourdonnais, a native of Brittany, who, early in life, engaged in trade in India, and made there a considerable fortune. His talents attracted the attention of the viceroy of Goa, at whose suggestion he entered the service of the king of Portugal, and was for two years the agent of that government on the Coromandel coast. Returning to France, he was selected by his own government to form their new colonies in the isles of France and Bourbon, and by a wise and energetic administration he advanced the resources and civilization of those islands in a very remarkable manner. He made roads, constructed bridges, had the natives taught the most useful trades, extended and improved the cultivation of the coffee-plant, and introduced the culture of indigo, and of the sugar-cane. The character he thus made raised his influence with the ministers at home, and on his return to Europe, in 1740, he suggested a plan whereby he should be prepared, on the first outbreak of hostilities, to attack and destroy the English settlements in the East, before a fleet from Europe could arrive to support them. This we shall see he afterwards attempted. M. Dupleix, who was at this time governor of Pondicherry, and chief of the French in India, was also a remarkable man. He inherited from his father, who was a director of the French East India Company, a large fortune, which he greatly increased by successful speculations in the India trade. He was, in 1720, sent out as first member of the council at Pondicherry,

was afterwards made chief of the French station at Chandernagore, and having in these positions made known his public talents, he was appointed Governor-in-chief at Pondicherry. He was bold, able, unscrupulous, and ambitious. Being largely engaged on his own account in the internal trade of India, he became better acquainted with the politics and relations of that country than any other European of that period. These were the two most prominent Frenchmen in India when the war of the Austrian succession broke out, in 1744. At this time France had undoubtedly more influence in the East than England. Her East India Company was to the full as wealthy, and she had besides extensive possessions in the Spice Islands. She could also command a larger military force, and had besides armed and disciplined the Sepoys. It was, we may observe, from her that we learned the two main secrets of our successes in the East—the superiority of regular troops when employed against Asiatic hordes, and the enrolment and maintenance of a Sepoy force. When the intelligence that war had taken place in Europe reached Labourdonnais in the East, he found himself without the naval force which his government had promised him; but, notwithstanding, he resolved to act on his own resources. He accordingly detained such vessels as touched at his island, manned them with sailors as well as he could, training for this purpose even the natives of Madagascar; and having thus procured nine ships, and mustered a force of 1,100 Europeans, with some 400 Sepoys, and 300 Caffres, in addition to his seamen, he first attacked the English squadron of four ships and a frigate. Night terminated the action, but the English fleet sheered off, and disappeared from the coast. After looking out for it some days, Labourdonnais proceeded to Madras, which was at that time our chief station, and most important settlement on the continent of India. It afforded but indifferent means of defence, and its small garrison exhibited little heroism. They capitulated on the 10th of September, 1746; and after having achieved this triumph without the loss of a man, Labourdonnais proceeded to Pondicherry. His reception there was far different from what he deserved. Dupleix, jealous of his success, maintained that he had exceeded his powers, refused to support him in his views, and compelled him to return to France, where he made such unfavorable representations of his conduct that he was arrested, imprisoned in the Bastille for three years, and soon after-

wards died. Freed by this unworthy conduct from all rivalry, Dupleix resolved to follow up the measures of Labourdonnais, which were quite consonant to his own aspiring policy. He looked forward, first, to the destruction of the British settlements, and next to the establishment of a French dominion in India; and his ambition compelled us to adopt that line of action which has led to our acquisition of empire there.

Dupleix, evading the terms of the capitulation of Madras, even exposed that place to plunder, carried off the governor and chief inhabitants, and paraded them as prisoners through the town of Pondicherry. Amongst the English, who now regarded themselves as absolved from their parole, given to Labourdonnais, was a young clerk, Robert Clive, whose yet humble name was soon to be known as foremost of the Europeans in India. He escaped in the disguise of a Mussulman to Fort St. David.

The Nabob of Arcot, who, when Pondicherry was, in the preceding year, threatened by our fleet, had, as prince of the province, interfered to save it, now thought proper to extend a like protection to Madras, and accordingly he sent his son, with 10,000 men, to expel the French and restore it to the English. This proved in its results one of the most important incidents in our history.

The French had 1,200 soldiers, with some artillery, which they managed well; and with this small force they not only repelled the attack of the nabob's troops, but following them for four miles, assailed them in their own position at Mount St. Thomas, and put them completely to the rout.

The spell which upheld the Mahomedan power in India was for ever broken; the Europeans saw in the superiority of their discipline, and their well-served artillery, the secret of their strength, and were not slow in availing themselves of the discovery.

Dupleix next assailed Fort St. David, and while before it, had the address to gain over to his interests the Nabob of Arcot, who was now impressed with a high idea of the prowess of the French troops. Fort St. David was, however, soon relieved by the appearance of an English fleet before it, consisting of nine sail of the line, and having on board a body of 1,400 soldiers, making the largest European force then in India. This circumstance quite changed the aspect of affairs. Pondicherry was besieged by the English; but their arrangements were ineffective, the sickly season set in, and they were compelled to abandon the attempt. Dupleix claimed



our failure as a triumph, and by his artful representations raised his reputation with the native princes.

Such was the state of things in 1749, when the news arrived in India that the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, and that Madras was, by one of its conditions, restored to the English. Except in this last particular, this celebrated treaty had but little influence in the East. The Europeans, now aware of the weakness of the native powers, began to interfere in their politics, with a view to the extension of their own influence; and the brilliant successes of Dupleix seemed likely to establish a French dominion in Southern India. This country was at the moment on the eve of a civil war, arising out of disputed successions to its two chief kingdoms—the Carnatic and the Deccan—and Dupleix conceived, that by aiding the stronger claimants to each, he would gain not only wealth, territory, and privileges for his country, but eventually establish its ascendancy in India. The right of succession in the Asiatic dynasties was never much regulated by the principle of primogeniture. Might and management were its more prevailing laws, and this was especially the case in India at the period to which we are referring. Mirzapha Jung, who claimed the sovereignty of the Deccan, and Chunda Sahib, who aspired to be nabob of the Carnatic, were not either of them the actual possessors of, or the rightful heirs to, these thrones. They came forward, however, with large forces, and the French determined to assist them. These Asiatic princes combining, formed an army of 40,000 men, and Dupleix sent M. d'Autenil, with 2,300 disciplined soldiers, to join them—of this last body 400 were Europeans, the rest sepoys. In their first encounter with the army of the reigning nabob of the Carnatic, consisting of 20,000 men, with a strong field of artillery, the French proposed, with their own small force, to storm their line. They were twice repulsed, but their accustomed valor, stimulated by the fact that they were fighting in the sight of three armies, was at length triumphant, and the nabob of the Carnatic was amongst the slain. The conquerors took possession of Arcot, and the son of the late nabob applied to the English for aid.

His offers were of the most alluring character; but the British officers conceived they had no authority to interfere, and though they viewed with jealousy the growing influence of their European rivals, they were unwilling to engage in open war. The French interest was thus for a time paramount in the

Carnatic. Dupleix shared largely in the tribute collected by his allies, and assumed the state and circumstance of an eastern prince. He was, however, soon called to exhibit his energy and resources in contending with reverses. A claimant for the sovereignty of the Deccan appeared in arms, backed by a numerous host. This was Nazir Jung, who was accepted by the Mogul court as the legitimate heir, and was now marching to the frontier of the Carnatic with a force of about 300,000 men, including 30,000 Mahratta cavalry.

Seeing that he was acknowledged and supported by the Emperor of Delhi, the English, who had been long anxious to take the field against the French, joined his standard. Their force, which was commanded by Major Lawrence, consisted of 700 soldiers. Dupleix made every effort to aid and prepare his allies. He supplied them with a loan of £50,000, increased the French contingent, and opened negotiations with some Affghan chiefs who were then in the army of Nazir, and who seemed disposed to dethrone him.

When the two great hosts came into view, and appeared to be ready for the fight, Major Lawrence, who had become aware of the weakness and want of discipline of his ally, and who was well acquainted with the better preparations of their enemy, suggested to Nazir to avoid a combat.

This was a course which that haughty prince thought it unbecoming his honor to adopt, and he would probably have been routed, but for a circumstance wholly unexpected by both parties—that was, a mutiny amongst the French officers. A number of them resigned their commissions, because certain demands which they had made were not conceded; and D'Autenil, their commander, having vainly endeavored to recall them to their duty, retired with his division to Pondicherry. Thus deprived of their best arm, the forces of Chunda Sahib, the French nominee of the Carnatic, and of Mirzapha Jung, Nizam, or king of the Deccan, became disbanded. The former of these princes took refuge in Pondicherry, while the latter surrendered to his opponent, and was thrown into prison. Desperate as was now his condition, Dupleix did not despair. He succeeded in negotiating a conspiracy in the army of Nazir—restored order amongst his own troops; and surprising the Moguls at midnight, put great numbers of them to the sword. Meanwhile, Major Lawrence, conceiving that his experience was not appreciated by Nazir, or his advice attended to, too

hastily withdrew his contingent; and the French, pursuing their advantages, took Gingee, the strongest fortress in the Carnatic. They had yet a greater triumph. The Affghans, whose disaffection Dupleix had been encouraging, now made known to him that they were ripe for revolt, and M. Latouche, a distinguished officer who was in command of the French, was directed to act with them against the camp of Nazir Jung. In the well-fought conflict which followed, Nazir was slain, and Mirzapha led forth from prison, and exchanging his irons for a crown, was again installed as sovereign of the Deccan.

Chunda Sahib was likewise restored to power as prince of the Carnatic, or Nabob of Arcot, the title by which he was better known. The French influence was then triumphant in the East, and their ambitious views were likely to expand to the utter ruin of the British interest, were it not for the heroism and genius of Clive, whose first great achievement we have next to notice. As, however, he is most justly regarded as the founder of our Asiatic empire, and as its progress during many years is intimately connected with his personal history, we think it well worth while to notice some few of the incidents of his earlier life, and especially such as elucidate his character.

Robert Clive was born at the manor-house of Styche, near Market-Drayton, in Shropshire, on the 29th of September, 1725. His father was Richard Clive, an attorney, and possessor of the small estate of Styche, of which we find his family were proprietors so far back as in the reign of Henry II. His mother was a Miss Gaskill of Manchester. Robert was the eldest of thirteen children, six sons and seven daughters, and was sent, before he was three years old, to be brought up by a maternal aunt, who was married to a gentleman named Bayley, of Hope Hall, Manchester. Whatever was the reason for this arrangement, he appears to have been treated at Hope Hall with kindness, and to have always looked back to that scene of his childhood with affectionate remembrance. He was of a wayward and impetuous temper, and early showed the boldness of his character. Writing of him in his seventh year, Mr. Bayley describes him as "beyond measure addicted to fighting," and speaks of his desire "to suppress the hero," that he may "bring forward the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence and patience." This temperament was not improved by the nature of his education, which was desultory, caught up at different schools, at all of

which, however, he gained a character for intrepidity.

"It is told of him at Market-Drayton," says Mr. Gleig, "that for the purpose of getting a smooth stone out of a water-spout, with which to make ducks and drakes, he ascended to the top of the church-tower, and let himself down on the parapet-wall, to the distance of at least three feet. He is described as putting himself at the head of all the good-for-nothing lads in the same town, and after a series of petty outrages on the trades-people, compelling them to pay a sort of black-mail, as the price of the discontinuance of the nuisance. Finally, his determination of purpose was shown, when, on the breaking down of a mound of turf, by means of which his banditti were laboring to turn a dirty water-course into the shop-door of an obnoxious dealer, he threw himself into the gutter, and filled the breach with his body till his companions were in a condition more effectually to repair the damage."

These are no hopeful exploits, but they may indicate the energy which he afterwards displayed. Young Robert was destined by his father for his own profession; but seeing that it was ill-suited to his irregular and unsettled spirit, he succeeded in obtaining for him something more nearly congenial, in a writership in the service of the East India Company. This was not, at that period, very difficult to obtain, and indeed was no great prize. The junior clerks were hard-worked and badly paid, and much tempted to get into debt. In the year 1743, and the eighteenth of his age, Robert Clive embarked for Madras. The ship in which he sailed was ill-found, and was detained some months in the Brazils, during which time he applied himself to gain a knowledge of the Portuguese language. He thus did not reach India until 1744, and the consequence of the protracted voyage was, that he had expended all his money, and was obliged to borrow, and at a rate of interest which irritated and distressed him. He was at this time wayward and improvident, and it is therefore no wonder that we find him liable to paroxysms of extreme despondency. It is said that in one of these he attempted suicide. The circumstance is referred to by Boswell and Johnson; and the story, as given by Mr. Gleig, is this:—

"One day he withdrew to his own room in Writers' Buildings, and there shut himself up. An hour or two afterwards one of his companions knocked at the door and was admitted. He found Clive seated in a remote corner of the apartment, with a table near him, on which lay a pistol. 'Take it and fire it over the window,' said Clive,



pointing to the weapon. His friend did so; and no sooner was the report heard, than Clive, springing from his seat, exclaimed—"I feel that I am reserved for some end or another. I twice snapped that pistol at my own head, and it would not go off!"

Mr. Gleig gives the anecdote as apocryphal; but we are inclined altogether to disbelieve it. It is improbable that a pistol which, when twice snapped, missed fire, should go off at last; but what is more material, and to us decisive, is, that though fond of referring to the occurrences of his early life in India, Lord Clive was never known to mention this circumstance. Moody and improvident as he then was, with bad habits, and without religion, we do not believe that he ever contemplated that crime. The following incident rests on better grounds, and is more characteristic. It took place when he fled, as we formerly mentioned, from Madras to Fort St. David:—

"For some time after his arrival in the latter place, Clive appears to have led a life of unprofitable idleness. His services were not required in a factory already overstocked with clerks, whom the progress of hostilities compelled, in a great measure, to suspend their commercial undertakings; and he sought sometimes at the gaming-table that escape from dejection which he could not find either in study, or in the duties of his station. It happened upon a certain occasion that two officers, with whom he had been engaged in play, were detected in the act of cheating. They had won considerable sums of money from various persons present, and among the rest from Clive; but he having satisfied himself of the nature of their proceedings, refused to pay. A quarrel ensued, and one of them demanded satisfaction. The combatants met without seconds to settle the dispute, and Clive, having the first fire, delivered it to no purpose, and stood at the mercy of his adversary. The latter walking up, presented his pistol at Clive's head, and desired him to ask his life. This was done without hesitation; but when the other went to demand an apology, and the retraction of the charge of cheating, Clive refused to give either.

"Then I will shoot you," exclaimed the bully.

"Shoot, and be d—d!" replied Clive. "I said you cheated; I say so still, and I will never pay you."

"The officer, declaring the young man to be mad, threw away his weapon, and there the matter ended; for Clive, when urged to bring the whole case under the cognizance of the authorities, declined to do so, and religiously abstained from referring, even in private society, to the behavior of his late opponent at cards.

"I will not do him an injury on any account," was his answer. "I will never pay what he unfairly won; but he has given me my life, and

from me he shall take no hurt under any circumstances."—*Gleig's Life of Clive*, p. 10.

While at St. David's, Clive volunteered his services in the defence of that fort, and the character he was making for intrepidity, no doubt assisted him in exchanging his writer-ship for a commission in the army, which he obtained early in the year 1747. He was from that moment almost constantly employed in active duties, and gained on several occasions the marked approbation of his commanders, especially at the attack on a fort named Devi Cottah, where he was appointed to lead the forlorn hope.

We now resume our general narrative, and, at the same time, reach the period of an exploit which gave celebrity to the name of Clive, and formed an epoch in the history of British India.

Chunda Sahib, Nabob of Arcot, aided by the French, was laying siege to Trichinopoly, the only stronghold in the Carnatic which was now left to our faithful friend Mohammed Ali; and in order to make a diversion in his favor, Clive conceived the plan of attacking Arcot, the nabob's capital. The force at his disposal was so small, that this attempt at a diversion appeared to be too daring; but as it afforded something like hope for their parting cause, it was adopted. We transcribe from Mr. Gleig's book a short description of the place:—

"Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, at the period when the Carnatic formed a separate province of the Souhbadarry of the Deccan, stands upon the left bank of the river Palar, and, like most other Indian cities of similar importance, consists of a pettah, or tower, and a citadel. The present city is of modern growth, having been built by the Mahommedans in 1716, on or near the site of the Soramundalum of Ptolemy. The citadel, of which the outlines still remain, was accounted, even in the middle of the last century, a place of no great strength. It had the defect, not uncommon in eastern fortresses, of being surrounded on all sides by the town, of which the houses came up to the glacis, and commanded the ramparts. It was very extensive, too, measuring upwards of a mile in circumference; and of the towers which flanked the defences at intervals, several were in ruins, while the remainder were so circumscribed in their dimensions, as not to admit of more than a single piece of ordnance being mounted on each. The walls, badly built at the first, were already loose, and portions had fallen down; the ramparts were too narrow to accommodate a field-piece in action; a low and slight parapet imperfectly screened them; and the ditch, beside being more or less choked up, had a space of ten feet between it and the bottom of the counterscarp, intended, without doubt, for a *fausse*

braye, but left unfinished. Finally, the two gates by which the fortress communicated with the town, were placed in clumsy covered-ways, which projected at least forty feet beyond the walls, and opened upon causeways or mounds run through the ditch, without any cut or opening for the span of a drawbridge having been let into them.

"In this place, of which the population might be estimated at a hundred thousand or more, the nabobs of the Carnatic were accustomed to hold their court. They inhabited a gorgeous palace, and looked round from it upon streets, narrow as those of eastern towns generally are, but built with considerable regularity. The bazaars or market-places were good, and well supplied; and a manufactory of cloth, besides giving employment to a portion of the inhabitants, brought in a considerable revenue to the viceregal treasury. All these had fallen into the hands of Chunda Sahib immediately after the battle which cost Annas-u-deer his life, and the place was occupied by a garrison of his troops, of which the strength was represented as amounting to eleven hundred men."—*Gleig's Life of Clive*, pp. 33-4.

On the 26th of August, 1751, Clive left Madras to assail this celebrated city. His force consisted of two hundred European soldiers, three hundred sepoy, and an artillery train of three light field pieces. As they approached Arcot, they encountered a fearful storm, and the spies from the town seeing them advance in order through it, returned in terror, and made an exaggerated report of their strength. The Mahomedan governor, in consequence, evacuated the citadel, and the English marched into it. Arcot was thus won; but the greater difficulty remained of defending it against the large force which Clive knew would be sent to retake it. He accordingly made instant preparations to resist a siege. He sent to Madras for two 18-pounders, availed himself of light cannon which he found in the place, laid in provisions, and repaired the defences as best he could. During all this time, he was exposed to constant attacks from the Mahomedan force, which, though it had evacuated the town, had taken up a good position in the neighborhood, and was considerably increased. When the guns, for which he had sent to Madras, were on their way, Clive learned that the enemy were watching in a large body to take them, and he accordingly despatched for their protection his whole force, excepting only thirty Europeans and fifty sepoy, reserved to guard the fort. Apprised of his condition, the Moguls, instead of attacking the guns, assailed the citadel, but Clive, with his small garrison, made so bold a defence, that he beat them off, and at daylight on the follow-

ing morning had the happiness to see his troops returning with the guns and stores.

The occupation of Arcot operated precisely as Clive had anticipated. The nabob detached a large force from before Trichinopoly, and his son, Rajah Sahib, approached with ten thousand men, of whom one hundred and fifty were French soldiers, to regain his father's capital:—

"For fifty days he pressed the siege with all the vigor of which an Indian general was capable. A constant fire of musketry from the houses on the glacis swept the ramparts. Heavy guns battered in the breach, until they brought down a wide extent of wall, and the utmost vigilance was exerted in order to prevent supplies of provisions from being conveyed into the place. Clive, on his part, was indefatigable, and the devoted courage of his handful of troops passes all praise. Indeed here, as, in our own time, in the noble defence of Jellalabad, European and native rivalled each other in heroism and endurance. It was during the height of this siege that an instance of self-devotion on the part of the native soldiers occurred, of which the memory can never fade away. The stock of rice beginning to fail, the sepoy waited upon Clive, and besought him that he would restrict his issues to their European comrades. All that they desired, or, indeed, would accept, was the water in which the grain had been boiled; and upon this thin gruel they sustained the labors of the siege for many days."—*Gleig's Life of Clive*, p. 36.

An offer was made to Clive, of a large sum, if he would surrender the town; but this was rejected with scorn. The besieged, too, made several bold sallies, and though some lives were sacrificed, which could ill be spared, the spirit of our soldiers was sustained, and the natives were impressed with a high idea of their valor. There was a Mahratta chief named Morari Rou, who, with six thousand horse, was hovering on the frontiers of the Carnatic, waiting the issue of the siege of Trichinopoly, to see which side he would take. Clive contrived to communicate with him, and, struck with admiration of the English, the Mahratta agreed to assist them; and his standards were soon seen from the towers. Rajah Sahib had thus no course but to attempt to take the place by storm, and his assault is well described by Mr. Gleig:—

"The 14th of November is a day kept holy by the worshippers of Mohammed, in honor of the murder of the brothers, Hassar and Hossur, two of the most illustrious of the saints and martyrs in their calendar. The festival is observed in Hindostan with an exceeding fervor, the devotees deepening the sentiment by the free use of bang, an intoxicating drug, of which one of the effects is



either to stupefy altogether, or to inflame the individual who is under its influence into madness. Rajah Sahib fixed this day for his final assault on the citadel of Arcot, in the well-grounded conviction that numbers who, under ordinary circumstances, might have done their duty, and no more, would, when inspired by the combined influence of religious zeal and intoxication, force their way through all opposition, or perish in the attempt. He could not, however, conceal his purpose from Clive, who made every necessary disposition to thwart it, and who lay down to rest only after he had seen that all was in readiness for the storm. It came with the dawn of the morning, and lasted in its fury about an hour. Four columns advanced to the attack of four different points, two assailing the breaches, two endeavoring to force open the gates. The latter process they attempted by driving before them elephants, having their foreheads covered with plates of iron; the former they executed, some by passing over the ruins which choked the ditch, others endeavoring to cross where the water was deep, upon a raft. The elephants, galled by the musketry of the garrison, turned round, and trampled upon their own people. The assailants who endeavored to clamber over the fallen masses of rubbish, were cut down by discharges from behind the parapet; and Clive, directing with his own hand a field-piece at the raft, cleared it in a moment. In a word, the enemy was repulsed at every point, in spite of the frantic efforts of those who led them, and drew off, leaving not fewer than four hundred dead bodies in the ditch, or scattered over the piece of ground which interposed between it and the bottom of the wall.

"Clive's loss in this encounter was very trifling. It amounted to no more than five or six men; and well was it for him that the casualties did not prove more serious. His corps, originally small, had become so reduced by hard service, that there remained to meet this final assault no more than eighty European and one hundred and twenty sepoy soldiers; while the whole of his officers, with but a solitary exception, were placed *hors du combat*. Perhaps, too, he had reason to be thankful that the enemy, discouraged by the extent of their losses, and fearful of an attack from the Mahrattas in their rear, did not renew the attempt. They continued, however, throughout the day, and until the night was far advanced, to harass him with a constant musketry-fire from the houses, which they intermitted only for an hour or two, in order to bury their dead. But this suddenly ceased about one or two o'clock in the morning of the 15th, when intelligence came in that they had retreated; and a patrol sent out to ascertain whether the case were so, brought back a report that not a man remained in the town."—*Ibid*, pp. 37-8.

The immediate results of this achievement were of the greatest importance. It established the reputation of the English, attached to their interest many of the wavering native princes, and led to the rapid overthrow of the French power in the Carnatic. On the even-

ing of his triumph, Clive received a reinforcement from Madras, and, aided by the Mahrattas, he lost no time in following the enemy, whom he again defeated at Arnee. The French contingents suffered severely in that battle; and a regiment of sepoys, six hundred strong, who were in their service, deserted with their arms, and joined Clive. The Mahommedan Governor of Arnee also joined him, with the force under his command. Other successes followed with, as it seemed, hardly the intervention of a halt. Clive also levelled to the ground a column which Dupleix had erected, commemorative of the foundation of the French empire in the East, together with a town which he had built around it, and called by his name. He then advanced to the relief of Trichinopoly, and aided his superior officer, Major Lawrence, in delivering it from a long blockade. M. Law, the French engineer, who directed the siege, retired with the force under his command; but, being pursued, was, after some skirmishing, compelled to capitulate. On one of these last occasions, when attacked at night, in the village of Samiaveram, Clive had more than a single escape. The French, in making the attack, had placed in their van forty English deserters, who answered the challenge of the English sentries, and thus took them by surprise. As Clive sprang from his mattress, a musket-ball struck the chest on which he lay; and at the close of the affair, one of the deserters, while speaking about submission, "fired at him," says Mr. Gleig, "and killed two non-commissioned officers, on whose shoulders he leant, loss of blood having rendered him unable to stand upright."

It is to the honor of Dupleix, that amidst these sore disasters he did not despair. His great ally, Chunda Sahib, had perished; the European force, on which he most relied, was gone; and he was deprived of almost every stronghold which he had possessed in the Carnatic. Still he was not without resources, and he availed himself of them with admirable ability. He had one friend, and he was well acquainted with the courts and politics of India. It is true that the new Nabob of the Carnatic was the nominee of the English; but the ruling prince of the Deccan had gained his throne by means of the courage and military skill of M. Bussy, the agent of Dupleix, by whose influence he was now altogether swayed. Dupleix made every effort to induce the Soubahdur of the Deccan, as this prince was called, to dethrone the new-made Nabob of the Carnatic, who had been heretofore regarded as his dependent. He

also freely expended his private fortune in intriguing with our allies; and it accordingly became known that he was likely to re-appear with fresh vigor in the field. When this intelligence was conveyed to Europe, the rival companies both expressed extreme aversion to the renewal of a war. Their commercial profits had woefully decreased; and as, in comparison with this, they cared little for territory or renown, they anxiously applied to their respective governments to have an arrangement concluded which should secure them peace. In consequence of this, a negotiation was entered on, and the result was, that Dupleix was superseded, and a treaty signed which was most advantageous to the English. This abrupt and unlooked-for termination of all his ambitious hopes was rendered the more galling to Dupleix, by his reception in France. He received little acknowledgment for his stupendous exertions, and no remuneration for his large personal losses. It appeared, by his accounts, that he had advanced about £400,000 sterling during the war, being partly his own money, and partly funds borrowed from the French merchants of Pondicherry, on his bonds. This the French East India Company refused to pay, on the ground that he had exceeded his authority; and when he commenced a lawsuit to enforce his rights, the ministry interfered, quashed the proceedings in the king's name, and awarded to him the iniquitous satisfaction of letters of protection against his creditors. He lived for a while in retirement, and died unnoticed. Such was the career of Dupleix, the ablest of the French in India; and it brings painfully but forcibly to our mind, that of our own Asiatic statesman, Hastings, whom he resembled in the largeness of his views, in self-sacrifice and energetic zeal, and, we blush to say it, in the character of his fate.

The affairs of the company in India being now regarded as in a highly prosperous condition, Clive returned to England,\* where, though he had but the rank of captain, and had not yet attained his twenty-eighth year, he was received with public honors, entertained at corporation dinners, and presented by the court of directors with a diamond-hilted sword, which, with a becoming modesty, he declined to accept, until his senior officer, the veteran Lawrence, had received another. He had amassed a considerable fortune,† but he

embarked in an election contest, and his habits were in other respects so expensive, that he would in all probability have been soon embarrassed, were it not that, after an interval of two years, he was called on to return to India. War had again broken out between France and England, and the former, repining at the advantages she had lost, was determined to encourage and support her agents in their efforts to restore and extend her influence in the East. The English, too, had a more immediate, and still more formidable enemy, in a first-rate native power, the Nabob of Bengal. Under these circumstances, Clive was given the commission of a lieutenant-colonel by the Crown, and appointed to the command of an artillery and infantry force, with which he embarked for India in 1755. His orders were to act, in the first place, against the French in the Deccan, but soon after his arrival he was compelled to proceed to Bengal, to avenge one of the foulest acts of cruelty which ever stained the annals of mankind, and which, it is well to remark, led almost directly to the establishment of our dominion in India.

The Carnatic had hitherto been the theatre of our Eastern conflicts; the scene was now to change to Bengal, the richest, most populous, and most powerful of all the subdivisions of the Mogul empire. Suraj-a-Doulah, the young nabob of that province, was rash, ignorant, and unfeeling. He threatened to extirpate the English, and thought it would be as easy to accomplish as to express his wish. "For," said he, "there are not ten thousand men in all Europe, and how can they retaliate?" On some pretext for being displeased, this prince moved his powerful army towards Calcutta, and as he approached the gates, the governor, the few military, and all who could, fled to the ships in terror, a terror not unfounded. When the last boat had pushed off, the nabob's troops were entering the town, and there were still one hundred and ninety Europeans who had no means of escape. These took refuge in the fort, where they were assailed by the nabob's troops, to whom, after a gallant but vain defence, they were compelled to surrender. Their number was now reduced to one hundred and forty-six, and, as the evening drew on, the guards marched them to a small chamber, which had served as the prison of the fortress, and was called the *black-hole*. It was a room eighteen feet by fourteen, ill-

\* He had just before married, in Madras, Miss Margaret Maskelyne, a sister of the celebrated astronomer-royal.

† His first application of it was to pay off a

mortgage, which pressed heavily on his father's property.



ventilated by two small windows, which were barred with iron, and which opened into a verandah. Mr. Holwell, who was a member of council, and the chief of the English there, remonstrated against the cruelty of forcing them into so small an apartment, but the officer of the guard threatened to cut down any man who refused to enter, and the prisoners, seeing that it was useless to resist, suffered themselves to be packed in, which being done with difficulty, the door was locked. The night was the 19th of June, and was even more sultry than is usual at that time of the year there. Many of the prisoners were suffering from their wounds—some others, soldiers, were inflamed with arrack, which they had been drinking in the fort. The horrors all endured are too dreadful to be detailed. They tried to burst the door, and seek relief from the scimitars of the guards. Mr. Holwell offered one of the inferior officers, who showed some sympathy for their fate, 1,000 rupees, if he could get them distributed into two apartments. He went to try; but on his return said that the nabob was asleep, and that no change could be made. The sum was now doubled, and he tried again, but returning, he said that nothing could be done, that the nabob was still asleep, and that nobody could dare to waken him. There was now no hope. The air was pestilential, some were suffocated, others were trampled to death, and there was a frantic struggle to get near the windows. The officer who had been before appealed to, forced in some skins of water through the bars, but this seemed only to increase their misery. The contests for the liquid were fearful; and the soldiers without, with a demon feeling, held up lights to see and enjoy the gestures of the combatants. Some sought, by incentives, to tempt the guards to fire upon them; others were raving mad; and midst this wailing scene, the only cry that was not one of horror, was that of prayer. At two o'clock, only fifty were alive; and when Sarajah awoke, at six in the morning, and gave orders for the door to be opened, only twenty-three were taken out alive, ghastly and insensible.

It is said that the nabob did not actually mean to cause so dreadful a catastrophe. Possibly he did not much consider all the horrors which would follow; but it is quite plain that he gave the order for imprisonment; for when he awoke in the morning, his first question had reference to the sufferers, inquiring in what condition they were; and even then his hardened indifference to their fate showed his cruelty. When Mr.

Holwell, who was one of the survivors, was brought into his presence, weak and scarcely sensible, he expressed no regret for his sufferings, no sorrow for those who had perished, but proceeded sternly to interrogate him on the far more interesting topic of the treasure which he supposed was concealed in the fort. Mill, with an air of liberality which so often appears in his work, just when it ought not, throws the blame of the transaction on the English themselves, on the ground that they had no business to have so *confined* a prison. It was, no doubt, large enough for all the purposes of the English factory at that time.

As soon as the news of this massacre, and of the fall of Calcutta, reached Madras, it was determined in council there, to prepare an expedition forthwith, to retake the possessions of the English, and avenge their wrongs. After some delay, arising out of personal feelings and jealousies between the company's and the king's service, an armament was fitted out, consisting of 900 Europeans and 1,500 sepoys, with a fleet of five ships under the command of Admiral Watson, and the control of the whole was confided to Clive. The force was small, considering the powerful despot it was destined to assail; but Clive said that his Europeans "were full of spirit and of resentment," and he had no doubt of their success. On the 2d of January, 1757, they retook Calcutta, which had been abandoned by the nabob, who was concentrating his troops at some distance from that town. Although his army amounted to 40,000 men, Clive determined to make a night attack upon his camp. Owing to some errors in the execution of this plan, he was not successful, but was obliged to retire with a considerable loss; still the effort was so daring, and the courage exhibited by his men so remarkable, that the movement had all the influence of a victory. The nabob sought rather to negotiate than to fight; and although Clive had no reliance on his character, he conceived himself bound, in the critical position in which he was placed, to treat with him, if it were practicable. A compact was accordingly made, by which great advantages were conferred upon the English. Clive, however, seems to have relied but little on the stability of this peace; for, in communicating the details of it to the directors, he observes, "that it cannot be expected that the princes of this country, whose fidelity is always to be suspected, will remain firm to their engagements and promises from principle only." There was great

reason for the caution conveyed in these remarks; for it afterwards appeared that the seal had not been put to the treaty, before the nabob was engaged in making overtures to the French, to assist him in expelling the English from Bengal. This was a contingency on which Clive had counted; and his first object after making peace with the nabob, was to march against the French factory at Chandernagore, where they had a thriving establishment, and a force about equal to his own. He claimed the nabob's agreement to this proceeding, on the ground that the English and the French were then at war. The nabob tried hard to evade giving his assent, but, after some correspondence, Clive advanced against this place, and took it by storm. In this expedition he acted on his own responsibility, disregarding orders from Madras, which recalled him there. He was aware of the efforts which the French government were making for the recovery of their influence in the East; he knew that M. Bussy, with a European and a large native force, was at no great distance from Bengal; and he clearly saw that a French and English power could not co-exist in India; he therefore concluded that he was consulting the interest of England, and the honor of her arms, in assailing her ablest enemy, while he could do so to advantage. On effecting this conquest, he made the further discovery that the nabob was actually in treaty with M. Bussy. He then determined to incur the further responsibility of declaring war against this prince, and of taking part in a conspiracy to dethrone him. "He is," said Clive, "a villain, and either he or we must be upset." Suraj-a-Doulah was, as we may easily conceive such a monster must have been, well hated. His tyranny had rendered him unpopular with most of the leaders in his court and camp, and his exactions had set many of the men of wealth against him. There was one feature in the Mogul polity which contributed a good deal to the insecurity of an unjust ruler. While the administration of justice, and every military appointment, was kept in the hands of the Mussulmans, all that related to finance was abandoned to the Hindoos. They were the conductors of money arrangements, the bankers in large towns, the money-lenders in the villages. "I prefer Hindoos as managers and renters, to those of my own religion," said Ameer-ul-Omra, the minister of the nabob of the Carnatic, "because a Mahomedan is like a sieve, and a Hindoo like a sponge. Whatever you put into the one

runs through; the other retains it all, and you may recover it any moment by the application of a little pressure." This pressure, however, very much disposed its victims to aid in conspiracies, and their influence was usually great. Amongst those who had suffered by the fall of Calcutta was a native banker, named Omichund, who was artful and avaricious, and who hoped, by political intrigues, to replace his losses. He was mainly the channel through which Clive communicated with the disaffected in the nabob's camp. Their wish was to set the latter aside, and to make Meer Jaffier, the commander-in-chief of his army, their ruler in his stead. The latter took an undecided part, evidently wishing to adhere to his master until he saw that he could desert him with safety. It was also plain that Omichund was not to be depended on, for after having stipulated for an enormous reward, under the name of compensation, he told the English that unless they secured him the further sum of £300,000, as recompense for his agency, he would go over to Suraj-a-Doulah, and apprise him of the conspiracy. "Promise him," said Clive, "all he asks, and draw up any form of engagement which shall satisfy him, and secure us against his treachery." This was done in a manner, which, if it be at all defensible, certainly shows that Clive was not over scrupulous. The expedient was a fictitious agreement, a proceeding which, in our mind, no emergency could justify.\*

This was the condition of affairs when Suraj-a-Doulah commanded his army, amounting to upwards of 55,000 men, with a large park of artillery, to advance against the English towards the plains of Plassey. The order was at once obeyed; and Clive, who had been assured that Meer Jaffier would come over and join him with his large division, saw no symptom of such a move. He had, moreover, intelligence that Bussy, with a disciplined force, was moving to the nabob's aid. The rains too were at hand, and the council

\* Two agreements were prepared, one written on red paper, promising all that Omichund had asked—the other, on white paper, giving him nothing. Admiral Watson signed the latter, but refused to sign the other, to which, however, his name was affixed by the committee. The Hindoo was deceived, and when, after the battle of Plassey, he claimed his reward, he was told, "The red treaty is a sham, you are to have nothing." The wretched man fell into the arms of an attendant, never uttered a complaint, became an idiot, and shortly after died. It is but right to add, that Clive never could see anything wrong in the transaction, and that his biographer, Sir John Malcom, defends it.



at Madras were imploring him to return, as all there were in alarm, daily expecting to be besieged by a French armament, known to be on its way from Europe. In this predicament, Clive made a false step; for the first and last time of his life he called a council of war. His whole force consisted of 3,000 men, one-third of them English, the rest sepoys, and his artillery consisted of eight six-pounders and a howitzer. The question which he propounded was, "Whether, in our present situation, without assistance, and on our own bottom, it would be prudent to attack the nabob; or whether we should wait till joined by some country power?" Clive spoke first, and voted for delay; he was joined by eight others, and seven were for an immediate attack, so that the council, which was composed of sixteen officers, was nearly divided. The question was regarded as definitely settled, and Clive retired to a grove, where, resting under a tree, he revolved the matter again in his mind for a whole hour, and then, regardless of the decision of the council, and of his own expressed opinion, announced his intention of attacking the enemy. No one describes a battle better than Mr. Gleig, and we therefore transcribe from his pages the triumph of Plassey:—

"At dawn of day on the 22d, the army began to cross the river; by four in the afternoon the last division was safely across. No halt ensued. The boats being towed against the stream with great labor, the infantry and guns pushed forward; and after a march of fifteen miles, the whole bivouacked, about three in the morning of the 23d, in a grove, or small wood, not far from Plassey.

"Clive's intelligence had led him to expect that the enemy were in position at Cossimbogue. A rapid march had, however, carried them on to Plassey, where they occupied the line or entrenched camp, which, during the siege of Chandernagore, Roydullub had thrown up, and scarcely were the British troops lain down, ere the sound of drums, clarions, and cymbals warned them of the proximity of danger. Picquets were immediately pushed forward, and sentinels planted, and for an hour or two longer the weary soldiers and camp-followers were permitted to rest.

"Day broke at last, and forth from their entrenched camp the hosts of Suraj-a-Doulah were seen to pour. 40,000 foot, armed, some with match-locks, others with spears, swords, and bows, overspread the plain; fifty pieces of cannon moved with them, each mounted upon a sort of wheeled-platform, which a long team of white oxen dragged, and an elephant pushed onwards from the rear. The cavalry numbered 15,000; and it was observed that in respect both of their horses and equipments, they were very superior to any which Clive and the soldiers of the Carnatic

had seen on their own side of India. The fact was, that this force consisted almost entirely of Rajpoots, or Patans, soldiers from their childhood, and individually brave and skilful with their weapons. But among them, not less than among the infantry, the bond of discipline was wanting; and placing no reliance one upon the other, their very multitude became to them a source of weakness. On the other hand, Clive's small, but most pliable army, stood silent as the grave. It consisted of about 1,100 Europeans, inured to toil, and indifferent to danger, and of 2,000 sepoys, who, trained in the same school, had imbibed no small share of the same spirit. Of these Europeans a portion of Adlercron's regiment constituted perhaps the flower. The name of Adlercron has long since ceased to be had in remembrance; but the gallant 39th still carry with them, wherever they go, a memorial of that day—the word "Plassey," and the proud motto, "*Primus in Indis*," standing emblazoned upon their colors, beside many a similar record of good service performed in Spain and in the south of France.

"The battle of Plassey began at daybreak, and was continued for many hours, with a heavy cannonade on the part of the enemy, to which the guns of the English warmly replied. The fire of the latter told at every sound; that of the former was much more noisy than destructive, partly because Clive sheltered his men behind a mud fence which surrounded the grove, partly because the nabob's artillerists were as unskilful as their weapons were cumbrous. No decisive movement was, however, made on either side, for Clive felt himself too weak in numbers to act on the offensive: besides, he still expected that Meer Jaffier would come over to him, and until some indication of the anticipated move were given, he did not consider that he would be justified in quitting his ground. The nabob's troops, on the other hand, were such as the ablest general could not pretend to manœuvre under fire, and able generals were wholly wanting to them. Under these circumstances Clive, whom excessive fatigue had worn out, lay down and slept, although not until he had given directions that, in the event of any change occurring, he should be immediately called. Accordingly, about noon, one of his people awoke him, and said that the enemy were retiring. He started up; the day, it appeared, being overcast, a heavy shower had followed, which so damaged the enemy's powder, that their artillery became in a great degree useless; and as they trusted entirely to their superiority in that arm, they no longer ventured to keep the field. In a moment, Clive gave the word to advance. There was one little band attached to the nabob's force which served him in good stead that day. It consisted of about forty French soldiers, European and native, the remains of the garrison of Chandernagore, with four light field-pieces. Against these Clive first directed an attack to be made, and though they resisted stoutly, he drove them from a redoubt in which they were established, and seized their guns. With the apparent design of preventing this, the nabob's people again sallied forth; but they came on this time in a confused

mass, and a well-directed fire from the English guns first checked and then turned them. Advantage was promptly taken of the panic, no respite was given to the fugitives, for the victors entering with them pell-mell into their camp, soon converted the retreat into a flight. In an hour from the first movement of the English beyond the exterior of the grove, a battle, on which may be said to have hung the destinies of India, was decided."—*Gleig's Life of Clive*, pp. 81, 82.

As the battle was closing, Clive observed a dense body of troops, on the enemy's left, moving obliquely towards his right. They made no communication, and were fired on as they approached. When the engagement was quite over, horsemen came in announcing that this was Meer Jaffier's corps, and that he sent his congratulations to the victors. On the following morning that chieftain entered the camp; but he was obviously uneasy, and appeared conscious of his duplicity; for he

was observed to change color when the guard turned out to receive him. Clive, however, soon calmed his fears. He received him with open arms, and hailed him as Nabob of Bengal, Bahar, and Ovisia. Such was the battle of Plassey, which forms the first great era in the history of British India. Fought under circumstances of great discouragement, it achieved for us the richest district of Hindostan, established England as a recognized power, and spread the terror of her arms throughout the provinces of the Mogul empire, then tottering to its fall.

Mr. Wilson's work, now completed, meets, we are quite sure, the expectations of the public. We much regret that he did not rewrite the history of the period embraced by Mill; but he has done the next best thing, by correcting the errors and fancies of that much-biassed author, in his well-considered notes.

---

## DEATH OF IBRAHIM PASHA.

HIS Highness Ibrahim Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, died on the 10th Nov., and Abbas Pasha, his nephew, succeeds him in the Pashalic, according to the firman granted by the Sultan in June, 1841, at the close of the Syrian war, by which the succession to the Government of Egypt is to descend in a direct line to Mehemet Ali's male posterity, from the elder to the elder among his sons and grandsons. Ibrahim Pasha, Mehemet Ali's son, was born at Cavalla, in Roumelia, in 1789, and was thus at the age of fifty-nine years at his death. His education was similar to what is generally given to Oriental princes; he spoke Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, which he also wrote with facility, and he employed several hours of the day in reading books on history, of which he was very fond; he knew no European language, but he regularly had the newspapers translated to him. Ibrahim Pasha has left only three sons living: Ahmed Bey, born in 1825; Ishmael Bey, born in 1830, both pursuing their studies in Paris; and Mustapha Bey, born in 1835, at present in Cairo. Ibrahim Pasha was buried with military honors, but with little ceremony, on the day of his death, in Mehemet Ali's

family tomb, in the vicinity of Cairo. Abbas Pasha, who succeeds Ibrahim in the government of the country, was born in Arabia in 1813. He is the son of Toussoon Pasha, Mehemet Ali's second son, who died of the plague in the year 1816, and his right to the succession arises from his being at present the eldest living male member of Mehemet Ali's family. Abbas Pasha has hitherto led a very quiet life, and has been for many years Governor of Cairo. He has had, from his own option, little intercourse with the Europeans; he is a strict Mahommedan, and on this account the natives are glad of his accession. Abbas Pasha is well versed in Oriental literature; he has a thorough knowledge of the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic languages, and he occupies much of his time in reading and writing. It is expected that the new Viceroy will be favorably inclined towards the English, in consequence of the courtesy shown to him at the outset of his new career by Captain Frushard, for whom, and the officers of his steamer, handsome presents, consisting of swords, mouthpieces, and snuff-boxes, have already been despatched from Cairo to Suez.



From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## ABD-EL-KADER.

EVERY condition of society produces its remarkable men. The savage, who spends his life in hunting wild beasts and in fighting with his brother savage, whose knowledge of the arts scarcely extends beyond the manufacture of war-weapons, and whose civilization has not even yet taught him what we esteem to be the decencies of life, has his hero and *beau ideal* of manly virtue, just as the most refined partisan has. In all the phases of social condition there have been men who may be termed the history-makers—men who have stood out in bold relief from their fellows, and have rendered their nations famous through their own individual activities. If we look into humanity we will find that all national fame has resulted from the acts of a very small number of men in any nation, the spheres and degrees of fame increasing and extending, of course, as the sciences and arts multiply. In savage warlike nations, such as the tribes of North America and those of the Caucasus, oratory and physical daring are the two most famous attributes of a man; indeed they are the only virtues of manhood that are regarded as worthy of cultivation and distinction by primitive nations. Oratory and military skill also maintain a high state of distinction in the most civilized states; but they are not the only elements of distinction, for famous mechanics and artists are esteemed worthy of great honor amongst those who cultivate the arts of peace, and who have risen from that abnormal condition called savage life, in which the animal nature receives its fullest development, to that higher state of intellectual existence called civilization.

Primitive nations can only produce two sorts of great men, then—their orators and warriors. The fame of the former is never likely to extend beyond his tribe; that of the latter may extend over a wide circle, and come down to a distant posterity. Oratory only operates upon the kindred council; war is a scourge that the stranger feels, and of course remembers; so that the savage war-

rior is generally glorified and exalted, while the savage orator is only esteemed so long as his tongue can be heard among his people. One other cause of the equal estimation in which a warrior is held both in civilized and savage life is that, in these two conditions of society, the warlike capacities are identical. The most inhuman savage on the battle-field is morally on a par with the most skilful and courageous general; so that Schamyl, who leads his dauntless Circassians against the Russians, or Tecumseh, who combined the Indian tribes against the United States, or Abd-el-Kader, who led his Arab hosts against the French, were and are all equal in the high warlike attributes, and certainly far more noble in purpose than the so-called Christian generals with whom they have contended.

Abd-el-Kader was the third son of an old Arab merchant, whose tribe dwelt in the plain of Ghris, to the south of Oran. The ambition of the father, the genius of the son, and the condition of the Arabs of the plain, combined to produce those circumstances which have rendered the young emir illustrious. The old marabout's ambition is said to have been stimulated by prophetic assurances that his would become a most exalted and famous family. The courage, firmness and intellectual energy of Abd-el-Kader pointed him out as the object through which his house was to become great among the tribes, while the tyranny of the Turks, and the growing discontent of the Arabs whom they oppressed, pointed to the means by which this greatness should come. Abd-el-Kader was, from his infancy, carefully educated in all the Mussulman superstitions, and he early discovered that thoughtful and solitary austerity so much esteemed as an evidence of sanctity among the Orientals. In addition to his religious fervor, he was early remarkable for an enthusiastic patriotism; and although small and apparently weakly in form, was distinguished above all his compeers for physical strength and endurance, and the

ease with which he could manage the most fiery steed. Although withheld by religious considerations from rebelling against the Turkish oppressors of his country, he was soon brought into collision with them. No devout Mussulman who is able to make the pilgrimage to Mecca neglects to do so once in his life; so that the young chief and his father, when the former was not yet twenty years of age, set out to visit the tomb of the Prophet, intending to embark from Oran, and proceed by sea. They were seized and insulted by the bey of Oran, and only escaped from being sacrificed to his vengeful fears by the coolness and courage of the young chief. Mahhi Eldin, the father of Abd-el-Kader, and the young man, visited the east, and remained there two years, not only visiting mosques and tombs of saints, but studying politics. The character, designs, and political sagacity of Mehemet Ali are said to have greatly influenced the young Arab; and his success in rendering his pachalic so formidable as a warlike power, and at the same time so consolidated as a nation, operated much to direct his ambition. With the experience deduced from travel and observation, the aged marabout and his son returned home to reflect upon the condition of their nation, and to watch in their tents an opportunity of shaking off the intolerable tyranny of the anarchical military power which sold the pachalics of Algiers, Oran, and the other provinces, to the highest bidders, and, like the Roman prætorian guard, deposed their pachas at will, while they ground and oppressed the Arabs by a system of brigandage.

The conquest of Algiers by the French considerably modified the designs of Abd-el-Kader's father, but it hastened the event which had been so long looked for. Mussulman might not with consistency raise the sword against Mussulman, and for this reason had they borne so long; but now when the Frank had come to conquer their land and to triumph over their co-religionists, it behoved all true Mahommedans to rally round the crescent, and drive the French from Africa. The Turkish beys were no longer able to oppress the Arabs, and these latter had refused submission to them; but at the same time the father of Abd-el-Kader went about from tribe to tribe urging them to combine in one grand confederation, to choose a sultan or supreme chief, and to prepare for a holy war in defence of their religion. The representations and appeals of the old chief were successful, and an immense host of Arabs met, and attacked the French at Oran, but,

as they acted without concert and individual direction, they were repulsed with great loss. This repulse produced the necessity which was to constitute Abd-el-Kader sultan.

On the 27th of September, 1832, a great council was held at Ersebia, in the plain of Ghris, the leading member of which was the old marabout. He presented gifts to all the chiefs, impressed them individually with the necessity of choosing a sultan, and then, rising, he addressed the council upon the necessity of the true believers combining to rescue their brethren from the yoke of the Christians. He painted the future condition of the Arabs of the plain in the most fearful colors, and so operated by his eloquence upon the leaders of the tribes that they unanimously named him sultan. The politic old marabout declined this position, however, pleading his age as an excuse for his refusal, but he named his third son, Abd-el-Kader, as worthy of the honor, saying, "If I propose him in preference to his brothers, it is because I know him to be more capable; he is their superior in knowledge, education, skill in arms, and vigor of mind; and although his body is small and apparently weak, it contains a large soul and an iron will. He is active, cool, and indefatigable, full of ardent love for his country, and of zeal for our religion." The chiefs hesitated to accept one so young, however, even after this recommendation, but superstition completed what policy had begun. An aged chief suddenly declared that it had been revealed in a vision to him that Abd-el-Kader should be sultan; and, as the old man was held in high esteem for courage and probity, the nomination of the young chief was accepted with loud acclamations. Mahhi Eldin, laying hands upon Abd-el-Kader, cried aloud, "Behold your emir!" and the chiefs hastening towards him, threw themselves at his feet in token of submission.

From 1832 until 1847, Abd-el-Kader maintained one of the most unequal and remarkable strifes that are upon record. Sometimes, at the head of hosts of well-appointed warriors, he met and routed the bravest and most skilful soldiers of France; and at other times, with a broken and scanty following, he has eluded the closest pursuit. In all his daring and dangerous enterprises, he was accompanied by his mother, wife, and children; and although foiled by his European foe, deserted by his army, and reduced to the lowest condition that a warrior chief could be reduced, he always preserved those so dear to him safely about his person. He has been hunted like a wild beast for years past, and



his subjugation and death have been predicted times without number, but he again and again re-appeared upon the stage of action, visiting with a terrible vengeance the armies that have seized upon the country of his birth.

Abd-el-Kader is now about forty years of age. His countenance is characterized by a gentle, half-sorrowful expression, which impresses one with the idea that his predominant sentiment is a religious one. His person has something of the ascetic about it, and recalls the appearance of those monks of old who ever preferred the tumult of the camp to the tranquillity of the cloister. His Arab costume, too, which is longish in form, conduces to render his resemblance to the monks altogether very striking. Abd-el-Kader's brow is large; his face is oval in form, little, and very pale. His eyes are black, soft, and extremely beautiful; they are deep sunk, and generally cast down, but their quick and incessant motion offers a striking contrast to the habitual immobility of his other features. His beard is black, thick, and short. He has upon his forehead, between his eyes, a little blue tattooed mark peculiar to his tribe. It is in the form of a lozenge, and is perfectly visible. Abd-el-Kader is very small in stature, but he is well proportioned. His shoulders are a little bent, however, but this is a defect common to Arabs of low stature, in consequence of their carrying their heads much forward on horseback, and bearing heavy garments and shields on their backs capable of resisting sabre strokes. His cloak, according to the fashion of his country, is fastened to the top of his head by a cord of camel's hair. In his hands, which are finely formed and very white, he always carries a chaplet, which he counts, as all Mussulmans do, when he repeats his prayers. In conversation he is very lively and easy; his voice is deep and monotonous, but his delivery is extremely rapid. He frequently repeats a phrase which is very common amongst the Arabs, "In cha Allah," which he contracts to "In ch' Alla (If it please God)." He is sincerely and ardently pious; he is sober in his tastes, austere in his manners, simple in his dress, and devotedly respected and beloved by his soldiers, whose every fatigue he shared, and to whom he gave an example of all the warlike virtues; and so fortunate has he been in entirely escaping even from the most imminent of dangers, that the most superstitious of the Arabs believe him to be invulnerable. Anxiously desirous to justify the promises which his father had made of him when he assumed the command of the

tribes, he hastened to summon them to his standard, and in five days had twenty thousand men at his back, mounted, equipped and ready for the fray. The young emir did not allow time for their courage to cool, but immediately led them before Oran. Mahhi Eldin, with Ben Thami, his son-in-law, and Sidi Haly, the brother of Abd-el-Kader, accompanied him on this expedition, Sidi Haly acting as his lieutenant. Abd-el-Kader's native power was fortified by that of the Emperor of Morocco, whom he had the policy to acknowledge as his sovereign, and who encouraged him in his expeditions against the French.

The cities of Madeah and Miliana, in the Barbary States, were held in the name of the Emperor of Morocco at the French invasion, and several places were still in the hands of the Turks, while the Moors and Koulougdis (or Turkish militia) held some provinces in conjunction; among others Kemeen, Mostaganene, and Coleah, the three principal divisions of the province of Constantine. Oran alone was in the hands of the French, and against this city Abd-el Kader led his forces. He attacked it with the greatest impetuosity. His own horse was slain under him, but his negro slave, Ben Abon, immediately remounted him, and he dashed headlong once more to the attack. Driven back repeatedly by the discharges of the French musketry, Abd-el-Kader again and again rallied his men, and led them to the walls amidst showers of bullets. He manifested the coolest intrepidity and the most daring hardihood. His clothes were riddled with balls, one of which slightly wounded his right foot, but this he took care to conceal, so that the belief of his invulnerability was augmented, and his fame, instead of being compromised, was strengthened by his two successive defeats. In this affair at Oran many Arabs and French were killed and wounded, and Abd-el-Kader had the misfortune to see fall at his side his courageous and gallant brother Haly, to whom his brother-in-law Ben Thami succeeded as lieutenant.

After the death of his son Haly, Mahhi Eldin, who was at the siege of Oran, did not go forth any more to battle. After having seen his son Abd-el-Kader proclaimed sultan, he was satisfied, and remained at home in his tent for the remainder of his life. He had accompanied the young emir at first, to insure to him by his presence the submission of his new subjects; his mission being accomplished, he retired to his guatna, which was the centre of Abd-el-Kader's hereditary

kingdom, and dwelt thenceforth in the heart of the tribe of Hachan, stimulating their devotion to their young chief. As the power of the emir rapidly increased through the talents and influence of the old marabout and his own transcendent genius, formidable rivals presented themselves to dispute his authority. The beys of Constantine and of Titerly had all along protested against the pretensions of the young sultan, as well as the invasion of the French. These powerful chiefs, divided amongst themselves from motives of personal ambition, now united, in the hope of subduing Abd-el-Kader with the help of the French. But he had anticipated them, by entering into a treaty of peace with General Desmichels, who rejected the propositions of the beys, and, in order to protect his new ally from their treachery, advanced against them with his army. During the continuance of this treaty, Abd-el-Kader returned to the guatna, to render the last tribute of filial affection to his now aged and dying father, who, shortly after his return, expired.

The great influence and accumulating power of Abd-el-Kader with his people began to receive the attention of the French, until at last, in order to consummate a design of permanently occupying Algiers, it was determined to suppress the young emir, and disorganize his power. General Desmichels had entered into a treaty with the sultan, and had recognized his sovereignty, as well as a definite territory, but the French soon found a pretext for breaking this treaty. Abd-el-Kader had crossed the Cheliff, the boundary fixed in the treaty, and General Trezil, glad of the pretext, collected his forces and led them against the Arabs. With an army of two thousand five hundred men, Trezil marched to the plain of Figuier, where Abd-el-Kader had twice before fixed his camp. Finding no Arabs here, he employed a deserter from the emir's forces to lead him upon the enemy. The French set out at four o'clock in the morning, with the hope of taking the emir by surprise and cutting his army in pieces. They found themselves suddenly involved, however, in a swamp, where their horses and baggage sunk so deep as to throw them into confusion, and where the feet of the men and the wheels of the carriages were obstructed by masses of rank herbage. After enduring much fatigue, the army at last passed through this swamp, and began to deploy leisurely upon a plain beyond it; and here it began to be supposed that the guide, to whose fidelity they had trusted,

had proved false, and the whisper of treason had just begun to circulate through the ranks, when suddenly the advance-guard was attacked by the cavalry of Abd-el-Kader, and the whole army was surrounded. The Arabs rushed upon the French with great impetuosity. The carriages, half-buried amongst the mud, could not be removed, and the horses sank under their riders to the stirrups. Confined to a narrow space, and treading upon a loose bottom, the army seemed to be a confused mass of men and horses, which the bullets of the Arabs incessantly mowed down. The battle was fierce and bloody, and the French were at last broken, routed, and obliged to retreat with great slaughter. The Arabs, always ready to give up the chase to pillage, ceased the pursuit, and the broken elements of the French army were collected and re-formed, and began to retreat in order. The flying host was still harassed by the horsemen of the desert, however, until it took up a strong position for the night; but when it began to move upon the morrow it was again furiously attacked. Twelve hundred Frenchmen fell in that expedition, nearly the half of the whole army, and almost all their baggage fell into Abd-el-Kader's hands.

This battle and defeat at Figuier decided the French government to send to Africa a large army and an energetic leader, in order to contend with and crush the bold and able emir. Marshal Clausel was intrusted with the expedition upon account of his courage, firmness, and long acquaintance with the African mode of warfare; and now it was that France began to develop her vast project of African dominion and colonization, by subduing a country whose government she affected to have merely gone to temporarily chastise. This old and experienced French soldier found, however, that he had no ordinary foe to contend with in the young emir. The war which the French had begun with the Dey of Algiers, ostensibly as a war of defence against the piratical practices of that potentate, was now by degrees extended and maintained as a war of territorial acquisition, and treaties were made and broken with the young emir upon the merest pretences, if such suited the purposes of the agents of French aggrandizement. The courage, the skill, the rapidity of his motions, and the suddenness and constancy of his attacks, have conduced to render the Algerine war to France one of the most expensive, deadly, and harassing in which she ever engaged, and has exhibited her in the most heartless, cruel, and savage aspect that ever civilized nation assumed.



She threw all the recognized chivalry of warfare aside, and, trampling under foot all the use and wont of national contention, began to commit those awful wholesale massacres and burnings called *razzias*, the memory of which will disgrace the name of Louis Philippe among civilized nations as long as the history of his reign remains. Men, women, and children were consigned to suffocation, and flames, and the murderous steel, not because they were active enemies of France, but because the armies of Abd-el-Kader were recruited from the *dohairs* in which they dwelt. A cruel, brutal war of extermination was begun, and those who could not conquer the young emir of the Arabs by the sword, sought to destroy all his hopes and his power by annihilating his people. If the object of these *razzias* was the subjugation of Abd-el-Kader, they were successful. He who had refused to succumb to the French power succumbed to the tears and groans of his countrymen. To save his people, Abd-el-Kader yielded, in 1847, to General Lamoriciere, under a solemn promise that he should be allowed to retire to Alexandria. That promise was broken in the most flagrant manner; the confiding chief was kept, in spite of his petitions and entreaties, in a climate which affected his health; and he still remains a prisoner in the Castle of Paris. The Republic has granted some relaxation to the severity of his confinement, but still it remains for them to deal justly with Abd-el-Kader. In his captivity the Arab chief preserves all the dignity that had characterized his freedom. The same patient submission to the will of Allah, and the same calm and heroic firmness, sustains him in a French prison that had raised him above personal submission, when he was mounted on his Arab steed, on his native plain of Ghris. One noble attribute of Abd-el-Kader's character is his humanity. He was never known voluntarily to consent to the execution of a prisoner. He would oppose the whole of his chiefs in divan when such a measure was proposed, and even submit to play upon their superstitious credulity rather than allow the death of a man in cold blood. He has often saved the lives of those who were in great jeopardy, from declaring that Muley (saint) Abd-el-Kader had, in a vision, denounced heavy misfortunes upon the tribes if they slew the prisoners under trial; and as Muley Abd-el-Kader's benevolent protection is supposed to be extended over Jew, Mussulman, and Christian, without exception, the plea has often prevailed.

The life of such a man as the emir is a

wonderful illustration of the effects of an idea, even upon the most darkened and credulous of minds. Impressed with a belief of his invulnerability and semi-divinity, hosts of armed men flocked around the standard of the young sultan, shaking their bright scimitars on high and shouting their war-cries. Living on parched barley and water, sleeping on rush mats, and sweltering in the rays of a burning sun, they came to do the will of a supposed prophet, and they gave themselves courageously and devotedly to the work. Might not Christian men take from these darkened savages an example of courage and earnestness, in exemplifying the faith of peace and love? The fakirs, or professors of divination, in Ghris, still represent Abd-el-Kader as a second messenger of Allah, and his mother Lella Zahara is held in great esteem as the woman announced in the Scriptures as the mother of him who is to deliver the true believers from the power of the infidels.

That Abd-el-Kader's mission is divine is a general belief amongst the Arabs. They are convinced that he exercises an authority immediately derived from God, and that no human power can subdue him. His mishaps are viewed with a perfect indifference as regards his ultimate success. The loss of a battle and the abandonment of his standard by his friends are viewed as accidents from which he will rise more terrible than ever to crush his enemies. If Abd-el-Kader does not partake deeply of the general superstition, he is perfectly subject to the fatalist belief, and the desertion of his soldiers caused him no uneasiness. He speaks of his misfortunes as inevitable. Treachery and defeat are unable to shake his confidence. He yields to his fate without a murmur, assured that his day of success will soon return. It seems now, however, as if the hopes of the emir were completely extinguished, and that he has no other exercise for his faith save resignation. Yet he supports his misfortunes with a dignity which preserves the consistency of his character and puts to shame the policy which would impose restrictions upon that liberty which he voluntarily yielded upon a pledge that it should to a certain extent be secured.

Lella Kheira, the wife of Abd-el-Kader, unlike her husband, is tall, and possessed of a noble carriage, while her features are remarkably beautiful, and her voice soft and musical. Her costume is that of all Arab women; but she generally wears a peculiar cloak, made of red or blue cloth. In 1845 she had had four children, two sons and two daughters.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## MRS. HEMANS.

FELICIA HEMANS and the poetesses of England! Such would probably be the form in which the toast would run, if literary toasts were the fashion, or such a mode of compliment the one exactly suited to the case. Not that we would venture positively to assert that Mrs. Hemans stands at the head of our poetesses, the first absolutely in point of genius,—though there is but one name, that of Joanna Baillie, which occurs to us at the moment as disputing with hers that pre-eminence,—but because she, in a more complete manner than any other of our poetesses, represents the mind, the culture, the feelings, and character, of the English gentlewoman. Her piety, her resignation, her love of nature and of home—that cheerfulness easily moved by little incidents, that sadness into which reflection almost always settled—all speak of the cultivated woman bred under English skies, and in English homes. Her attachment to the privacy of life, her wise dislike and avoidance of the *éclat* of literary renown, and the dull, dry, fever-heat of fashionable circles, tend to complete her qualifications as a fitting representative of her fair countrywomen. The cultivation of her mind, in its weakness as well as elegance, savored, perhaps, too much of what we are compelled to call feminine. Alive at all times to beauty in all its forms, to music, to tender and imaginative thought, she seems to have been almost equally averse to whatever bore the aspect of an analysis of feeling, or an approach to a severe investigation of truth. Present her with the beautiful, but spare her all scientific dissection of it. Let the flower live as her companion; do not rend it to pieces to show its conformation. Let but the faith be tender and *true to the heart*, and disturb her not with rude inquiries whether it possess any other truth or not. That too much melancholy (at least for her own happiness) which is traceable in her poems, arose in part from events in her life, but in part, also, from this too partial and limited cultivation of the mind. The feelings were excited or refined,

but the reasoning powers not enough called forth: no task-work was therefore given to the active intellect; and a mind that could not be at rest was left to brood over sentiments, either the sad heritage of all mortality, or the peculiar offspring of afflictions of her own. We are not imputing, in this remark, any shadow of blame to her; we make the remark because we think that, eminent as she was, she still suffered much from the unwise and arbitrary distinction which is made in the education of the two sexes.

The difference between the mental qualities of the sexes is owing, we apprehend, far more to education than to nature. At all events, there is no such natural difference as warrants the distinction we make in the mental discipline we provide for them. There are certain professional studies with which no one thinks of vexing the mind of any one, man or woman, but those who intend to practise the professions; but why, in a good English library, there should be one half of it, and that the better half, which a young woman is not expected to read—this we never could understand, and never reflect on with common patience. Why may not a Locke, or a Paley, or a Dugald Stewart, train the mind of the future mother of a family? or why may not an intelligent young woman be a companion for her brother or her husband in his more serious moods of thought as well as in his gayer and more trifling? Would the world lose anything of social happiness or moral refinement by this intellectual equality of the two sexes? You vex the memory of a young girl with dictionaries and vocabularies without end; you tax her memory in every conceivable manner; and at an after-age you give the literature of sentiment freely to her pillage; but that which should step between the two—the culture of the reason—this is entirely forbidden. If she learns a dozen modern languages, she does not read a single book in any one of them that would make her think. Even in her religious library, the same distinction is preserved. Books of sen-



timental piety—some of them maudlin enough—are thrust with kindest anxiety and most liberal profusion upon her; any work of theology, any work that discusses and examines, is as carefully excluded.

We are not contending that there is no difference whatever in the mental constitution of the two sexes. There may be less tendency to ratiocination in woman; there is certainly more of feeling, a quicker and more sensitive nature. One sees this especially in children. Mark them in their play-hours, in their holiday freedom, when they are left to themselves to find matter of enjoyment—how much more pleasure does the girl evidently derive from any beautiful or living thing that comes before it than the boy! We have an instance of it almost as we write. There is a group of children on the beach. The little girl is in perfect ecstasies, as she looks at the sparkling waves that come bounding to her feet; she shouts, she leaps, she herself bounds towards them, then springs back as they approach, half frightened and half pleased—she knows not how to express her delight at this great playfellow she has found. Meanwhile the boy, her brother, does nothing but throw stones at it—of that he seems never wearied. The beach is a perfect armory to him, and he pelts the graceful waves remorselessly. What is their grace to him? So, too, in an inland scene, a garden or a lawn, we have often noticed what exquisite pleasure a little girl will feel as she watches a sparrow alight near her upon the ground, in search of crumbs or other food. Her little frame quite thrills as this other little piece of life comes hopping and pecking about her. She loads it, but with suppressed voice, with all the endearing epithets her vocabulary supplies. She is evidently embarrassed that they are so few; she makes up by their frequent repetition. She absolutely *loves* the little creature, with all whose movements she seems to have the keenest sympathy. Her brother, the boy, he has nothing for it but his unfailing stone, or he flings his hat at it. Unfailing, fortunately, the stone is not; for, if his skill as a marksman responded to his destructive zeal, there is nothing that a stone would kill that would be left alive, or that a stone would break that would be left whole. A mere blind animal-activity seems, at that very interesting age, to distinguish the future lord of the creation.

At an after-period of life, when thought has educated the youth into feeling, the picture is often entirely reversed. Then, unless the man be bred up a mere pleasure-hunter,

seeking what he calls amusement in town or country, the superior education he has received makes him the more feeling, the more imaginative, because the more reflective of the two. That brother who once shocked his little sister by his stupid and cruel amusements, now looks with something like contempt at the frivolous tastes and occupations—at the system of poor artificial enjoyments—to which that sister has betaken herself. Now, if they are at the sea-side together, it is he who finds companionship in the waves, who finds thought grow more expanded, freer, and bolder, in the presence of the boundless ocean. She, too, dotes upon the sea, and sits down beside it—to read her novel. Now, if they ride or walk through the country together, it is his eye that sees the bird upon the bough—hers is on the distant dust some equipage is making.

But matters are mending, and will continue to mend. There are so many women of richly cultivated minds who have distinguished themselves in letters or in society, and made it highly feminine to be intelligent as well as good, and to have elevated as well as amiable feelings, that by-and-by the whole sex must adopt a new standard of education. It must, we presume, be by leaders of their own starting out of their own body, that the rest of the soft and timid flock must be led.

Yes, we are mending. Very different are our times from those when Madame de Genlis published her little work, *De l'Influence des Femmes sur la Littérature Française comme Protectrices des Lettres, et comme Auteurs*. She had to contend, with the same acrid energy, for the privilege of a lady to write, as a Turkish dame of the present century might be supposed to display, who should contend for the privilege of walking abroad unveiled, or rather unmuffled. And even she herself thinks it necessary to give certain rules to young women who write—as she would to young women who dance—how to comport themselves with consummate propriety; as not to enter into controversy, or use big words—in short, to deal with printer's ink without soiling the most delicate fingers. As to that argument drawn from the supposed neglect of domestic duties—which it seems, in those days just emerging from barbarity, was still heard of—she dismisses it very briefly. “*Comme ces devoirs dans une maison bien ordonnée, ne peuvent jamais prendre plus d'une heure par jour, cette objection est absolument nulle.*” As there is much implied in that “*maison bien ordonnée,*” and as Madame de Genlis

did not write for simple gentle-folks, it is to be hoped that the one hour per diem may admit of extension without any forfeiture of literary privileges. In her time, too, there was thought to be a sort of feud between authors and authoresses—a thing which in our day is quite inconceivable—for she writes, apropos of a charge of plagiarism against La Fontaine, in the following indignant strains:—"Quelles que soient le bonhomie et la candeur d'un auteur, il sait que, par une loi tacite mais universelle, il est toujours dispensé de convenir qu'il doit à une femme une idée heureuse. Dans ce cas seulement le plagiat et le silence sont également légitimes."

We have changed all that: we have had too many instances of women of talent and of genius to doubt their ability to excel—we make no exception—in any branch of literature whatever. We give them, on the other hand, no monopoly of elegance or grace, or delicacy of touch, as some affect to do. These qualities they are very likely to display; but they will be superior in them to authors of the male sex, only just so far as they are superior to those authors in genius and talent. There is still a practice in many critics to detect the style feminine from the style masculine. The sooner this is laid aside the better. There are styles which, speaking metaphorically, one may say have a feminine grace, or a feminine weakness. Such an observation has been made, by Sir James Mackintosh, on the style of Addison. But to pretend to say of a given page of composition whether a man or a woman has penned it, is absurd. We often hear it said, that none but a woman could have written the letters of Madame de Sévigné. If Cowper had been a woman, people would have said the same thing of his letters. They are unrivalled, at least in our own language, for grace and elegance, and wit and playfulness. No woman, we believe—and the epistolary style is supposed to belong by especial right to the female pen—has ever written such charming letters as those to Lady Hesketh, and his old friend Thomas Hill. As to the letters of Madame de Sévigné, they so evidently come from a mother to a daughter, that it is impossible to forget for a moment the sex of the writer. But if the qualities which have given them literary celebrity are to be pronounced feminine, half the literature of France is of the same gender. Still less can we tolerate the affectation that pretends to discern a certain weakness, a tremulousness of the hand, when the pen is held by a woman. There is a grace and elegance, but,

forsooth, a certain hesitation—a want of vigor and certainty of touch. Nonsense. Take *Our Village*, by Miss Mitford, and the *Sketch-Book*, by Washington Irving: they are both of the graceful and elegant order of style; but the lady writes the English language with far more freedom, ease, and vigor, than the gentleman. The poetic element is mingled in her diction with far more taste and judgment. It glitters through her prose as the sunlight in the green tree—throwing its gold amongst the foliage, yet leaving it the same green, and simple, and refreshing object as before.

No—we will grant to woman no monopoly in the lighter elegancies, and presume nothing against her ability to excel in the graver qualities of authorship. We have said that Mrs. Hemans was peculiarly the poetess of her countrywomen, but we do not mean to imply by this that her style is peculiarly feminine—for we do not pretend to know what a feminine style is; we thus characterized her because the sentiments she habitually expresses are those which will almost universally find a response in the minds of her countrywomen.

It seems an ungracious thing to say, but we do wish that the biographical notice of Mrs. Hemans, appended to the last edition of her works, had not been written by a sister. So near a relative may be presumed, indeed, to know more of the person whose life she undertakes to narrate than any one else; but she may not know what to tell us. Her very familiarity with the subject is against her: she cannot place it at a distance from her, and regard it with a freshness of view; she does not think of recording, she does not even remember, what to her has none of the interest of novelty. A sister who should give to any impartial biographer the materials he required of her, would be found to contribute far more to our knowledge of the person whose life was written, than by holding the pen herself. Besides, a sister can have none, and show none, but sisterly feelings; and though these are very proper and amiable, we want something more.

The two or three events which we learn from this biographical notice, and which bear upon the education of *the poetess*, are soon recorded, and they are the only class of events we feel particularly interested in. Felicia Dorothea Browne—such was the maiden name of Mrs. Hemans—was born at Liverpool, 25th September, 1793. She is described as distinguished "almost from her cradle by extreme beauty and precocious



talents." When of the age of seven years her father, who had been a merchant of considerable opulence, met with a reverse of fortune, and the family retired to Wales, "where for the next nine years they resided at Grych, near Abergele, in Denbighshire, a large old mansion, close to the sea, and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains,"—a change of residence which was, at all events, highly propitious for the development of the poetic character. "In the calm seclusion of this romantic region, with ample range through the treasures of an extensive library, the young poetess passed a happy childhood, to which she would often fondly revert amidst the vicissitudes of her after-life. Here she imbibed that intense love of nature which ever afterwards 'haunted her like a passion,' and that warm attachment for the 'green land of Wales'—its affectionate, true-hearted people; their traditions, their music, and all their interesting characteristics—which she cherished to the last hours of her existence." A pleasant picture this—the large old house near the sea, and amongst mountains, with Welsh harpers and Welsh traditions, and great store of books, and the little girl ranging at will through all. This, and the picture we have of the young student conning her Shakspeare, her choicest recreation, "in a secret haunt of her own—a seat amongst the branches of an old apple-tree—where she revelled in the treasures of the cherished volume"—are all we learn of her childhood, and all perhaps that remained to tell.

Our poetess was very soon in print. Few have commenced their life of authorship so early. In 1808 some friends, "perhaps more partial than judicious," published a collection of her poems, written at and before the age of fourteen, in a quarto volume. "Its appearance," our fair biographer tells us, "drew down the animadversions of some *self-constituted* arbiter of taste." We never heard of any critics being constituted by royal patent, or any mode of popular election—certainly not by a committee of authors. Self-constituted! why did not the lady call him a self-conceited knave, while she was about it? Just or unjust, there would have been some meaning in the phrase, at least. We suspect, for our part, that these friends, "more partial than judicious," who published the rhymes of a young girl of fourteen in a quarto volume, were themselves strangely constituted arbiters of taste.

Not long after this first publication of her poems, the next great event of her life took place—her introduction to Captain Hemans.

"The young poetess was then only fifteen in the full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early. The mantling bloom of her cheeks was shaded by a profusion of natural ringlets, of a rich golden brown; and the ever-varying expression of her brilliant eyes gave a changeful play to her countenance, which would have made it impossible for any painter to do justice to it." No wonder that so fair a being should excite the admiration of a gallant captain. And the love on both sides was ardent and sincere: it supported the absence of three years; for Captain Hemans, soon after their introduction, was called upon to embark with his regiment for Spain. On his return, in 1812, they were married. Of their domestic happiness, or unhappiness, nothing is said; but six years after, in 1818, we are simply told that the Captain went to Rome—and never returned. The separated pair never met again.

"To dwell on this subject," says her biographer, "would be unnecessarily painful; yet it must be stated, that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation; and from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again."

We are not in general anxious to pry into the domestic afflictions of any pair whom wedlock has mismatched. If we feel a little curiosity to know more than the sister has told us, in this instance, it is merely from a wish to learn how far the poetic temperament of Mrs. Hemans could be assigned as the real cause of her matrimonial unhappiness. Did the Captain grow weary of the society of one whose feelings were pitched in too high a key for him to sympathize with? Was there too much of poetry mingled with the daily food of life?

"Men, by St. Thomas! cannot live like bees."

Did he yearn for something more homely, as she, on her side, yearned for something more elevated? Had he been made to feel that he did not approach the ideal of her imagination, and that the admiration she once had given was withdrawn? Or should we say of her, in lines of her own,—

"There are hearts  
So perilously fashioned, that for them  
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough  
To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings."

Of this perhaps some future biographer may tell us. There are many passages in her poetry which show an intense longing for the sympathy of other minds; which show that, while her feelings were of a rare order for their refinement and elevation, she yet sought—what for such a one it was difficult to obtain—for the kindred sympathy of others. She could not worship her goddesses alone. This tendency of mind many of her verses indicate; and there is one sweet little poem where, if our fancy does not mislead us, she secretly reproves herself for having exacted too much in this respect from others: we do not say from any one in particular, for the verses bear reference to a brother, not a husband. Yet some personal reminiscence, or regret of this kind, might lead to the strain of thought so beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

#### KINDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow;  
Few—and by still conflicting powers,  
Forbidden here to meet;  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky  
Where the rich sunset burns;  
It may be that the breath of spring,  
Born amidst violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—  
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—  
A sorrowful delight!  
The melody of distant chimes,  
The sound of waves by night;  
The wind that, with so many a tone,  
Some chord within can thrill—  
These may have language all thine own,  
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true  
And steadfast love of years;  
The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
The faithful to thy tears!  
If there be one that o'er the dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,  
And watched through sickness by thy bed—  
Call him a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
Wherein bright spirits blend,  
Like sister-flowers of one sweet shade,  
With the same breeze that bend;  
For that full bliss of thought allied,  
Never to mortals given—  
Oh! lay the lonely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto heaven.

We follow no further the events of her biography. We have here all that reflects a light upon the poems themselves. That Welsh life among the mountains—that little girl with her Shakspeare in the apple-tree—that beauty of fifteen, full of poetry and enthusiasm and love—marriage—disappointment—and the living afterwards, with her children round her, in a condition worse than widowhood;—here is all the comment that her biographer affords on her sweet and melancholy verse.

And how vividly the verse reflects the life! How redolent of nature is her poetry! How true her pictures of mountain, and forest, and river, and sky! It requires that the reader should have been himself a long and accurate observer of rural scenes, to follow her imagination, and to feel the truth of her rapid and unpretending descriptions. It is singular how, without the least apparent effort, all the persons she brings before us are immediately localized on the green earth—trees wave around them, flowers spring at their feet, as if this were quite natural and unavoidable. How sweet a part does the quiet charm of nature take in the piece called

#### THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

Oh! when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early loves?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer birds are calling  
The household porch around,  
And the merry waters falling  
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,  
From their banks of moss and fern,  
Breathe of the sunny hours—  
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide;  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,  
And the glory of thy spring;  
And to thee the leaves' bright play  
Is a long-forgotten thing.



There is something very touching in the simplicity of these pleasures, contrasted with what imagination immediately suggests of the career and the tastes of the prodigal.

One great spectacle in nature alone, seems strangely to have lost its fascination upon our poetess—she never kindled to the sea. She seemed to view it as the image only of desolation and of ruin; to have associated it only with tempests and wreck, and have seen in it only the harmless waste of troubled waters. More than once she adopts a scriptural phrase—"And there shall be no more sea," as an expression of singular joy and congratulation. We question whether a single reader of her poems has ever felt the force of the expression as she did. The sea, next to the sky, is the grandest and most beautiful thing given to the eyes of man. But, by some perverse association, she never saw it in its natural beauty and sublimity, but looked at it always as the emblem of ruthless and destroying power. In *The Last Song of Sappho*, it is singular how much more the dread sea into which Sappho is about to fling herself, possesses her imagination than the moral tempest within of that hapless poetess:—

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!  
 Sound in thy scorn and pride!  
 I ask not, *alien world*, from thee  
 What my own kindred earth has still denied.

Yet glory's light hath touched my name,  
 The laurel-wreath is mine—  
 With a lone heart, a weary frame,  
 O restless deep! I come to make them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning crown,  
 Place in thy darkest hold!  
 Bury my anguish, my renown,  
 With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

And with what an indignant voice, and with what a series of harshest epithet, does she call upon the sea to deliver up its human prey, in the fine spirited poem, called—

#### THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?  
 Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,  
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain!  
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!  
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,  
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
 Torn from ten thousand royal Argosies!  
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!

Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by!  
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry—  
 Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!  
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!  
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!

They hear not now the booming waters roar;  
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!  
 Give back the true and brave.

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom  
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long!  
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,  
 And the vain yearnings woke midst festal song,  
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown.  
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down!  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head—  
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;  
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!  
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee:  
 Restore the dead, thou sea!

But if she loved in nature, pre-eminently, the beautiful and the serene—or what she could represent as such to her imagination—it was otherwise with human life. Here the stream of thought ran always in the shade, reflecting in a thousand shapes the sadness which had overshadowed her own existence. Yet her sadness was without bitterness or impatience—it was a resigned and Christian melancholy; and if the spirit of man is represented as tossed from disappointment to disappointment, there is always a brighter and serener world behind, to receive the wanderer at last. She writes *Songs for Summer Hours*, and the first is devoted to Death! and a beautiful chant it is. Death is also in Arcadia; and the first thing we meet with in the land of summer is the marble tomb with the "*Et in Arcadia Ego.*" One might be excused for applying to herself her own charming song,—

## TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER.

Thou hast loved and thou hast suffered !  
 Unto feeling deep and strong,  
 Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—  
 I know it by thy song !

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—  
 But well—oh ! but too well—  
 Thou hast suffered all that woman's heart  
 May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept, and thou hast parted,  
 Thou hast been forsaken long :  
 Thou hast watch'd for steps that came not back—  
 I know it by thy song !

By its fond and plaintive lingering  
 On each word of grief so long,  
 Oh ! thou hast loved and suffered much—  
 I know it by thy song !

But with this mournful spirit we have no  
 quarrel. It is, as we have said, without a  
 grain of bitterness ; it loves to associate  
 itself with all things beautiful in nature ; it  
 makes the rose its emblem. It does so in  
 the following lines to

## THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER.

"Twas a dream of olden days,  
 That Art, by some strange power,  
 The visionary form could raise  
 From the ashes of a flower !

That a shadow of the rose,  
 By its own meek beauty bowed,  
 Might slowly, leaf by leaf, uncloze,  
 Like pictures in a cloud.

A fair yet mournful thing !

For the glory of the bloom  
 That a flush around it shed,  
 And the soul within, the rich perfume,  
 Where were *they*?—fled, all fled !

Naught but the dim, faint line  
 To speak of vanished hours—  
 Memory ! what are joys of thine ?  
 Shadows of buried flowers !

We should be disposed to dwell entirely  
 on the shorter pieces of Mrs. Hemans, but  
 this would hardly be just. There is one of  
 her more ambitious efforts which, at all  
 events, seems to demand a word from us.  
*The Vespers of Palermo* is not perhaps the  
 most popular, even of her longer productions  
 —it is certainly written in what is just now  
 the most unpopular form—yet it appears to  
 us one of the most vigorous efforts of her  
 genius. It has this advantage too—it can

be happily alluded to without the necessity  
 of detailing the plot—always a wearisome  
 thing, to both the critic and the reader : every-  
 body knows the real tragedy of the Sicilian  
 Vespers. The drama is unpopular as a form  
 of composition, because the written play is  
 still considered as a production, the chief  
 object of which is missed if it is not acted ; and  
 the acting of plays is going into desuetude.  
 When the acting of tragedies shall be entirely  
 laid aside (as it bids fair to be)—that is, as  
 an ordinary amusement of the more refined  
 and cultivated classes of society—and the dra-  
 ma shall become merely a class of literature,  
 like all others, for private perusal—then its  
 popularity, as a form of composition, will  
 probably revive. For there is one order of  
 poetry—and that the more severe and manly  
 —which seems almost to require this form.  
 When an author, careless of description, or  
 not called to it by his genius, is exclusively  
 bent on portraying character and passion,  
 and those deeper opinions and reflections  
 which passion stirs from the recesses of the  
 human mind, the drama seems the only form  
 natural for him to employ.

The opinion we have ventured to express  
 on the inevitable decease of the acting dra-  
 ma—of tragic representations—as a general  
 amusement of an age increasing in refine-  
 ment, will probably subject us, in certain  
 quarters, to an indignant reproof. Shak-  
 speare, and the legitimate drama ! seems,  
 with some, to have all the sacredness of a  
 national cause. Shakspeare, by all means—  
 Shakspeare for ever ! eternally !—only we  
 would rather read him—if we could creep  
 up there—with little Felicia Browne in the  
 apple-tree. Shakspeare supports the stage  
 —so far as it remains supported—not the  
 stage Shakspeare. And can he support it  
 long ? Consider what sort of amusement it  
 is which tragic representation affords—for of  
 comedy we say nothing—consider that it  
 must either thrill us with emotions of a most  
 violent order, (which the civilized man in  
 general avoids,) or it becomes one of the sad-  
 dest platitudes in the world. Your savage  
 can support prolonged ennui, and delights  
 in excitement approaching to madness ; your  
 civilized man can tolerate neither one nor  
 the other. Now your tragedy deals largely  
 in both. It knows no medium. Everybody  
 has felt that, whether owing to the actor or  
 the poet, the moment the interest of the  
 piece is no longer at its height, it becomes  
 intolerable. You are to be either moved  
 beyond all self-control, which is not very  
 desirable, or you are to sit in lamentable suf-



ference. In short, you are to be driven out of your senses, one way or the other. Depend upon it, it is a species of amusement which, however associated with great names—though Garrick acted, and Dr. Johnson looked on—is destined, like the bull-fights of Spain, or the gladiatorial combats of old Rome, to fall before the advancing spirit of civilization.

But to Mrs. Hemans' *Vespers of Palermo*. It was not the natural bent of genius which led her to the selection of the dramatic form; and when we become thoroughly acquainted with her temperament, and the feelings she loved to indulge, we are rather surprised that she performed the task she undertook with so much spirit, and so large a measure of success, than that she falls short in some parts of her performance. Nothing can be better conceived, or more admirably sustained, than the character of Raimond de Procida. The elder Procida, and the dark revengeful Montalba, are not so successfully treated. We feel that she has designed these figures with sufficient propriety, but she has not animated them; she could not draw from within those fierce emotions which were to infuse life into them. The effort to sympathize, even in imagination, with such characters, was a violence to her nature. The noble and virtuous heroism of the younger Procida was, on the contrary, no other than the overflow of her own genuine feeling. Few modern dramas present more spirit-stirring scenes than those in which Raimond takes the leading part. Two of those we would particularly mention—one, when, on joining the patriot-conspirators, and learning the mode in which they intended to free their country, he refuses, even for so great an object, to stain his soul with assassination and murder; and the other, where, towards the close of the piece, he is imprisoned by the more successful conspirators—is condemned to die for imputed treachery to their cause, and hears that the *battle* for his country, for which his spirit had so longed, is going forward. We cannot refrain from making a quotation from both these parts of the drama. We shall take the liberty of omitting some lines, in order to compress our extracts.

The conspirators have met, and proclaimed their intended scheme:—

*Sicilians.* Be it so!  
If one amongst us stay the avenging steel  
For love or pity, be his doom as theirs!  
Pledge we our faith to this.

*Raim.* (*rushing forward indignantly.*) Our faith to this?

No! I but *dreamt* I heard it: Can it be?  
My countrymen, my father!—Is it thus  
That freedom should be won?—Awake!—  
awake

To loftier thoughts!—Lift up, exultingly,  
On the crowned heights, and to the sweeping  
winds,

Your glorious banner!—Let your trumpet's blast  
Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call aloud,  
Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall bear  
The stranger's yoke no longer!—What is he  
Who carries on his practised lip a smile,  
Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits  
Till the heart bounds with joy, to still its beatings?  
That which our nature's instinct doth recoil from,  
And our blood curdle at—ay, yours and mine—  
A murderer! Heard ye?—Shall that name with  
ours

Go down to after days?

*Mont.* I tell thee, youth,  
Our souls are parched with agonizing thirst,  
Which must be quenched though death were in  
the draught;  
We must have vengeance, for our foes have left  
No other joy unblighted.

*Pro.* O, my son!  
The time has passed for such high dreams as  
thine;  
Thou knowest not whom we deal with. We must  
meet  
Falsehood with wiles, and insult with revenge.  
And, for our names—whate'er the deeds by  
which  
We burst our bondage—is it not enough  
That, in the chronicle of days to come,  
We, through a bright "For ever," shall be called  
The men who saved their country?

*Raim.* Many a land  
Hath bowed beneath the yoke, and then arisen,  
As a strong lion rending silken bonds,  
And on the open field, before high heaven,  
Won such majestic vengeance as hath made  
Its name a power on earth.

*Mon.* Away! when thou dost stand  
On this fair earth as doth a blasted tree,  
Which the warm sun revives not, *then* return  
Strong in thy desolation; but till then,  
Thou art not for our purpose;—we have need  
Of more unshrinking hearts.

*Raim.* Montalba! know,  
I shrink from crime alone. Oh! if my voice  
Might yet have power among you, I would say,  
Associates, leaders, be avenged! but yet  
As knights, as warriors!

*Mon.* Peace! Have we not borne  
Th' indelible taint of contumely and chains?  
We are *not* knights and warriors; our bright  
crests  
Have been defiled and trampled to the earth.

Boy! we are slaves—and our revenge shall be  
Deep as a slave's disgrace.

*Raim.* Why, then, farewell:  
I leave you to your counsels. What proud hopes  
This hour hath blighted!—yet, whate'er betide,  
It is a noble privilege to look up  
Fearless in heaven's bright face—and this is mine,  
And shall be still. [*Exit.*]

Our other extract is from a later scene in the drama, which we think very happily conceived. Raimond, accused of treachery, and condemned to die by his own father, is in chains and in prison. The day of his execution has arrived, but the Sicilians are called on to give battle before their gates; he is left alone, respited, or rather forgotten, for the present. His alternation of feeling, as he at first attempts to respond to the consolations of the priest Anselmo, and then, on hearing of the battle that is being fought for his country, breaks out into all that ardent love of glory, which was the main passion of his soul, is very admirably expressed.

*Ans.* But thou, my son!  
Is thy young spirit mastered, and prepared  
For nature's fearful and mysterious change?

*Raim.* Ay, father! of my brief remaining task  
The least part is to die! And yet the cup  
Of life still mantled brightly to my lips,  
Crowned with that sparkling bubble, whose proud  
name

Is—glory! Oh! my soul from boyhood's morn  
Hath nursed such mighty dreams! It was my  
hope

To leave a name, whose echo from the abyss  
Of time should rise, and float upon the winds  
Into the far hereafter; there to be  
A trumpet sound, a voice from the deep tomb,  
Murmuring—Awake, arise! But this is past!  
Erewhile, and it had seemed enough of shame  
To sleep *forgotten* in the dust; but now,  
O God! the undying record of my grave  
Will be—Here sleeps a traitor! One whose  
crime  
Was—to deem brave men might find nobler  
weapons  
Than the cold murder's dagger!

*Ans.* O my son!  
Subdue these troubled thoughts! Thou wouldst  
not change  
Thy lot for theirs, o'er whose dark dreams will  
hang  
The avenging shadows, which the blood-stained  
soul  
Doth conjure from the dead!

*Raim.* Thou'rt right. I would not,  
Yet 'tis a weary task to school the heart,  
Ere years or griefs have tamed its fiery spirit  
Into that still and passive fortitude

Which is but learned from suffering. Would the  
hour  
To hush these passionate throbbings were at  
hand!

*Ans.* It will not be to-day. The foe hath  
reached  
Our gates, and all Palermo's youth, and all  
Her warrior men are marshalled and gone forth,  
Thy father leads them on.

*Raim.* (*starting up.*) They are gone forth;  
my father leads them on!  
All—all Palermo's youth! No! *one* is left,  
Shut out from glory's race! They are gone forth!  
Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad—  
It burns upon the air! The joyous winds  
Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud white foam  
Of battle's roaring billows! On my sight  
The vision bursts—it maddens! 'tis the flash,  
The lightning-shock of lances, and the cloud  
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze  
Of helmets in the sun! Such things are  
Even now—and I am here!

*Ans.* Alas, be calm!  
To the same grave ye press—thou that dost pine  
Beneath a weight of chains, and they that rule  
The fortunes of the fight.

*Raim.* Ay, thou canst feel  
The calm thou wouldst impart, for unto thee  
All men alike, the warrior and the slave,  
Seem, as thou say'st, but pilgrims, pressing on  
To the same bourne.

*Vittoria*, who had taken a leading part in the conspiracy, now rushes in, bringing the intelligence that the Sicilians are worsted—are in flight. *Procida* still strives—

But, all in vain! The few that breast the storm,  
With Guido and Montalba, by his side,  
Fight but for graves upon the battle-field.

*Raim.* And I am *here*! Shall there be power,  
O God!  
In the roused energies of fierce despair,  
To burst my heart—and not to rend my chains?

*Vittoria*, however, gives orders for his release, and he rushes forth to the field, where he turns the tide of battle, and earns that glorious death he sighed for.

The failure of the play at Covent Garden theatre was attributed, amongst the friends of the authoress, to the indifferent acting of the lady who performed the part of Constance. In justice to the actress, we must confess she had a most difficult part to deal with. There is not a single speech set down for Constance which, we think, the most skilful recitation could make effective. The failure of Mrs. Hemans, in this part of the drama, is not very easily accounted for. Constance is a gentle, affectionate spirit, in love with the younger *Procida*, and the unfortunate cause



of the suspicion that falls upon him of being a traitor. It is a character which, in her lyrical effusions, she would have beautifully portrayed. But we suppose that the exclusion from her favorite haunts of nature—the inability of investing the grief of her heroine in her accustomed associations of woods, and fields, and flowers—the confinement of her imagination to what would be suitable to the boards of a theatre—embarrassed and cramped her powers. Certain it is, she seems quite at a loss here to express a strain of feeling which, on other occasions, she has poured out with singular fluency and force. Constance has no other manner of exhibiting her distress but swooning or dreaming, or thinking she must have been dreaming, and recovering herself to the remembrance of what no mortal so situated could ever have forgotten—the most common, and, to our taste, one of the most unfortunate expedients that dramatists and novelists have recourse to. We are loath to quote anything half so uninteresting as instances of this practice; we shall content ourselves with giving, in a note below, two brief passages to exemplify what we mean.\*

It ought to be borne in remembrance, however, that the *Vespers of Palermo*, although not the “first” with respect to publication, was the first written of Mrs. Hemans’ dramatic works. It was produced in solitude, and away from the bustle of theatres, and, be it also confessed, probably with a very scanty knowledge of what stage representation required. Indeed, the result proved this to be

the case. The *Siege of Valencia*, written on a different principle, although probably even less adapted for stage representation, possesses loftier claims as a composition, and, as a poem, is decidedly superior. Its pervading fault consists in its being pitched on too high a key. All the characters talk in heroics—every sentiment is strained to the utmost; and the prevailing tone of the author’s mind characterizes the whole. We do not say that it is deficient in nature; it overflows alike with power and tenderness; but its nature is too high for the common purposes of humanity. The wild, stern enthusiasm of the priest—the inflexibility of the father—the wavering of the mother between duty and affection—the heroic devotion of the gentle Ximena, are all well brought out; but there is a want of individuality: the want of that, without which elaboration for the theatre is vain, and with which compositions of very inferior merit often attract attention, and secure it.

Passing over *Sebastian of Portugal*, and the two or three sketches in the *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, as of minor importance, *De Chatillon* is the only other regular drama that Mrs. Hemans subsequently attempted. Unfortunately for her, the *Vespers*, although long prior in point of composition, had not been brought out when the *Siege of Valencia* was written; and, consequently, she could not benefit by the fate and failure which was destined for that drama. This is much to be lamented, for *De Chatillon*, as a play, far exceeds either in power and interest. The redundancies in imagery and description, the

\* Vittoria has told Constance that Raimond is to die; she then leaves her with the priest Anselmo—

Con. (endeavoring to rouse herself.) Did she not say  
That some one was to die? Have I not heard  
Some fearful tale? Who said that there should rest  
Blood on my soul? What blood? I never bore  
Hatred, kind Father! unto aught that breathes:  
Raimond doth know it well. Raimond! High Heaven!  
It bursts upon me now! and he must die!  
For my sake—e’en for mine!

Is it very probable that a person in the situation of Constance should have to go this round of associations to recall what had just been told her, that her lover was to be tried for his life?

Constance, in order to save him by surrendering herself, rushes to the tribunal, where this mock trial is taking place. Their judges sentence both. Constance swoons in the arms of Raimond, and then ensues this piece of unaffecting bewilderment:—

Con. (slowly recovering.)  
There was a voice which call’d me. Am I not  
A spirit freed from earth?—Have I not pass’d  
The bitterness of death?  
Ans. Oh, haste, away!  
Con. Yes, Raimond calls me—(There he stands beside her!)  
He, too, is released  
From his cold bondage. We are free at last,  
And all is well—away!

[She is led out by Anselmo.]

painting instead of acting, which were the weaker side of its precursors, were here corrected. It is unfortunate that it wanted the benefit of her last corrections, as it was not published till some years after her death, and from the first rough draft—the amended one, which had been made from it, having been unfortunately lost. But, imperfect in many respects as it may be found to be, it is beyond compare the best and most successful composition of the author in this department. Without stripping the language of that richness and poetic grace which characterize her genius, or condescending to a single passage of mean baldness, so commonly mistaken by many modern dramatists as essentially necessary to the truth of dialogue, she has in this attempt preserved adherence to reality amid scenes allied to romance; brevity and effect, in situations strongly alluring to amplification; and, in her delineation of some of the strongest as well as the finest emotions of the heart, she has exhibited a knowledge of nature's workings, remarkable alike for minuteness and truth.

When we consider the doubtful success which attended the only drama of Mrs. Hemans which was brought out, we cannot wonder that she latterly abandoned this species of writing, and confined herself to what she must have felt as much more accordant with her own impulses. The most labored of all her writings was *The Forest Sanctuary*, and it would appear that, in her own estimation, it was considered her best. Not so we. It has many passages of exquisite description, and it breathes throughout an exalted spirit; but withal it is monotonous in sentiment, and possesses not the human interest which ought to have attached to it, as a tale of suffering. To us *The Last Constantine*, which appears to have attracted much less attention, is in many respects a finer and better poem. Few things indeed, in our literature, can be quoted as more perfect than the picture of heroic and Christian courage, which, amid the ruins of his empire, sustained the last of the Cæsars. The weight of the argument is sustained throughout. The reader feels as if breathing a finer and purer atmosphere, above the low mists and vapors of common humanity; and he rises from the perusal of the poem alike with an admiration of its hero and its author.

*The Last Constantine* may be considered as the concluding great effort of Mrs. Hemans in what of her writings may be said to belong to the classical school. She seems here first to have felt her own power, and, leaving pre-

cept and example, and the leading-strings of her predecessors, to have allowed her muse to soar adventurously forth. The *Tales and Historic Scenes*, the *Sceptic Dartmoor*, and *Modern Greece*, are all shaped according to the same model—the classical. The study of modern German poetry, and of Wordsworth, changed, while it expanded her views; and the *Forest Sanctuary* seems to have been composed with great elaboration, doubtless while in this transition state. In matter it is too flimsy and ethereal for a tale of life; it has too much sentiment and too little action. But some things in it would be difficult to rival. The scenery of South America is painted with a gorgeousness which reminds us of the Isle of Palms and its fairy bowers; and the death and burial at sea is imbued with a serene and soul-subduing beauty.

Diminishing space warns us to betake ourselves again to the lyrics and shorter pieces, where so much poetry "of purest ray serene" lies scattered. Of these we prefer such as are apparently the expressions of spontaneous feelings of her own to those which are built upon some tale or legend. It happens too, unfortunately, that in the latter case we have first to read the legend or fable in prose, and then to read it again in verse. This gives something of weariness to the *Lays of Many Lands*. Still less fortunate, we think, is the practice Mrs. Hemans indulges in of ushering in a poem of her own by a long quotation—a favorite stanza, perhaps—of some celebrated poet. We may possibly read the favorite stanza twice, and feel reluctant to proceed further. For instance, she quotes the beautiful and well known passage from Childe Harold upon the spring, ending with—

I turned from all she brought to all she could not bring;

and on another occasion, that general favorite, beginning—

And slight, withal, may be the things which bring;

and then proceeds to enlarge upon the same sentiments. Her own strain that follows is good—but not *so* good. Is it wise to provoke the comparison?—and does it not give a certain frivolity, and the air of a mere exercise, to the verse which only repeats, and modifies, and *varies*, so to speak, the melody that has been already given? Or if the quotation set out with is looked on as a mere prelude, is it good policy to run the risk of the prelude being more interesting than the



strain itself? The beautiful passage from Southey—

They sin who tell us love can die, &c.,

is too long to be quoted as merely a key-note to what is to follow, and is too good to be easily surpassed.

But this is a trifling remark, and hardly deserving of even the little space we have given to it. It is more worthy of observation, that Mrs. Hemans, a reader and admirer of German poetry, contrived to draw a deep inspiration from this noble literature, without any disturbance to her principles of taste. A careful perusal of her works, by one acquainted with the lyrical poetry of Germany, will prove how well and how wisely she had studied that poetry—drawing from it just that deeper spirit of reflection which would harmonize with her own mind, without being tempted to imitate what, either in thought or in manner, would have been foreign to her nature.

We fancy we trace something of this Teutonic inspiration in the poem, amongst others, that follows:—

#### THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

A mighty and a mingled throng  
Were gathered in one spot;  
The dwellers of a thousand homes—  
Yet midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—  
The mother and her child:  
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—  
None spoke—none moved—none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives  
Years had swept darkly by;  
After that heart-sick hope deferred,  
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,  
The breeze's faintest sound,  
The shiver of an insect's wing,  
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died,  
For the deep quiet's sake;  
Your tread the softest moss have sought,  
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude  
Bound in that spell of peace?  
How could the ever-sounding life  
Amid so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the air,  
Some glory high above,  
That linked and hushed those human souls  
In reverential love?

Or did some burdening passion's weight  
Hang on their indrawn breath?  
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?  
Fear—the strong fear of death?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself,  
Lay on each lonely heart!  
Kindred were there—yet hermits all,  
Thousands—but each apart.

In any notice of Mrs. Hemans' works, not to mention *The Records of Woman* would seem an unaccountable omission. Both the subject, and the manner in which it is treated, especially characterize our poetess. Of all these *Records* there is not one where the picture is not more or less pleasing, or drawn with more or less power and fidelity. Estimated according to sheer literary merit, it would perhaps be impossible to give the preference to any one of them. Judging by the peculiar pleasure which its perusal gave us, we should select, for our favorite, *The Switzer's Wife*. Werner Stauffacher was one of the three confederates of the field of Grutli. He had been marked out by the Austrian bailiff as a fit subject for pillage; but it was to the noble spirit of his wife that he owed the final resolution he took to resist the oppressor of his country. The whole scene is brought before us with singular distinctness. It is a beautiful evening in the Alpine valley:—

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,  
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,  
Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be  
With some deep care, and thus can find no more  
Th' accustomed joy in all which evening brings,  
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him, sad, yet mild  
In her beseeching mien,—he marked it not.  
The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child  
Rang from the greensward round the sheltered spot,  
But seemed unheard; until at last the boy  
Raised from his heaped-up flowers a glance of joy

And met his father's face; but then a change  
Passed swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,  
And a quiet sense of something dimly strange  
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee  
So often climbed, and lift his loving eyes,  
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;  
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid  
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look  
Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent and said,  
"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey,  
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away?"

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!

Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,  
Missing the smile from thine? Oh, cheer thee!  
bend

To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now!  
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share  
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,  
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band  
Was loosened from his soul.

He then tells how the oppressor's envious  
eye "had been upon his heritage," and to-  
morrow eve might find him in chains. The  
blood leaves her cheek, and she leans back  
on the linden stem, but only for a moment;  
her free Alpine spirit wakes within her—

And she that ever through her home had moved  
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile  
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,  
And timid in her happiness the while,  
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour—  
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,  
And took her fair child to her holy breast,  
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might  
As it found language:—"Are we thus op-  
pressed?

Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,  
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do;—and be it done!  
Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.  
Trust me to heaven, my husband; this, thy son,  
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!  
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth  
May well give strength—if aught be strong on  
earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread  
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,  
My hunter of the hills, thy stately head,  
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!  
I can bear all but seeing thee subdued—  
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along  
The chamois' paths, and through the forests go;  
And tell in burning words thy tale of wrong  
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets glow.  
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—away!  
Bless but thy child and leave me!—I can pray!"

It is ever thus with all her women,—gen-  
tle, courageous, full of self-devotion, and,  
alas! of sorrow and suffering. This is her  
ideal of woman, from which she rarely de-  
parts—a heart overflowing with tenderest  
affection—ill-requited—yet refusing to re-  
ceive any earthly boon as a substitute for the  
returned affection it seeks. Fame is no com-  
pensation—

Away! to me, a woman, bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Genius when she sings to love is made to  
say—

They crown me with the glistening crown,  
Borne from a deathless tree!  
I hear the pealing music of renown—  
O Love, forsake me not!  
Mine were a lone dark lot,  
Bereft of thee!  
They tell me that my soul can throw  
A glory o'er the earth;  
From thee, from *thee*, is caught that golden glow!  
Shed by thy gentle eyes,  
It gives to flower and skies  
A bright new birth!

*Genius singing to Love.*

It is not often we find the superstitions of  
dark and ignorant ages dealt with in so gen-  
tle and agreeable a manner as by Mrs. He-  
mans. She seizes, in common with others,  
the poetic aspect these present, but diffuses  
over them, at the same time, a refinement of  
sentiment gathered entirely from her own  
feelings. A subject which from another pen-  
cil would have been disagreeable and offen-  
sive to us, is made by her graceful touches  
to win upon our imagination. Witness the  
poem called *The Wood Walk and Hymn*;  
we will quote the commencement of it:—

#### WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

"Move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart: with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."  
*Wordsworth.*

#### FATHER—CHILD.

*Child.*—There are the aspens with their silvery  
leaves,  
Trembling, for ever trembling; though the lime  
And chestnut boughs, and these long arching  
sprays  
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood  
Were all one picture!

*Father.*—Hast thou heard, my boy,  
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

*Child.*—No father; doth he say the fairies dance  
Amidst the branches?

*Father.*—Oh! a cause more deep,  
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign  
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves!  
The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon  
The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to death,  
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,  
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down  
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,  
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze  
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes  
The light lines of the shining gossamer.



An eminent critic in the *Edinburgh Review* has spoken of the neatness and perfect finish which characterize female writers in general, and Mrs. Hemans in particular. Now, these qualities imply a certain terseness and concentration of style, which is no more a peculiarity of all authoresses than of all authors, and which we should not pronounce to be peculiarly characteristic of Mrs. Hemans' poetry. To us it often appears wanting in this very conciseness; we occasionally wish that some lines and verses were excluded—not because they are faulty in themselves, but because they weaken the effect, and detract from the vigor of the whole; we wish the verses, in short, were more closely packed together, so that the commencement and the close, which are generally both good, could be brought a little nearer to each other. It is not so much a redundancy of expression, as of images and illustrations, that we have sometimes to complain of in Mrs. Hemans. She uses two of these where one would not only suffice, but do the work much better. There is a very pleasing little poem, called *The Wandering Wind*: we will quote—first, because it is thus pleasing; and secondly, because we think it would have been rendered still more so had there been somewhat more of concentration and terseness in the style. The lines which we have printed in italics, and which contain the pith and marrow of the whole, would then have struck upon the ear with more distinctness and prominence.

## THE WANDERING WIND.

The wind, the wandering wind  
Of the golden summer eve—  
*Whence is the thrilling magic*  
*Of its tones amongst the leaves?*  
Oh! is it from the waters,  
Or from the long tall grass?  
Or is it from the hollow rocks  
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices  
Of all in one combined,  
That it wins the tone of mastery?  
The wind, the wandering wind!  
No, no! the strange, sweet accents  
That with it come and go,  
They are not from the osiers,  
Nor the fir trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,  
Nor of the cavern'd hill—  
*'Tis the human love within us*  
*That gives them power to thrill.*  
They touch the links of memory  
Around our spirits twined,  
And we start, and weep, and tremble!  
To the wind, the wandering wind.

The verses beginning, "I dream of all things free," might also be cited as an instance of this tendency to over-amplify—a tendency which seems the result of a great affluence of poetical imagery. This would be a more powerful poem merely by being made shorter. We wait too long, and the imagination roves too far, before we arrive at the concluding lines, which contain all the point and significance of the piece:—

"My heart in chains is bleeding,  
And I dream of all things free."

Of the measures and the melody of a lyrical poet something is expected to be said. But what we feel we have chiefly to thank Mrs. Hemans for here is, that, in the search after novelty and variety of metre, she has made so few experiments upon our ear, and that she has not disdained to write with correctness and regularity. She has not apparently labored after novelties of this kind, but has adopted that verse into which her thought spontaneously ran. An author who does this is not very likely to select a rhythm, or measure, which is incongruous with the subject-matter of his poem: nor, do we think, could many instances of such a fault be detected in Mrs. Hemans.

We will close our extracts with a strain that fairly exemplifies the serene and lucid current of sentiment, and the genuine natural pathos of our poetess. It is thus she makes the Hebrew mother sing to her first-born, whom she has devoted to the Lord:—

Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me;  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;  
And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver chords again to earth have won me,  
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—  
How shall I hence depart?

How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing  
So late along the mountains at my side?  
And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying,  
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair  
Beholding thee so fair!

And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turn'd from its door away!  
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,  
I languish for thy voice, which past me still  
Went like a singing rill?

Under the palm-tree thou no more shalt meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water urn;

Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet  
me,  
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round  
thee,  
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms when darkness as a veil hath wound  
thee,  
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear?

What have I said, my child? Will *He* not hear  
thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?  
Shall *He* not guard thy rest,  
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with  
joy?  
Thou shalt sleep, soft, my boy.

I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!  
And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, *He* shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!  
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell! I go—my soul may fail me,  
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,  
Yearning for thy sweet looks.  
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me,  
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
The Rock of Strength—Farewell!"

We must now draw to a conclusion. One great and pervading excellence of Mrs. Hemans, as a writer, is her entire dedication of her genius and talents to the cause of healthy morality and sound religion. The sentiment may be, on occasion, somewhat refined; it may be too delicate, in some instances, for the common taste, but never is it mawkish or morbid. Never can it be construed into a palliative of vice—never, when followed out to its limits, will be found to have led from the paths of virtue. For practical purposes, we admit that her exemplars are not seldom too ideal and picturesque. The general fault of her poetry consists in its being rather, if we may use the term, too *romantic*. We have a little too much of banners in churches, and flowers on graves,—or self-immolated youths, and broken-hearted damsels;—too frequent a reference to the Syrian plains, and knights in panoply, and vigils of arms, as mere illustrations of the noble in character, or the heroic in devotion. Situations are adduced as applicable to general conduct, which have only occurred, or could only have occurred, in particular states of society, and are never

likely, from existing circumstances, to occur again. Far better this, however, than a contrary fault; for it is the purpose of poetry to elevate, and not to repress. Admitting that the effervescence is adventitious, still it is of virtuous growth, and proceeds from no distortion of principle. If not the reflection of human nature as it actually is, it is the delineation of the *fata morgana* of a noble mind—of something that occurs to us "in musings high," and which we sigh to think of as of something loftier and better, to which that nature would willingly aspire. We can readily conceive, that to a woman of the exquisite taste possessed by Mrs. Hemans, any attempt at the startling or *bizarre*, either in conception or subject, was a thing especially to be avoided. We do not mean to imply by this, that, as every true poet must have, she had not a manner of her own. To this honor, no author of our day has higher or less equivocal claims. She knew what to admire in others, but she felt that she had a mission of her own. To substantiate this, we have only to suppose her productions blotted out from our literature, and then remark whether or not any blank be left; for, wherever we have originality, we have accession. We admit that originality is of all shades and grades, from a Burns to a Bloomfield, from a Crabbe to a Clare—still the names of the second and the fourth are those of true poets, as well as those of the authors of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Sir Eustace Gray,"—Parnassus, as Dr. Johnson observes, having its "flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its cedars of perennial growth, and its laurels of eternal verdure." In the case of Mrs. Hemans, this question is set at rest, from her having become the founder of a school, and that only eclipsed in the number of its adherents and imitators by those of Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth. In America especially has this been the case; a great part of the recent poetry in that country—more particularly that of its female writers—has been little more than an echo of her *Records of Woman* and *Lays of Many Lands*, and lyrical strains; and, from Mrs. Sigourney—"the American Mrs. Hemans"—downwards, there are only corroborative proofs of a Cis-atlantic fact, that no copyist, however acute and faithful, has ever yet succeeded in treading on the kibes of his master, far less of outstripping him in the struggle for excellence.

Like all original writers, Mrs. Hemans has her own mode and her own province. In reading the poetry of Wordsworth, we feel as if transferred to the mountainous solitudes



broken only by the scream of the eagle and the dash of the cataract, where human life is indicated but by the shieling in the sheltered holm, and the shepherd boy, lying wrapt up in his plaid by the furze-bush, with his "little flock at feed beside him." By Scott we are placed amid the men and things of departed ages. The bannered castle looms in the distance, and around it are the tented plain—the baron and his vassals—all that pertains to "ladye-love and war, renown and knightly worth." We have the cathedral-pomp, and the dark superstition, and the might that stands in the place of right,—all the fire and air, with little of the earth and water of our elemental nature. The lays of Wilson reflect the patriarchal calm of life in its best, and purest, and happiest aspects—or, indeed, of something better than mere human life, as the image of the islet in the sunset mirror of the lake is finer and fairer than the reality. Coleridge's inspiration is emblemized by ruins in the silver and shadow of moonlight,—quaint, and queer, and fantastic, haunted by the whooping owl, and screamed over by the invisible night-hawk. Campbell reminds of the Portland vase, exquisite in taste and materials, but recalling always the conventionalities of art.

When placed beside, and contrasted with her great contemporaries, the excellences of Mrs. Hemans are sufficiently distinct and characteristic. There can be no doubt of this, more especially in her later and best writings, in which she makes incidents elucidate feelings. In this magic circle—limited it may be—she has no rival. Hence, from the

picturesqueness, the harmony, the delicacy and grace, which her compositions display, she is peculiarly the poet of her own sex. Her pictures are not more distinguished for accuracy of touch than for elegance of finish. Everything is clear, and defined, and palpable; nothing is enveloped in accommodating haze; and she never leaves us, as is the trick of some late aspiring and mystical versifiers, to believe that she must be profound because she is unintelligible. She is ever alive to the dignity of her calling, and the purity of her sex. Aware of the difficulties of her art, she aspired towards excellence with untiring perseverance, and improved herself by the study of the best models, well knowing that few things easy of attainment can be worth much. Her taste thus directed her to appropriate and happy subjects; and hence it has been, as with all things of sterling value, that her writings have not been deteriorated by time. They were not, like the ice palace of the Empress Catherine, thrown up to suit the whim of the season, or directed to subjects of mere occasional interest, to catch the gale of a passing popularity. Mrs. Hemans built on surer foundations, and with less perishable materials. The consequence is, that her reputation has been steadily on the increase. Of no one modern writer can it be affirmed with less hesitation, that she has become an English classic; nor, until human nature becomes very different from what it now is, can we imagine the least probability that the music of her lays will cease to soothe the ear, or the beauty of her sentiment to charm the gentle heart.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Life of William Collins, Esq., R.A.*  
By his Son, W. WILKIE COLLINS. 2 vols. Longman.

This is a biography which every one will admire, for not only is it a well-written record of a life fertile in good qualities and pleasing incidents, but it is exactly one of those narratives which, in tracing the fortunes of estimable individuals, seem to mark out that course of conduct by which, in the plan of Providence, happiness, contentment and prosperity are to be attained. In Mr. Collins we recognize the representative of a large class of individuals whose names do not pass beyond the immediate circle of their friends and relatives. He may be taken as a type,—the happiest and the best,—of

that station to which he belonged. We do not mean to say that every man can be a William Collins, can be so celebrated or so prosperous; but certainly every man of ordinary ability and ordinary opportunity may hope to be a William Collins in degree, and may emulate that cheerful industry, that patient and untiring perseverance, that contentment with moderate success, that amiability of disposition, that even uncomplaining good temper, that prudent hoarding of resources, which went so far to give him the eminence he attained, and which certainly constituted, much more than any superior abilities with which he was gifted by nature, the prosperity of a remarkably even, useful and Christian life.—*Britannia*.

*The Analytical Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon, containing an Alphabetical Arrangement of every Word and Inflection contained in the Old Testament Scriptures, precisely as they occur in the Sacred Text, with a Grammatical Analysis of each Word and Lexicographical Illustration of the Meanings; a Complete Series of the Hebrew and Chaldee Paradigms, with Grammatical Remarks and Explanations.* Quarto, pp. 90. Samuel Bagster and Sons. London, 1848.

The publishers of this volume state that it has occupied upwards of seven years of unremitting labor on the part of its author. Any competent person who shall read the above title-page with attention will be aware that the compass of labor involved in the carrying out of such a scheme must have been so great as to have been appalling to any mind possessing no more than the ordinary powers of application. Not only to Biblical students, but even to advanced scholars in this department, the work is a boon of great value. The Lexicon, which extends to nearly eight hundred pages, in double columns, is preceded by a grammatical introduction of nearly a hundred pages. The volume is beautifully printed, and the oversight, to preclude errors of the press, appears to have been most vigilant and successful.

In an analytical Lexicon, the great object is to give the etymology and the signification of words. We can conceive of nothing more complete than the process by which these results are aimed at in the present work. The entire body of words contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, exactly as they are found in the text, have been thrown into alphabetical order; so that each, accompanied by its prefixes, suffixes, and under every modification of form, may be immediately found by the simplest operation. Each word, thus arranged, is concisely but fully *parsed*, and its composition explained, and its simple form and root given; and whatever necessary information is not found in any case in the Lexicon is supplied by a reference to the grammatical introduction and the tables of paradigms. The signification of the words is given under their respective roots, which are always indicated in the analysis of each form. In addition to the various significations of each root, a synoptical list of all the words derived from each is given, to aid the student in remembering the connection between the root and its derivatives. Altogether, it is a volume which should have its place in the library of every man interested in the study of the language which is not only more ancient than any other known to us, but which has been made the vehicle of instruction transcendent in its influence and worth.—*British Quarterly Review*.

*Exact Philosophy. Books I. and II.* By Dr. H. F. HALLE.

The design of this work appears to be to divest natural philosophy of all the terms which it has borrowed from moral science. Dr. Halle wishes to show a disparity between the known qualities of intelligence and the known components of physics,—and to deny the possibility of their analogy. Herein, the author undervalues the office and authority of the imagination. He condemns as “mythical” and “legendary” every attempt at illustrating one by means of the other—and in this way would de-

prive matter of all “life,” “energy,” “action,” “operation,” “property,” or any other attribute that can be predicated of mind. He coins terms of contempt for all useful knowledge forms of literary composition in relation to science—such as ‘Modern Mythology,’ ‘Modern Legendary Pathology,’ ‘The Modern Oracular,’ &c.,—and insists upon a stricter observance of “the laws of exact reasoning.” That there is a want of precision in popular treatises must be confessed; and it is perhaps owing to this, at least as one of the causes, that series of works originally well intended for the education of the popular mind, and for a long period received with encouragement, have lately decreased so much in circulation. They were hastily written, and phrases were, accordingly, adopted and repeated without sufficient thought. Meanwhile, the light of philosophy has been from other quarters shed upon the whole field of intelligence, and has produced discontent with compilations that copied the verbiage of extinct systems. It were well if Dr. Halle had himself written in a style less affected; his work would have possessed greater positive utility in its increased intelligibility. As it is, we have to translate it into our ordinary dialect. Of his earnestness and sincerity, there need be no doubt—and his strictures upon Mill, Lewes and Comte are not without their value.—*Athenæum*.

#### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

- Visits to Monasteries in the Levant, by Hon. Robert Curzon.
- Nineveh, its Remains, by Austin H. Layard. 2 vols. The Monuments of Nineveh, illustrated from Mr. Layard's drawings.
- Life, by George Borrow, author of *The Bible in Spain*.
- Original Treatises on the Arts of Painting in Oil, Glass, Mosaic, &c., by Thos. Merrifield
- Notes from Books, by Henry Taylor, author of *Philip Van Artevelde*.
- The Doctrine of the Incarnation, by Arch-deacon Wilberforce.
- Dalmatia and Montenegro, by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.
- Outlines of English Literature, by Thomas Shaw.
- The Saxons in England; a history of the English Commonwealth until the Norman Conquest, by J. M. Kemble, M. A. 2 vols.
- Charles Vernon, by Lt. Col. Henry Lenior.
- The Fountain of Arethusa, by Robert Eyres Landor. 2 vols.
- Goals and Guerdons, or the Chronicles of a Life, by a very old Lady.
- A Practical Treatise on Musical Composition, by G. W. Rühner.
- Historical Essays, by Lord Mahon.
- The Victim of the Jesuits, or Piquillo Alliaga, by C. Cocks.
- The Lancashire Witches, a new novel of Ainsworth.
- Austria, by Edward P. Thompson, Esq.
- The Diamond and the Pearl, a new novel by Mrs. Gore.
- Vol. IV. of the Pepys Diary.
- Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, by J. Bernard Burke, Esq.